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The
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Monthly

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Oct 1906
J. C. 1107

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J. C. 1107

October - 1906.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

Smith

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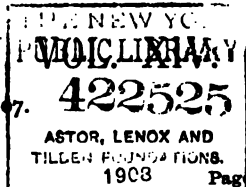
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BUSINESS MANAGER,

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY.

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No. 1

IVY ORATION

Know thyself! Two thousand years ago it was the life motto of one to whom all succeeding ages have accorded the profoundest respect. To-day it is one of the watchwords of individualism, for it is by consciousness of self and knowledge of capacities and incapacities, that development is furthered. Nor is it a knowledge which lies outside the possibilities of any. It is open to all and more especially to those who have known the advantages of four years of guided thought. Not, that had we missed the straightest way, we would have failed to see our error, but that here the possibility is reduced to minimum dimensions.

We feel this guidance and realize its proportions, but when we seek to express it in plain words, it is surprisingly elusive. We say it has broadened us, has given us a more universal sympathy, one less likely to be sentimental or prejudiced; that it has increased our confidence in ourselves, and, best of all, has tended to render conscious the inner life and to make possible the true expression of ourselves.

Aside from these, there is one experience which we believe is common to all—the good lesson of regret, which, by discovering the short-comings in the past, encourages to greater exertions in

the future. It may be we have enjoyed too little the comradeship of friends; have regarded too lightly this treasure-house of knowledge; have given to athletics an undue proportion of interest; and lastly—and this is the most common of all, that the “life”, of which we hear so much, has been in great measure misunderstood.

The feeling which comes when it is all over is somewhat like that we experience after a long tramp in the springtime. We set for ourselves a goal, more or less casual and more or less commonplace, which is the mere winning of the letters of a degree. In striving to outstrip our fellows, to be in among the first, we make our remembrance one of exertion and speed only, missing altogether the comradeship, the sympathy of assistance given and received, which belongs to the ranks of those who delayed to enjoy the splendid vista of some valley, or to see the hidden things of more persistent seeking. Yet there are always two sides to a question and if we miss the first pitfall, we may fall into the second, and under the influences of many disconcerting fascinations, regard too lightly the real work of college. We are here for the “life”, but if “work”, the loadstar of our pilgrimage, were removed, there would remain empty and echoing walls, or, in keeping with the progressiveness of the twentieth century, a summer hotel. Overemphasis of either side of the dilemma is made under a misconception. The “life” which is truly what we most wish, is three-fourths study and one-fourth play—not, as many imply, three-fourths-study and one-fourth “life”, for by this last definition we make of study an ugly skeleton, to be kept among the shadows and lavish the red light of our approbation on the unessentials of promiscuous play.

It is a misconception which does not end with itself, but leads farther. If we stopped to think, if we truly “knew” ourselves, it might not be so, but often in the hurry of many interests we do not “know”, and fall to drifting. Some may be wise enough to see the danger, few are strong enough to despise the backward movement so treacherous, which once in a thousand years brings one, by easy stages and some partiality of fate, to a great success, but more often, leads far from port.

The main advantage then of self-knowledge is, that in assisting us to see, to recognize the true proportions of life as it must be for us, we recognize the nature of our gifts and those by which our best development is made possible.



The world, which is seldom universally in the wrong, holds it the special and individual duty of all, not so much to be his brother's keeper as his own—to look well to himself individually, which will inevitably result to the common good socially, and first of all to make the most of himself. There is a strong sentimentality among us which has caused us to look down with a certain contempt upon those who make the most of themselves and has placed upon an undeserved pedestal those who squander themselves and deprive themselves of the meed which is justly theirs. Not that there is not something to be said for the jack of all trades, the dilettante, though that fashionable word would not recognize itself in so humble a guise. He is a good fellow, Jack, just wise enough in our special trade and sorrowful enough in his own failure to send us, by his sympathetic counsel to success. But for himself we tolerate his waywardness just long enough for him to taste of all and chose his own, which found, marks the turning-point from dilettantism to proficiency. It is like the fluttering notes of a musician whose hand wanders seemingly purposeless through chromatic fifths and sevenths to the chord of his seeking, which found is struck; no wandering now; firm, clear, and the song begins.

The diversity of college praise has led some to doubt whether for her there is any song, any gift worth the having. But college, like every place under the sun, accords to some an over great success, and to some a recognition far too small. And there is where we pray that we may know ourselves—may realize our gifts. We all have gifts—some showy, obvious gifts, which the world admires, but does not necessarily love; some quiet, homely gifts whose exercise makes for the happiness of a charmed circle which we call "home". But the admiration, even the potentiality of such excellence is not enough. We must strive for the thing we would be. It is hard not to agree absolutely with Browning—

"If you choose to, play! is my principle.
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!"

There are none who know better than we the incompleteness of our development. The best years lie before us. The years for which these days of college are a preparation and a beginning—a strong lens, as it were, which opens up new vistas and makes

clearer the old. We have done with the alphabet of knowledge, the research work is still to come, by which we shall spell out new words which shall contribute to the vocabulary of thought. But this is not yet all. We leave it in the hands of those who shall prove their claim. We may not all be ten times ten. As Du Maurier says, we may be only "fours" mapped out by Fate twice two—or two plus two. The same in the end, but, paradoxical as it may sound, not the same; for one whose gifts make him the first, would have failed in living the second.

All this lies in the future to be proved or disproved. We have still to build up the special nature of our contribution in any sphere. The building is of primary importance, the recognition secondary. We must aim, not at the little rounded work, seen at a glance and likely to win immediate recognition, but to build on original lines, angular, incongruous perhaps, but full of promise, lacking in charm only because incomplete, and capable of infinite development, filling in, rounding, polishing, until at last there is accomplished a result worthy of admiration.

Success here is only a relative prophecy of success to come. College is like a great museum, where marble and bronze, paintings and etchings, are crowded together so closely that the one detracts from the beauty of the other—the etchings are dulled, the bronze made swarthy. But we tolerate the whole because a result is made possible. Just so with college.

We regret that this must be so. Yet, in spite of this and of a resentment we sometimes feel at a reiteration of a too often repeated truism, these are the holiday years of our life, and none appreciate better than we, what it has meant, what it might have meant, and, in the years to come, it shall mean. But, whether we think of it in terms of work or play, of success or failure, under it all we must feel that the deepest lesson learned, the most fruitful assistance given is that which has aided us to "know" ourselves and by so doing has made possible a fuller development of self.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

IVY SONG

Here where the summer sun doth glow,
Here where the life-giving breezes blow,
Here in the warm and glad old earth,
Plant we our ivy to gain new birth.

Chorus:—Ivy, Ivy,
Rustling Ivy,
Shelter the walls that we love so well.

Living sign that we leave behind,
Symbol of friendship's ties that bind,
Gather strength as the years go by,
To show that our love can never die.

Be to us more than a sign of the past,
Stand for our future that e'er will last,
And, as upward you strive to climb,
Teach us to mount into heights sublime.

ABBY GRAY MEAD.

THE LIGHT TRANSCENDENT

God made a diadem of seven lights
To crown Himself with glory and with praise:—
The sun, who spreads his magic nets of light
To keep the bright world spinning 'round his throne;
The mystic moonlight, pale on glimmering boughs,
Or shining white across the shifting sea;
The light of stars, those golden candlesticks
Flickering 'round the altar of the sky;
Red firelight, flashing, quivering, leaping high,
All these God made; Aurora's arrows keen;
And phosphorus gleams upon the midnight sea;
Lightning, that runs through heaven like a vein
Of gleaming gold through lapis lazuli,
Or slowly falls the sky on summer eves
As moths unfold and fold again their wings.
This diadem of seven lights God made
For earth's bright crowning, which is still His praise,—
Seven lights, seven wonders, seven miracles,
To crown the nights and immortalize the days.

I.

Seven mystic lights God wove, each one divine,
 Yet none so bright as sunlight, nor so pure,
 Piercing the void with confidence secure
 Upon the dark, expectant world to shine.

It dances laughing o'er the sapphire sea
 Where singing Italy and merry France
 And lovely, dreaming Spain
 Encircle with their beauty and romance
 The shimmering main.

The slopes unbroken of Himalya snows,
 Whose peaks prick heaven afar,
 At sunset glow with saffron and with rose,
 Ere daylight pales, and a cool wind blows
 From the silver evening star.

Far, far away, the desert, league on league,
 Lies passive 'neath the warm, luxurious air.
 Like golden dreams the caravans pass by,
 The dust is hazy gold, and gold the sky,
 Such ecstasy of sunlight quivers there.

Ah, sun! you may shine on them all in your glorious quest,—
 Africa, Europe, and Asia, and isles of the sea:—
 Not there lies the land where your light falls the fairest of all
 (Broad valleys of green circled 'round with a low mountain-wall,
 Hills curved like the ocean-wave's crest!)

O! my country of meadow and mountain, what faltering voice
 Can utter thy lovely unfoldings when Spring cries "Rejoice!"
 Brown fields are bright with a promise, the flash of a wing
 Sets the slow pulses a-leaping, and bids the heart sing!
 O heart! sing the song of the showers, the rush of the rain,
 Settling the furrows, and blessing their springing again.
 Sing the first green of the willows, the first balmy day
 Full of a fragrance that lures you to follow over the hills and away!
 Sing me the delicate breathings of April's soft breeze,
 Sing how the faint mist of color which wavers over the tops of the trees
 Is woven to fringes and tuftings and tassels, brightens and broadens unseen,
 Till sudden our dull eyes awake to the wonder,—lo, the whole forest is green!

O! you who know the woods at golden morn
 And the long slanting lights of afternoon,
 And you who see dawn smiling through the boughs,
 Is any light in all the world more fair
 Than light upon the other side of leaves?

THE LIGHT TRANSCENDENT

O, green and tremulous dusk of silent trees !
O, amber sunshine down the leafy aisles
Where flutes the thrush at fading of the day !
Unearthly glory flickers through the boughs
And trembles in the air :
O ! sunlight on the other side of leaves,—
Is any light in all the world more fair ?

II.

Yea, more shining than the daylight
Is the radiance of the mind :
Not a hidden thing its glowing couriers
Cannot swiftly follow out and find.
Laughing they leap across the gloomy vast
And calculate how swift old Saturn rolls,
Or flash a message to some world afar
Waiting the answer through a round of years.
O ! delicately keen is wisdom's light,
Skillful to trace the fine magnetic lines
Around the earth from pole to constant pole.
It calls the lightning from the cloud
To drive the flying wheel,
And by a little filmy mist of steam
It sends across unmeasured seas
The vessel's rushing keel.
It shines in silence and in wonderment
To that still chamber of the human mind ;
And through the curious curvings of the brain
It strives to find
How consciousness awakes and thought grows strong,
How human eyes can mirror bird and star,
How through the winding passage of the ear
Quivers and rings and faints away the song.

These secret things the mind's clear light reveals,—
Shines to the heart of every mystery,
Shows in the chrysalis the butterfly,
Guesses within the egg the song to be.
The light of knowledge all things can command :
But lift your hand,
And it will tell you how the Pleiads sing,
How clings the dust upon the white moth's wing,—
Every minute and every mighty thing.
The eternal light of wisdom doth unfold
The secrets that a small brown seed may hold.
All the hidden things of life and death it knows
In the earth and in the waters 'round the earth,—
The wonder of slow, long-awaited birth,
The death of all things—save the death of soul !

III.

Yea, deathless is the soul ! Forever burns
 Its light transcendent. Suns may pale and die,
 And stars flare out like fluttering candle-flames ;
 Serene and steadfast glows the soul's clear ray.
 Lo ! piercing through all craft, all guile, and woe,
 It find's God's love and mercy hidden under
 Like rainbow pearl within a rough brown shell.
 The soul-light shines in every time and place
 Where burdened pilgrims pause to smooth the way
 For wearier comrades, hastening so the day
 When earth shall look on heaven face to face.
 Upon the darkest heart at last shall shine
 That light transcendent with renewing grace,
 So luminous, disclosing all within,
 That every man shall see his heinous sin,
 And, hating it, grow nearer the divine.

Fair is the sunlight ; very clear the ray
 Of wisdom to illumine mysteries.
 And yet there burns a light more pure than these,
 Which prophesies the far-off, perfect day.
 By the soul-light alone God stands revealed :
 Even the sun ne'er showed His loving face ;
 Yea, wisdom's light is smothered and grows dim
 In the mists of reason. But the soul's swift fire
 Rends the veil in twain before the Holy Place,
 And looks upon the glory of the Lord.

O ! light transcendent, radiance of the soul,
 Diffuse o'er every heart thy purity,
 Expelling thence all doubt and sin, and lead
 From what we are to what we long to be ;
 That so for every pilgrim may unfold
 At last heaven's golden door,
 And earthly lights decline when we behold
 The perfect light of God, forevermore.

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB.

THE RELIGIOUS BACKGROUND OF THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS

When we read the sermons of Christ or about his miracles, we wonder how a man with such wonderful human eloquence and such marvellous supernatural power, could have met with anything like the opposition or the unpopularity which the story of the Passion depicts. We wonder how any human heart could have been untouched by the personal words of Jesus, when in print they appeal to us so strongly. But this ceases to be surprising when one considers the conditions of the times and the character of those who offered opposition.

There were two leading factions in the Jewish nation at that time, the Sadducees and Herodians or court party, and the Pharisees or religious party. The first were governed by purely secular motives. They believed in absolute free will and in the mortality of the soul.¹ They were the Epicureans of Judah. Religion had become a mere matter of policy with them.² To the Pharisees on the other hand, religious customs meant a great deal, although religion itself had become an empty form. Their chief tenet was that of obedience to the law, and their religion was a mere outward observance of the law without inward zeal for righteousness. From neither party then could Christ expect any responsive zeal to aid him in his great work for righteousness.

With obedience to the Law as the essential basis of their religion, the interpretation of the Law was naturally a very important matter to the Pharisees, and of course many questions came up regarding the exact interpretation of various statutes. These questions were always brought to the scribes or teachers who then gave their interpretations and comments. Year after year the ceremonies prescribed by prominent scribes increased in number,—and still the Pharisees insisted on the observance of them all and carefully handed them down from generation to generation.³ These oral interpretations dealt with methods of

1 Shailer Matthews. *A History of New Testament Times in Palestine*, p. 67.

2 *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. XXI, p. 142, on Sadducees.

3 Rush Rhees. *The Life of Jesus of Nazareth*, p. 9.

worship, with food and clothing, with a thousand and one little details pertaining to the daily life of the individual, and by the time of Christ they had become so numerous that the ordinary layman could hardly hope to become thoroughly acquainted with all the rules set for him to obey, much less to be able to carry them out.¹ But with obedience to the law, oral and written, as the chief tenet of his religion, the Pharisee naturally made a great effort to obey these rules, and in so doing gradually directed all his attention to their observance, neglecting altogether the morals underlying them. Little by little the Pharisee came to be judged by his outward appearance, by his literal observance of the law, and not by his spirit. The religious man came to be the man who observed the Sabbath with scrupulous punctiliousness, who shaved his head, who performed the proper number of oblations before partaking of food, who forbore from eating flesh forbidden by the Law, who put on sackcloth and ashes to indicate his repentance, who fasted frequently, and who prayed in the prescribed form in the public streets. In short, the religion of the Pharisees had become a mere show of formalities—it was religiosity without religion. All the vices could be nursed within the breast, but so long as one obeyed the Law, he was considered a thoroughly good and honest man.² And so great was the emphasis laid upon this that any person might easily persuade himself that he was righteous.

How could Christ convey his message to such people? In the first place, they lacked the simple, straightforward sincerity to which his simple eloquence appealed most naturally. And furthermore they had been led into so great a self-deception that they absolutely refused to listen to an attack made upon them or upon their principles. Christ could therefore accomplish nothing with them by his human means of persuasion—that of preaching—for they were unwilling to be taught anything new. The performance of miracles, his divine means, they ascribed to diabolical powers.³ And furthermore to a people who were separated from their God by a great, intervening wall of formalities, the appearance of his divine son in the simple, tangible form of Christ was incredible.

The other important faction in the Jewish nation at the time

1 James Stalker. *Life of Christ*, p. 33 and 34.

2 " " " " p. 34.

3 " " " " p. 101.

of Christ, the Sadducean or court party, was a purely political party who cared nothing for religion.¹ They supported the claims of the Herodian family and were bitter opponents of the Pharisees, who constantly used their doctrine of fatalism to predict the fall of the Herodian party.² Naturally, then, one of the chief tenets of the Sadducees was that of anti-fatalism or absolute free will. They also attacked the Pharisaic doctrine of the resurrection and refused to believe in any future life. Their spirit was purely Epicurean.³ They belonged to the higher and wealthier classes and lived in great luxury, indulging in all sorts of extravagances, thinking little of life and its meaning, catering only to its joys and pleasures.⁴ They generally accepted the written law, but objected to the oral interpretations, not from a desire for more simplicity and earnestness, nor from a dislike for empty formalities, but merely for the sake of self-comfort. It was exceedingly difficult to obey the oral as well as the written law and so the Sadducees and Herodians chose to reject the oral law.⁵ They were really mere formalists with no religious zeal; men with whom religion was nothing more than a matter of policy. And certainly people with no hope for a future life, with no care for anything but their material interests could not appreciate nor respond to Christ's simple appeal for righteousness.

But even if Christ had been able to reach the hearts of these people, to influence them by his words and ideas, there could not have been many who would believe him to be the Messiah, because the popular conception of the Messiah was entirely at variance with his character. They expected that the long looked for Messiah would be a great king, who would place himself at the head of the government, lead his armies against other nations, conquer them all, and set up a kingdom of Jehovah in Judah, which should surpass all the other kingdoms of the world in splendor. They expected that he would give them worldly grandeur,—and a simple carpenter's son, who came to minister to their spiritual needs only, was absolutely incompatible with such a conception.⁶ Christ's refusal to lead

1 *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. XXI, p. 142, on Sadducees.

2 Rush Rhees. *The Life of Jesus of Nazareth*, p. 14.

3 James Stalker. *Life of Christ*, pp. 33 and 34.

4 James Stevenson Riggs. *A History of the Jewish People*, p. 217.

5 *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. XXI, p. 142, on Sadducees.

6 James Stevenson Riggs. *A History of the Jewish People*, p. 216.

a Messianic uprising after his Sermon on the Mount made it seem all the more impossible to the great majority that he could be the Messiah.' Furthermore they expected that the Messiah would bring them all this worldly prosperity through his own merits and powers alone, without any effort on their part. They had always imagined that he would come to the Jews, the favored righteous of Jehovah, relieve them of all oppression and set them above all the other nations of the world.' They were totally unprepared for the bitter attack upon their sins made by both Jesus and his precursor, John the Baptist.'

Under such conditions as these it hardly seems possible that Christ could have been received other than he was. With the two leading factions of his nation either indifferent or adverse to him, it is not surprising that he should have been misunderstood.' The Sadducees and Herodians, entirely men of the world, paid no attention to Jesus. To them he was merely an upstart, a pretender, unworthy of their attention. They were so wrapped up in their own worldly aims, and religion had become such a matter of policy for them, that they cared not for a change nor an improvement in morals and religion. Their ears were not open to the voice of a simple, earnest reformer, sprung from the common people. They ignored it. The other party who, on the contrary, had firm religious convictions, were greatly concerned; but because Jesus was not sprung from them and because he condemned many of their fundamental tenets to which they clung so tenaciously, Jesus could hardly have met with anything but opposition from them. In short, they were so thoroughly prepossessed by their own ideas and principles that they were unable to grasp anything new, and the failure of Christ's mission with the greater part of the Jewish nation is altogether the grandest illustration of the impossibility of teaching those who are unwilling to be taught.

VICTORIA A. LARMOUR.

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- 1 James Stalker. Life of Christ, pp. 103, 104.
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 - 3 James Stalker. Life of Christ, pp. 41-44.
 - 4 " " " " pp. 94-100.

THE HILL COUNTRY

The wild North wind has been calling loud,
Up in the hill country ;
Above green valleys and misty cloud,
Calling my boy from me.

The sweet South wind is singing low,
Sweeter than Yodel's call ;
My boy must awake from his dreams and go,
Go, when the seared leaves fall.

Now madly rages the wind from the West,
And before it the seared leaves flee ;
It stirs my boy with its own unrest,
And carries him far from me.

HELEN MARGERY DEAN.

LONELINESS

There is a look in the eyes of all
Who tread the city's street,
But it is not born of the city's breath,
Nor the rush of many feet.

In the sailor's eyes is the self-same look
As he drives against the sky,
But it is not born of the water-wastes
That make to the winds their cry.

It's there wherever a man may be,
Or wherever his thoughts have flown,
For the touch of a hand is another's hand,
And the heart of a man is alone.

HELEN MARGERY DEAN.

REFORM IN THE DEPARTMENT CLUBS

The people cry : " Woe to us ! We are in the midst of great crime and corruption. Surely this is a crooked and perverse generation ! " They are considering the political frauds which the reformers have brought to light, greatly to the advantage of the reformers, and the scandals of the insurance world which the investigating committee has revealed. But they do not stop to think that, in years past, these frauds have existed without being ferreted out and so without check to their growth. This spirit of inquiry and desire to understand is one of the most healthful signs of our times.

Even in this quiet town, in the midst of our academic life, this spirit reaches us and we find the whole college stirred on questions of change with a view to revivifying and regenerating. The academic life itself, is discussed, the Christian Association ; nothing seems exempt from the eye of the critic. May not the question of the department club be included ? The fact that they are the creatures of human intellect is of course sign and proof enough that they are open to criticism. But are they now as perfect as they might be ? This can best be answered by a statement of what they are and what they should be. Nowadays, when a student is elected to a club she accepts willingly enough, for she is flattered and pleased because both her friends and the faculty of the department have expressed approval. She enters the club with perhaps a certain amount of interest and attends the meetings quite regularly for a while. There she hears papers read and comes home filled with admiration for their authors and fear for herself, that she must try to follow in their steps all too soon. It is really only once in a year that she receives by the preparation of a paper any benefit from the time which she gives to the club and then it is often along lines which least interest her. But the department club was organized with a view to helping in the work of the department, to provide a chance for specialization, one might almost say, in the phases of work upon which the courses offered can only touch. Its members are supposedly deeply interested in their work and desirous

of extending their knowledge. The club affords a meeting place for faculty and students, with neither the restraint of the class room nor the social intercourse such as one obtains at afternoon teas.

Why is there this lapse from the standards which we all, after due thought, are willing to recognize? Surely there is no degeneration in ability among the faculty nor among the students. There are excellent courses offered and excellent work done in those courses; in fact, if we can judge from the reports of our alumnæ, we have better courses offered than ever before and better work is done in them than in the earlier days of the college. So it seems that we have all the needful materials for healthy department clubs. Why, I repeat, the lapse? To my mind, the fault lies in the method of election rather than in the methods of work followed in the clubs. If those who were in earnest in their work and desirous of getting as much as possible from it, would signify their interest by application for membership, and if only such students as had applied for membership would be voted into the club after approval from the faculty, we should have reached the root of the matter.

By the present method of admission the girl who has been elected has a pleasing sense of honor conferred which is nice in that it recognizes that to have a high grade of scholarship is desirable, but something more lasting than this is necessary if we are to maintain the standard. Each member must feel a sense of responsibility for her own work and for the work of the club as a whole, else the membership is a misnomer, showing gratitude and little else. Work—good, hard, conscientious work—is sometimes accomplished when the motive force is purely gratitude, but in that case the gratitude is to some one person for a definite act of helpfulness and not to a body of people, often unknown, for an act of recognition. Gratitude, such as election calls forth, is very pleasing, but far more is needed to oil the wheels of progress along lines of scientific or philosophic inquiry. But, you say, some students are too modest to apply for membership. In their self-abnegation they do not think themselves worthy of recognition from the very department in which they are shining lights. This is very true, and we are glad to acknowledge it. But why, in the name of tactful humanity, could not that student have some hint dropped to her from the heights of the faculty which would embolden her and arm her

with the conviction that her application would be received gladly rather than with scorn? Such a girl would be a great addition to a club, for her very modesty bespeaks conscientiousness. Moreover, for the mutual benefits to be procured, this little recognition from the faculty, this personal expression of grade, would not break the rules which keep us in ignorance of our official standing. Such a method of application as this would not cause the clubs to degenerate into mere cliques. Students do not elect courses in order to be with their friends and no more would they elect a department club for the same reason. There are plenty of other opportunities offered for such contact and more favorable opportunities for social intercourse than are found in meeting for study. The fact that one had friends in a club might make the membership seem more attractive, but it would not be a strong enough inducement to cause a girl to pledge herself to work in which she is only vaguely interested. Add to this the fact that those friends who are thus pursued are likely to withdraw from the club before one's own graduation, for the friends that one follows after with such diligence are girls in classes other than one's own and generally in the classes above one.

In the recitation room we all notice the strain when some members are not interested enough to prepare the daily assignment; and how much more this is felt in specialized work! In the clubs as they are to-day, as a result of the method of election, there are many girls who are interested—yes, interested enough to come to meetings and stay long enough to answer to the roll-call, in order to escape a fine, and who stay throughout the meeting only when there is some hope of helping in the election of a friend. Surely these girls ought not to be allowed to take the place of girls who are really absorbed in their work and who desire to improve every chance to extend their knowledge, but who do not happen to have the friends in the club ready to help their election along. These disinterested or only slightly interested members are a great drag on active progress and are a constant source of weakness to any club. If, on the other hand, a student applied for admission, such an act would be a declaration on her part of interest, of desire to do work, for she would not apply blindly for membership in an organization whose object for existence was the voluntary continuation of courses outside of recitation hours and counting no credits in the registrar's office.

I suppose the ideal will never be attained. And yet it seems that we can come nearer to it than we have by the present method of election by the clubs. The point that will be the most radically bettered will be that of the zeal of the members for their work. All would be in the club as the result of an expressed desire on their part, all would feel themselves pledged by this to activity in the branches of study suggested and thus we should obtain a mass with the united front so much vaunted now, drawn up under the standard of interest. One of the cries here at Smith College is the multiplicity of duties and of interests which each student takes upon herself, with a result either of nervous prostration or a scattering of attention, giving little to each duty. If each girl were forced to take the initiation in some of these activities and were thus forced to consider just what, and to realize just how much she were adding to her regular work, perhaps we should have fewer examples of the girl who belongs to many clubs and more of the girl who belongs to one and who works for that one.

This scheme of election is carried out at Yale University in the Philosophical Club, where one must have had certain courses in order to be eligible. At Wellesley College the French and German clubs are managed on this plan and have a membership list of diligent students. In Barnard College and Columbia University this system is also employed. A member of the Smith College faculty said that the department clubs were organized with a view to helpful discussion and work by faculty and students, and she felt very strongly that some method should be tried to insure a nearer approach to that ideal than there is now. She argued that this method of application for membership seemed to solve many of the problems presented by the department club question of to-day. In talking with various students, the majority of them seniors, and all members of department clubs, there was at first some demur against a request for an honor. This only goes to show how the department club has lost its true significance in the eyes of the college. When the real purpose of these clubs was explained, they agreed that this would be a good system, if all the clubs would agree to it.

To summarize: Since there is a need for a change in the existing nature of things and since this change can best be brought about by an alteration in the method of admission to membership, the plan of application for membership is proposed. This

method does not aid in the development of a clique owning the club, does not necessarily cause the exclusion of certain modest students; but rather does it insure to us a club of zealous and active members having enough time at their disposal to follow the work suggested by the club and so make the club of real benefit, the object of all college activity.

We do not come to college because college has selected us, but because we have selected college. We do not take certain courses because they select us, but because we select them, and the certain other courses which select us, that is, the required courses, are the most perfunctory ones in college. Can we not extend this principle to our clubs and select them for ourselves, rather than be selected by them?

REGINA MURIEL ROBINSON.

THE DESERTER

He was a young man about twenty years old, when he suddenly enlisted, carried away by the wave of military enthusiasm that swept his native town. He was not very well fitted for the life physically and he suffered greatly from the unaccustomed hardships to which he was exposed. Used to the cramped quarters of a high stool all day, the endless drills and marches were perfect torture to him. He was not quick to master the drills, and the harshness of the commanding officer rankled in his heart. His mind, naturally slow in its evolutions, was irretrievably confused by the quick commands, and the very speed with which he was required to act, startled him into inertia. His companions, quick to notice the regard in which he was held at headquarters, made him the scapegoat and butt of the company. In the town from which he had come his position had carried a certain prestige with it and the insults and gibes now flung at him were most galling to his pride. So his enthusiasm waned and a dogged feeling of inefficiency and shame took its place. He did not know when the thought of desertion first entered his mind. He put it away from him first with horror as a thing of which the bare consideration was in itself disgraceful; then as a temptation against whose allurements he must struggle; and at last, as its presence grew more familiar,

he faced it as a possibility to be considered. He had so long been impressed by others with the sense of his own inefficiency that he had grown to take himself at their estimate and he no longer had the slightest confidence in his own powers or courage. He owned to himself with a bitter swelling of the heart that when his company went into their first engagement he would very probably flee at his earliest opportunity. The thought of the carnage of the battle-field was sickening to him. He seemed to have no physical courage to meet it. He was young yet, he didn't want to die, and there was a sphere of life in which he had a useful position which he could fill honorably and well. By imperceptible degrees he lost his horror of the idea of desertion and came to look upon it as a justifiable means by which he might regain his true station.

The opportunity finally came to him during the confusion occasioned by a skirmish with some sharpshooters and he dropped to the rear and was soon lost in the woods. He had no definite plan, for his absence would probably be imputed to capture or death and there would be no search for him. But he must keep in hiding until he could change his uniform for an inconspicuous suit of clothes; then he could go to some large city and begin life over again. He spent that night in the woods and in the morning came out on a highway. It was summer. The white dust lay thick on the roadside and the heated air simmered in the sun. He plodded slowly along with no elasticity in his step, his head bent and his whole figure drooping with fatigue. Each step raised a little cloud of yellow dust that added to the coating on his uniform and drifted heavily away over the parched grass. Presently he came in sight of a little frame house set back from the road. It had been long unpainted and a general air of desolation hung over it. Rank grass grew up to the stone step and the few shutters that still hung to the windows did so in a half-hearted way. The door was gone from the hinges and lay outside among some bushes. He entered—the shelter from the burning sun was grateful—and lying down on the floor he soon fell asleep.

He slept for a long time the sleep of utter physical exhaustion; then into his mind seemed to come confused thoughts of his late experiences—he was being marched to the front in an engagement, the bullets were dropping around him and the boom of artillery shattered the air. An unusually loud crash awakened

him. He sat up. The room was dark. Heavy drops of rain were falling on the roof and the rumble of thunder sounded in his ears. A flash of lightning showed him the window and he groped his way toward it and stood looking out. A heavy storm was coming up and the drops began to fall faster and faster on the roof and the trees to sway back and forth in the wind. He watched the coming of the storm with fascinated interest. He had so lately come from the close companionship of hundreds of his fellow men that the feeling of solitude gave him an uncanny sensation. The wind blew against the house in a long gust bearing with it a sound that sent the blood to his heart—the sharp click of horses' hoofs against the road and the jangling of military accoutrements. He peered out into the darkness cursing each flash that it was gone before he could well direct his eyes to any point. He was unable to see the cause of the sound, but the sound itself came again and again, borne by every gale that swept by the house, and each time more distinctly.

He left the window and walked a few steps into the room. At every opportunity his eyes searched for some means of concealment. In the corner was an old staircase which he reached and groped his way up. In the utter darkness of the upper floor he crawled a few feet and then lay down. He was none too soon, for now he could distinctly hear the hurried trot of a number of horses as they drew near; he heard them leave the road and come up on the grass; then the heavy tread of men on the floor below him and low voices. "We can stay here until the storm passes and then we'll ride on," said one.

The boards on which he lay were full of knot-holes through which, when a lantern was brought into the house, he could distinctly see the men below him. There were six of them, all officers and of the opposing force. He lay there hardly daring to breathe, watching the men and listening to the tramp of the sentry posted outside and the stamping of the horses. The officers in the room below him seated themselves with the lantern in their midst and spread out before them a large map over which they bent eagerly. From his position the deserter could see and hear plainly. They talked in low voices but not a word escaped him. At first he listened without interest, then as he caught the drift of their conversation, he dwelt on every word with bated breath and face so near the floor that the dust that lay thick upon it almost choked him.

When the storm had died away the party left the house. The deserter lay quite motionless while the horses splashed through the puddles and long after the last sounds had died away. Freedom had been almost within his grasp, a freedom which he had thought it no shame to gain. There were thousands of men to take his place and fill it more ably than he. And now a duty lay before him which only he could perform. He must go back, he must, he must ! He broke into long sobs that shook him from head to foot, he was renouncing that new life which he would have lived, he was going back to the old hated existence, perhaps to a shameful death.

The next morning he stood before his commanding officer and told his story. "How did you get this information ?" questioned the officer.

"I hid in a house in which the staff officers of General Grant were discussing their plans."

"You were not with your company ?"

"No sir."

"How was that ?"

"I had deserted, sir."

"You had deserted !"

"Yes sir."

"Can I depend on the information which a deserter brings me ?"

The man turned a haggard face to his questioner. "My God, would I have come back if I hadn't had some decency left in me !"

The officer eyed him narrowly. "Because of this information which is very important to us I will not order you under arrest until I have given your case more careful consideration. Can I rely on your honor to report to me to morrow ?"

The deserter laughed mirthlessly. "You can," he said.

MILDRED WILSON.

IN A GARDEN

We say good-night to you—my flowers and I—
Now as the faint flush of the afterglow
Fades out above the trees. As tender, low,
Caressing words in some loved voice,
That die away in silence slowly, so the day
Is melting into night ; a holy hush
Rests in this purple twilight on each branch
And flower around me. Well indeed they may
Send to you thus their greeting, for you know
Them e'en as I do—yes, and love them all ;
The saucy roses peeping o'er the wall,
The mignonette, the jasmine bells that blow
Into my lap as I sit writing here—
They nod their acquiescence to each thought
That trembles on my pen, yet answer not
What word they send, as if they would revere
The silence of this hour. So I, too,
Would speak to you through silence, have you feel
More than these words express, let love reveal
All that lies hid in this "good-night" to you.
MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

CIGARETTES VERSUS SLUMMING

I happened in at the Trevellyans at an evil moment, but they were so used to my comings and goings that they stopped only long enough to welcome me. This time, however, there was hardly time for that, and Margaret seemed so near an outburst of tears that I felt it my duty to retire. But she would not let me and called me back into the argument.

"Boots," she said, for Margaret always insists upon calling me by that absurd name, "Boots, don't you think I could go slumming?"

"You know very well,"—began her husband, but he was quickly interrupted.

"I'm speaking to *Boots*. I asked him a question and I'd thank you if you would give him time to answer."

"I think I have as much right to speak to him as you have."

"No one said you hadn't, but I began."

"For Heaven's sake, children," I finally cried in bewilderment, "I have no idea what you are talking about. Please let me hear you one at a time."

"I'm trying to tell you, but Bob insisted on telling you first."

"But I can tell you all about it—"

"Look here, Bob, Margaret began—let her finish and then I'll hear your side of the story." He made some remark about my always favoring Peggy, which I pretended not to hear, and walked over to the window, where he stood gazing into the somewhat distant street.

"You see, Boots," began Margaret, "Bob and I have had a dispute." I started to make a flippant remark, but thinking better of it, respectfully held my tongue. "It was brought about by his smoking too many cigarettes. I asked him to stop. He said it was nonsense. I knew it wasn't because he *does* look sick." I turned to look at the invalid, but as he was gazing at the hurrying crowds below I got a picture of two very broad shoulders and a mighty well-built and healthy looking man. "You needn't look at him," she said, noticing my glance, "because although he doesn't look badly, he is ill. I have lots of reasons for saying so and one is that he's so cross. I might even," this last in a stage whisper, "I might even say that he was irritable!" Bob turned about then, but having given me a sarcastic smile, he again resumed his contemplation of the street. "I knew that it was too many cigarettes. He smokes all the time, incessantly,—he even smokes in bed in the morning and has ruined my best hemstitched sheets." I tried to repress a smile but failed—that alone was enough to bring Peggy's wrath upon my head. "I won't talk to you, Boots Barrington. You men are all alike. It's a pity you couldn't help me when I'm in trouble! I didn't know that you could be so hateful,"—and before I had time to say a word she had left the room, I think, in tears. The door slammed, and I was left staring dumbly and amazedly at the place where she had stood. Trevelyan left his post at the window and walked slowly over to the mantel. He stood looking at me with a half amused, half cynical smile on his face.

"That wasn't a very wise move on your part, was it?" he asked finally. "Never laugh at a thing like that, it doesn't do.

Little by little husbands learn to take burned sheets, and especially hemstitched ones, as a serious matter, but an old bachelor like you wouldn't be expected to know about that." His superior tone and attitude annoyed me.

"Look here, Bob," I said, my wrath rising, "what's it all about?"

"Wait a minute." He tiptoed to the door and opening it, quietly slipped through into the hallway; in a minute he returned with glasses and decanter in hand. "Have a drink, you'll need it to set you right." I took the proffered glass and looked anxiously at him when he offered me a cigarette, for I had a feeling that I was not to smoke with Bobby; it was leading him astray and into poor health. "It's all right," he said laughing when he saw my hesitation, "don't be a fool."

We had just seated ourselves comfortably and Bob had begun his side of the story when the door opened and Margaret stood before us. She was in street dress, and wore a military hat with an impudent looking brush sticking up at one side of it; she carried a small bag in her hand.

"I'm going over to mother's for the night, Bob," she said quietly. "Good-bye, Boots," but she did not smile.

I stood quietly by my chair with a cigarette in one hand and a glass in the other. Bob held the decanter in mid-air and his cigarette hung dejectedly from one corner of his mouth until we heard the outer door close and the elevator door slide open and shut. Bob was the first to speak.

"Boots," he said, "she's really gone. I didn't think that she really cared—that she was angry. What shall I do?" He stepped quickly to the window and leaned far out. "There she goes and if ever I saw a better looking woman in my life I'll be hanged. That suit fits like—"

"Now, Bob," I interrupted him forcibly, dragging him backward by the coat tails, "come to your senses. You know very well that from this fourth floor flat—I mean apartment—you can't tell whether that suit fits well or not, and besides I want to close the window; it's cold." I suited the act to my words and pulled down the sash. "Will you please tell me what the trouble is?"

"Oh, it's all terribly silly and all that, and you being an old bachelor won't understand—"

"Of course, but never mind that part of it."

"She's been having fits over the number of cigarettes I smoke, thinking it hurts me; I saw what nonsense it was, so simply paid no attention to her and kept on doing as I pleased. Lately this idea of slumming has gotten into her head and I couldn't stop it; she was firm and slum she would. We had it hot and heavy, and finally she promised to give up slumming if I'd give up the cigarettes. But that was too ridiculous! Smoking wasn't hurting me, while all sorts of things could happen to her, scarlet fever, small-pox and thieves. So I absolutely refused to enter the bargain,—it was too uneven. And there you are. You've heard the beginning and you saw the end, for you came in the thick of the fight. What do you think?"

It was easy to see that he was truly worried over Peggy's departure. I was not, but then I have often thought I understood her better than Bob even, though that has nothing to do with the story.

"There's only one thing to do, Bob," I said finally, "patch it up." He was leaning across the table looking at me closely. Suddenly he rose to his feet and walked slowly up and down.

"Patching won't do any good, Boots. It's got to be final or we'll always be having the same discussion on our hands." I thought for some time before I disclosed my little plan that he return to the club with me, join the other men in the old-time way and pretend for once that he was again a member of that restless brotherhood. Then if Margaret saw that her absence didn't worry him she would be more likely to give in. I did not tell him that this was not, in reality, my hoped-for ending, but to get anything out of Bob I had learned at an early age that one must at least pretend to be on his side.

After some discussion he consented, but as we went out I heard him say to the maid, "If Mrs. Trevelyan should come back or telephone me or—or anything, tell her I'm with Mr. Barrington."

"But she's not coming back to-night, Bob," I ventured.

"I know, but she might have—forgotten something."

The men welcomed Trevelyan back into his old place and gave him the usual amount of good-natured banter, saying that they were glad to see him finally freed from Peggy's apron strings, telling him how brave he was to dare to come back among them again. The truth, however, did not come out and he took their guying smilingly and did the honors. All went

well until after dinner, when the empty conversation, the talk of horses and the usual club-room gossip seemed to jar on his nerves.

"Boots," he said to me about nine, "I've got to get out of this, I can't stand it another moment. I'm going home." Somehow he made me think of a homesick school-boy and I laughed.

"Don't be an idiot, Bob, what's the matter?"

"It would be different if we hadn't quarrelled. I'm really sorry I came." I saw that there was no use arguing with him, so we slipped out together and started at a quick pace up the street, but walking was too slow, so we hailed a passing hansom and gave the "cabby" orders to make record time. That Margaret said she would not return had no effect upon Trevelyan, and even when I called his attention to the fact that his apartment was in darkness he continued to say, "She might have changed her mind." He was too excited to wait for the elevator, and dashed up the stairs three steps at a time. I arrived, via elevator, as he opened the door and was beside him as he turned the lights on. Suddenly there was a little cry from Bob. He rushed forward and gathered what seemed to be a silken heap in his arms.

"Dearest," I heard him say, and then seeing that I was an old bachelor and not used to such things, and also remembering some things I had read, and perhaps some few distant and indistinct day-dreams built long ago before Peggy and Bob were even engaged but now crumbled away with a dead hope, I turned away and rang for the elevator and Jimmie. But before my ring had been answered Bob and Margaret came to the door and called me back.

"You must, Boots," she said pleadingly with that lovely pink thing gathered around her, "please, you must." How I longed to obey her, but even an old bachelor like me is blessed with at least a little of that which men call tact.

"Not to-night," I said as Jimmie let the door slide back, "not to-night,—perhaps to-morrow." They waved their hands to me in good-bye. Trevelyan drew Margaret more closely to him. "Thank you," he called, but I could not think for what, for Margaret was crying.

LAURA CASEY GEDDES.

SKETCHES

MY THOUGHTS

A hundred pretty butterflies,
A hundred bumblebees,
Were tugging at a cobweb leash
And could not feel at ease.
With dainty strife and stinging words
They quarreled all the day.
They snarled and broke the silken string
And fluttered far away.

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY.

Billy lived alone with his father, who spent so much of his time buried in scientific investigations that he was hardly a lively companion for a small boy. In-

Billy the Secretary deed, when he was at work in his laboratory he almost forgot the existence of his son, and since most of his time was spent thus, Billy got a comparatively small amount of his attention. But he didn't mind this particularly. The perpetual frown which the Professor wore, caused by a slight near-sightedness, gave the boy an uncomfortable feeling as though he were about to be reproved for some awful misdeed. The Professor felt vaguely, now and then, that something was wrong. Many times he promised himself that as soon as this or that experiment was finished he would devote more of his time to the boy, but somehow he always forgot and things drifted on as before.

Naturally all of Billy's interests were centered outside his home, and it was his playmates who made up his small world. John was the oldest of "the boys" and Billy's devotion to him was almost pathetic. Like many an older person John was flattered by his attention and rather encouraged it. The attic in John's house was a favorite meeting place. It had never

been partitioned off into rooms and only a part of the floor had been laid. This section was scorned by the boys who chose the "ell" for their gatherings. To reach this they were obliged to walk a beam, carefully balancing themselves to keep from stepping off onto the plaster. But when they reached the "ell" at last they found a firm footing, for here the boys had laid a floor of rough planks. The ell was furnished with anything they could find—an old table, rather uncertain on its legs, two or three chairs which had drifted slowly from room to room and at last reached the attic, and a strip of red carpet, while the wall was decorated with an American flag.

It was here that the boys kept their valuables and spent their play hours, and, above all, it was here that "the club" met. The club numbered six. John was president because it was his house. Jimmy was vice-president because he was John's cousin, and so had second right to office. Billy was secretary, not because he was particularly fitted for that honorable position, but because none of the other boys liked to write the minutes, and since Billy was the youngest, the disagreeable tasks were very liable to fall to him. Jonsie was treasurer, and as there were no more offices to be had, Sam and Harry were made honorary members. At first there was some trouble with Billy, for he had a way of forgetting his duties and the secretary's book threatened to remain a blank. To remedy this a law was passed that the secretary must write the minutes before he left the meeting. It was this law that brought about Billy's downfall.

During the winter the club met regularly, but as the first signs of spring appeared the boys grew restless. One warm day, when the wind blew through the little round window, it brought the clear note of a bird with it. "It's a cat-bird," cried John. "Come on, we'll find it." A moment later they were all clattering down the stairs—that is, all but Billy, for he knew from previous experience that it was not wise to leave those fateful minutes unwritten. He scribbled away as fast as he could, then slammed the book shut, snatched his cap, and started for the stairs. Alas! in his hurry Billy forgot the narrowness of the path. He stumbled, tried to recover his balance, and then stuck his foot right through the plaster into the ceiling of the hall below. Billy didn't wait to see what would happen next, but scurried home like a frightened rabbit.

Although home had never seemed particularly attractive to Billy, this afternoon it seemed to him a haven of refuge. He was sure that when Mr. Hilton saw that awful hole he wouldn't let the boys use the attic any more, and if the boys found out that it was he, Billy, who had done it they would never have another thing to do with him. Of course he would have to pay for it, but where would he get the money? He would never dare to tell his father. He got out the little box in which he hoarded his money. There were only four pennies and a five-cent piece in it. Perhaps Mr. Hilton would tell his father! Billy shuddered at the thought. Perhaps he would better tell his father himself. Yes, he would do it at supper-time. But at supper-time he decided that he would better wait until bed-time. His father went out that evening and for some reason Billy's bed-time was earlier than usual.

He passed a miserable night, and although the next morning was Saturday, he did not care to go out to join his friends until they strolled past the house and he saw that John was not with them. But fate was against him. They had not gone half a block before they met John. His greeting told the worst.

"Say, look here, fellows, one of you put your foot through the plastering yesterday, and my father says we can't go up there any more if we ain't careful."

"T'weren't me," they all denied, even little Billy echoing faintly.

"Well, it must 'a' been one of you. You come along and we'll see."

They all went willingly enough, but Billy suddenly "guessed his father wanted him that morning."

"Aw, your father never wants you," he was assured with more truth than tact. In spite of his protests he was dragged on with the others. When they reached the fatal spot John halted.

"Now, look here, each one of you fellows will have to try and see if your foot will go through the hole." Billy began to pluck up courage. Perhaps all the feet would go through. Three boys tried their feet, but they were all too large for the hole. Billy watched the performance with growing dread. His turn was approaching. A strong desire to flee came over him, but suspicion had seized the boys and Billy was dragged from the rear. Like a martyr going to his doom he advanced,

conscious only of the eyes of John, his beloved John. The hole looked immense to him. He wished he had worn his new shoes. They were much larger. Hesitatingly he extended his foot. It hovered above the hole for a moment and then went through.

"Looks is deceivin'!" exclaimed Sam, regarding Billy's round face and innocent blue eyes with disgust.

Then the boys stood awkwardly silent with Billy, a wretched culprit, in their midst. Could anything be more humiliating? Billy's heart was almost bursting, but it was worse when he looked up and saw Mr. Hilton, who had been a silent spectator of the scene. For a moment Billy was stunned. It was bad enough to be disgraced before the boys, but this was the crowning degradation, for he regarded all fathers with great awe, and now he was disgraced before John's father! He shrank back biting his lip to keep it from trembling. Then, with a courage born of desperation, he walked straight up to Mr. Hilton, drew his handkerchief from his pocket, laborously untied a knot in one corner, and held out four pennies and a five-cent piece. Mr. Hilton stood looking down at the pale, troubled little face. He had known Billy's father for years and he dimly guessed at what Billy's home life must be; he had too many boys of his own not to understand this one. He laid his hand kindly on Billy's head as he said, "Keep your pennies, boy. If you'll just board over the path to the stairs we'll call it square."

MARY CATHARINE FARMAN.

STARLIGHT

Through the window now I see
One star looking in at me,
And I wonder drowsily,
Does every star watch somebody
As that small star is watching me?

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

The nook was cool and still, except for the noisy babble of a mountain brook, the chirp of a forest bird, and the continuous piping of a frog. On the soft, green grass,

The Fulfillment shadowed by overhanging willows, lay a chubby-faced boy. There was a look of contentment on his round, sunburned face.

"All alone," he said musingly, "and it's all mine."

"Not so sure, not so sure," came a faint whisper, "it's all mine—the forest, the trees, the flowers and the brooks."

Tommy stared around fearfully. Where did it come from, this mysterious voice? Under the tree opposite crouched a funny little dwarfed figure, which advanced toward Tommy with a slow, awkward movement.

"Yes, it's all mine," he went on in a sharp, high key. "I am the king of the forest, the sovereign of the trees, the guardian of the flowers. In my hand is the might of all nature. I am all-powerful to grant any wish."

Tommy gazed with astonishment at the strange old man.

"Yes, little boy," he went on, "the birds have told me that you have never stoned them; the flowers have said that you have never harmed them; the trees have whispered that you have always loved them. Choose whatever you want, one thing."

Tommy's eyes were big with excitement, but he knew well his childish wish and did not hesitate.

"Then, O Forest King, make me a man like my father."

"But my child, old age is full of cares and anxieties."

"Oh no," said Tommy, "my father doesn't have any care."

"All right," said the dwarf, and in the twinkling of an eye there was no Tommy, no strange wizard of a dwarf,—only a man, tall and straight.

"Yes," the man was saying, "I remember how I used to play by this brook so long ago." And a yearning came over him for the little boy and those far-away days.

JEAN HELEN PERRY.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS

When weary grows the heart worn out at last,
And to the soul there comes an agony
More keen than human words can ever paint,
When life seems only drear expanse of waste,
And Death, the blessed healer of all griefs,
Doth still withhold from thee his longed-for touch,
And when thy brave and all but conquering strength
Seems slipping hopelessly from thee away,
And leaves thee all alone to fight the world,
So like unto a helpless child gone blind,—

Then weary soul stretch forth beseeching arms.
 Though once, perchance, thou didst forget thy God
 When thy full, buoyant strength did gird thee round,—
 Yet, tired heart, now give thyself to Him,
 And even still thou wilt most surely find
 Beneath thee are the Everlasting Arms.

ALICE MARJORIE PIERCE.

One warm day late in December, a man and a girl walked rapidly westward through one of the broad city streets and came out upon the edge of a steep hill. Across the narrow valley and over a low line of hills the sun was setting.

Jack Trench drew a long breath. "I want it," he said. "Do you ever feel that way? I want to touch it, to grasp it, to feel that it is all my own, to possess it!"

The girl smiled slightly. "No," she said, "not exactly. Sometimes I feel that I should like to walk or ride into it and never, never stop." She paused a minute and then asked, with a queer little abrupt manner that always surprised and amused him, "Do you always want things that hard if you want them at all?"

Trench laughed. "You ought to know that I don't. Many things are not worth wanting that hard. But why on earth do you want to keep on riding into the sunset?"

"Well," said Kate Masters, flushing very slightly, "a sentimental remark of mine, that; and my reasons are worse, so I won't expound them to you. Yes I will, too," with a touch of defiance. "It would be exhilarating,—with no thought at all, only the mere sensation of flying, and one would never tire of it. You would go on and on, and finally just fall and end along with everything else."

"Things don't all end, Miss Kate Masters," said Trench sternly. "This life is just the beginning and we ought—"

"To start home," interrupted Kate, mischievously. "There is just half an hour before dinner and you know mother has nervous prostration when we are late."

After dinner they sat in the library with no light except that of a blazing wood-fire. Kate turned her chair slightly away from the flames so that she was in the shadow, but Trench faced the glowing logs. He finally broke the long silence.

"Turn your chair a little, Kate, so that I can see your face. What were you thinking so intently?"

"Thinking about you," said Kate, with a scarcely perceptible change of color, as Trench pulled her chair more into the light. "I was thinking what I have been thinking all day—that at just eleven o'clock you will be going away, probably for seven years. It seems an eternity, Jack. Think of it! Seven long years away from your family and friends in a hot, heathenish place. Aren't people apt to have awful fevers and things in India? Really, you know, I shall be dreadfully worried about you."

"Seven years isn't long," said Trench thoughtfully. "I just can't realize that I am actually going to-night. It seems too good to be true. It is what I have always wanted and prayed for and at last the call has come. I feel that God has led me to go. . . . I shall miss my friends, though. Don't be worried about that—especially our mental gymnastics. You have always drawn me out wonderfully, Kate. But look here, please write whenever you feel like it. Your intellectual vagaries always interest me."

Kate was playing with some small silver charms on a chain and returned, a trifle absently: "I don't know that I will. You never approve of what I say—not that I usually care whether people do or not. Besides, you said once that my letters were one too many for you."

"That was because I cannot write such interesting ones as you can. But I never meant that I didn't want to hear from you. Why don't you take a trip out where I shall be, sometime? You told me you would come to visit any mission I established."

"I might come and play Lady Bountiful to all the little heathen you convert," said Kate smiling. "It is a pretty day-dream, Jack, but I am afraid I shall never have money enough to get that far."

"Wouldn't you like to help convert them?" asked Trench.

"Yes, I would," said Kate seriously, somewhat to his surprise.

"But you know I couldn't, Jack. It would be a case of the blind leading the blind." Her face grew almost hard for a moment as she struggled to conceal all appearance of nervousness.

"Yes—my old question again—why be blind?"

"Oh—why be anything that nature intended you to be? I guess, perhaps it is because I have never understood—never felt that I needed *to see*, as you would express it. Sometimes I feel that I ought to 'need to'—I've tried—it's rather bad then—but one gets over it."

"Yes," as Trench was about to speak, "I know you think me obstinate, but it isn't that. I don't understand and I'm honest and I won't say a thing unless I mean it."

"That's your trouble, Kate. You want to understand too much. If you could only learn to accept things first, believe them and then trust that the understanding would come later—but you won't, I suppose."

He rose and pulled out his watch. "Ten minutes more. How quickly time passes, if you will allow the truism."

"That last doesn't sound like you," said Kate. "It was almost flippant. See what association with me does for you! I'm sorry," with a quick change of tone. "It's a shame. Here I have wasted this last hour talking about myself and I wanted to hear you tell all about the things you are going to do."

"Why, I have told you all that dozens of times. You're awfully good to listen."

"Yes, I know," said Kate, "but I wanted to hear you tell it again."

She rose and steadied herself lightly against the back of her chair. "Good night and good-bye!" she said finally holding out her hand.

Trench grasped it firmly. "Good night," he said very quickly and hurried from the room.

Kate waited until she heard the front door slam behind him. Then she sank on the floor, buried her face in the chair he had just left, and began to sob violently. "I couldn't understand," she moaned, "I couldn't understand."

MARY BILLINGS EDDY.

LULLABY

De win's a blowin' through de ole locus tree,
Honey chil', mah honey,
He's a whisperin' sof' to yo' an' to me,
Honey chil', mah honey.

He's jes' help put de bright sun to bed,
Honey chil', mah honey,
A pullin' the lill' clouds up round his haid,
Honey chil', mah honey.

Den he comes blowin' sof' from de wes',
Honey chil', mah honey,
Rockin' de lill' birds to sleep in de nes',
Honey chil', mah honey.

He tells Marse Cricket to strike up a tune,
Honey chil', mah honey,
He wakes up de 'possum an' de sly raccoon,
Honey chil', mah honey.

Den he comes rustlin' de ole locus tree,
Honey chil', mah honey,
An' hyar's what he's sayin' to yo' an' to me,
Honey chil', mah honey.

"De roun' moon's a-sailin' high in de sky,
De 'possum an' de raccoon's prowlin' mighty nigh,
De katydid's a singin' ovah yo' haid,
It's time lill' chilluns wus asleep in dey bed."

So shut yo' sleepy eyes jes' so,
Honey chil', mah honey,
An' I'll tell Marse Win' yo's soon gwine to go,
Honey chil', mah honey.

LORENA EMMONS.

The January sun was setting though it was but little after four. Its feeble rays of dying light but half penetrated the recitation room. The girl yawned,

A Matter of History then frowned impatiently and threw her pen down on the partly written sheet before her.

"Do you realize, Miss Lane, that this may be as trying for me as it is for you?"

The girl looked up into the face of the young instructor which wore a moody frown.

"It need not be," she answered hurriedly, "if you would let me go."

"But you have been here exactly twenty minutes. The requirement is an hour's written lesson." The voice was firmly dogmatic.

"I have written all I know on the subject. It seems so useless to keep rambling on."

"I—er—beg your pardon," muttered the man in a tone which he flattered himself was aloof and detached.

"Rambling," firmly repeated the voice. A pretty voice—a pretty girl, he decided. Sometimes when one got them sifted out from the general mob they showed decided charms, but a whole recitation-room full of feminine beings in the abstract! Bah, it was boring. Her face looked familiar, but good heavens, they all looked familiar! He made a point of bowing to every girl between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five whom he met, provided he caught her looking at him, which he realized he did often. Man's importance and woman's varied in proportion with their number.

Meanwhile the girl kept scribbling, scribbling fearfully, he decided as the hand traveled down the page with astonishing rapidity.

At the foot she paused and glanced up. In answer he pulled out his watch, and looking at her just in time to catch a sarcastic grin said, "twenty minutes more."

She waved her pen indolently, saying, "The penalty one pays for staying over at vacation time, I suppose?" and then frankly, "You were not back either, Mr. Proctor."

The man flushed. "Er—no. Miss Stewart saw to the written lesson."

"And," continued the girl musingly, "if you had come back on time we wouldn't have had the written lesson and I would not be here now."

"I was unfortunately detained," the man began, then hesitated. The idea of apologizing to one of his pupils! And yet—and yet—the girl sitting nonchalantly at her ease before him seemed definitely removed from the common herd of college girls.

She surprised him by looking up quickly and saying with sincere feeling, "Oh, yes, poor John! But he's better now, isn't he, Mr. Proctor?"

"Yes," answered the astonished man, "but how—"

"Oh, Greenville isn't so large and I know your brother well."

"You are from Greenville?"

"Why, yes. I went to the same red school-house with you. In fact, I'm the small girl in the poem," she quoted mockingly, "'I cannot go above you, because," the blue eyes lower fell, "because you see I love you"', only in this case I *did* go above you, and you were years older than I, and it was history, too. And now I'm here," she smiled quizzically.

"The time is almost up," he snapped abruptly. "You may pass in the paper." Then he added, "I don't remember a Miss Lane, a victor in any of my many childhood defeats."

She did not yield the paper, but said slowly,

"Perhaps I'd better keep it and correct it with the rest. It will be a test, you know, and I'm rather interested to see if I got the facts down correctly."

"Correct it? What do you mean? Here, give it to me," and he scanned what she had written. It was a wonderful paper, neat, concise, accurate in every detail, and without a point omitted, a very paper among papers, till he came to the scribbling, which read:

"To whom it may concern: This composition is by Miss Clarrisa Stewart, history reader." Then came a few scrawly scrolls and a haphazard sentence. "In a case of mistaken identity, to whom should one appeal? In searching my brains for facts in history I can find no precedent to follow." More scrawls. "Is it a criminal offense to imprison an innocent person? I look to the desk for an answer." Then in large black letters, "Horrors! I'll be late for supper!"

The girl scrutinized his changing expression coldly. "May I go now?" she said finally.

"You are not Miss Lane?"

"If you had let me explain," smiling at the accidental rhyme, "I'm Miss Stewart, the history reader. I came in and said, 'I have come about Miss Lane.' She is ill, you know, and unable to take the written lesson to-day, and as I know her personally I consented to come and tell you. Well, you—you thrust an examination book into my hands, hurled the questions at me and turned your back. It was all so ridiculous, and such a lark, and you were so—so superior—I felt quite crushed. I even suspected I might be Miss Lane. Shall I take the paper?" she added, rising to go and extending her hand.

"I think—I think," he said deliberately, "I'll keep it to remember—" he paused, then continued coldly, "the written lesson. It gives the facts in very good form."

"Oh very well." She turned toward the door. He was there before her, and opened it, saying vaguely,

"I think, Miss Stewart, I'd like to consult you on the next written lesson. May I call?"

ETHEL BELLE KENYON.

A CONTRADICTION

My father said to mother, once—
He thought I wasn't there—
"I'm glad Jack's bad sometimes; I like
His cunning, naughty air.

"A boy who's up to lots of tricks
Because he's full of fun
Amounts in life to much more than
A goody, goody one."

But next time I was bad again,
As bad as I could be,
Those things I'd heard my father say
He didn't say to me!

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

She sat there dreaming, with her big geography held up to conceal her idleness from "Teacher's" watchful eye. Now this wasn't such a slip from the straight

The Troubles of a Star and narrow path as it would seem, because the teacher, after trying two or three pupils, who proved unusually dull, had decided that the class hadn't studied, and had set them to work. Arna had studied, however, and knowing the lesson — well, as I said, she was dreaming, or worse, thinking about the boy three seats in front with the curly hair—"not tight curly, but just wavy". He was the "wonderf'lest boy". Why, everybody liked him, even Teacher! and he could always think of something funny to say, just as quick as anything, and the little crowd of girls and boys whom the class called "the set" always laughed and talked the most when Winnie was there, and wasn't Winifred a lovely name! Arna did not know him, as she would have said, "to talk to". She was not one of "the set", but, in marked contrast to her beruffled and becurled

class-mates, she wore white aprons, and her hair was drawn straight back from the low white forehead, and braided in the back. To be sure, Arna's braid was long, thick, and inclined to kink most charmingly, and she had great blue eyes, and her cheeks were as soft and pink as a rose-leaf, but it takes an adult to appreciate such beauties, and Arna was quite lost in the mass. She herself felt the difference a little, and envied that laughing, pleasant crowd. She wondered dimly how one ever, in the first place, got into "the set", and felt that may be if she were ever really one of them she could say bright things sometimes, too, only now they never seemed to notice her, or even know that she was there.

Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the principal, who had come to conduct an arithmetic test, and the class straightened up to alert attention and sad, but natural fright.

They were reducing decimals to fractions and Arna sat, with cold chills running down her back, expecting doom to fall on her at any moment, because she never had understood the process, and felt a respectful awe of the girl who was marking so glibly, $.08\frac{1}{2} = \frac{8\frac{1}{2}}{100} = \frac{17}{200} = \frac{1}{12}$. It was too bewildering and intri-

cate! Suddenly she felt as if the house would collapse like the pack of cards in "Alice in Wonderland", for did she not hear Teacher call on her, as a show pupil, to prove that $.41\frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{12}$? How Arna had ever retained her reputation for good work in the arithmetic class was a mystery, but the teacher had evidently carried over the confidence in her ability from other studies. Arna's knees knocked together as she went to the board, resolved at least to win her small brother's respect by "dying game". But on the way a brilliant inspiration struck her, and picking up the chalk she said, with a brazen air of assurance, while inwardly quaking, "We just proved that $.08\frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{12}$, and $.41\frac{1}{2}$ is just five times $.08\frac{1}{2}$, so $.41\frac{1}{2}$ must equal $\frac{1}{12}$." Then she stood, waiting doubtfully, more than half expecting the deluge. A second or two of absolute silence followed, and Arna looked up apprehensively at Teacher, who was watching "the Principal", waiting for a cue. He was surveying Arna with surprised delight. "Well—well—well," he said, in a bass crescendo, and Arna wondered if it was really well. "Here we have a young lady who is actually thinking about what goes on in this

class. Of course," quite grandly, "this is not what I expected the young lady to do, but I presume that she could have done that as well, and as an example of originality I am—ahem—ahem—gratified with her performance." Then he talked to Teacher, and Arna heard a mumbled response of "good mind, an all-round student." When "the Principal" left the room, Teacher called her to the desk and said that there was to be a teachers' meeting that afternoon, that they wanted a few pupils to represent different studies, that she, Arna, was to go down for arithmetic, and that in consideration of the honor she might take the coveted front seat. Now, gentle reader, you and I may have sat in the front seat in the course of our school days for a far different reason,—to wit, the seat was directly under the teacher's eye, and any effort at "communication" by the naughty owner could be instantly frowned down! Not so in Miss Brown's room! This was the post of honor, held by the monitor of the row who passed and collected papers, and, joy of joys! used the squirt bottle up and down the lines to wet the slate sponges. Anyone who has ever known the utter fascination of going "tsst, tsst, tsst, tsst," to the right and left with a syphon bottle can easily forgive that ordinary little deception—practiced by those who return, ostensibly to wet a sponge in the back row which did not get enough in the first round, just for the joy of the extra squirt. All these honors were to be Arna's because, forsooth, much as we hate to confess it, she had "bluffed" successfully. Still we cannot say that she was elated. Being a conscientious child, she felt much as if she had stolen something, and besides, ahead of her loomed the enticing prospect of displaying her vast ignorance of hundredths and twelfths, not only before the principal, but also before every teacher in the school. Arna knew that her clever scheme could not be used where no one had already proved that $.08\frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{12}$. But luck was still on her side. The teacher continued with the arithmetic class, and Arna, by diligent attention, got a sudden inkling of what it was all about. Indeed, she nearly betrayed herself by an "Oh!" of enlightenment. However, she acquitted herself very creditably in the teachers' meeting, and on the way home, in her relief at her escape, confided the whole story to an older girl, sister of one of the boys in her room.

The day after Arna's brilliant recitation she noticed Winnie

talking with an excited group, who looked toward her continually as if she were the subject of the conversation. Then he left them and came over to her, and the girls and boys crowded around her to listen to what he would say. Has there ever been a moment in your life when something that has been the subject of your day dreams for many long weary months, or something that you have hoped and hoped for, comes to pass suddenly and without any warning? Then you know how Arna felt, and why her cheeks flushed pink with excitement. Here she was with all "the set" around her! "Say, Arna," Winnie spoke ingratiatingly, "who do you think is the star of the room?"

Now Arna was distinctly flattered that they should ask her opinion about anything, but she did not exactly know what "star" when used that way meant, and she hated to appear stupid, so she thought a moment, and then, by figuring that a star is something bright, said, "Why, I guess John Andrews is. He's awfully bright, I think, don't you?"

Glances passed from one to the other, and they all laughed and said, "My, she's innocent," and Winnie said, "Well, I just asked you because Fred's sister said that you told her that you were the star of the room, and had the monitor's seat because you were so bright when 'the Principal' came in. So you think John Andrews is, do you? Ho! ho! Come on, kids, let's not bother the star, she might get conceited." Then they all walked away, and Arna sat there stunned. That dear, laughing, jolly Winnie should deliberately make sport of her, and that Fred's sister should so pervert her innocent confidence,—it was too much! Tears filled her eyes and she stared straight ahead and bit her lips so that they should not know. It seemed a century, all the long afternoon from recess time until she could go home. Over and over in her mind came the thought, "And I imagined they were really going to talk to me and let me be one of them." She thought herself disgraced. Her head ached. At last her flushed cheeks drew the teacher's attention, and she was sent home.

Arna did not go out of the house until three weeks later. Meanwhile the Doctor came and went, gravely anxious. In an adult he would certainly have called it brain fever. Arna had never told about that dreadful afternoon. To her exaggerated fancy it seemed as if she had, somehow, disgraced her family. Then one day there came to the house a bunch of daffodils with

thirty letters attached from "The Pupils of Miss Brown's room." This was a regular custom with Miss Brown. Whenever anyone was sick for any length of time she asked each child to bring a penny with which to buy flowers, and a composition hour was devoted to writing letters to the afflicted member. Now twenty-nine of the letters were surprisingly alike, not considering, of course, all possible variations in spelling. This similarity may have been due to the fact that Tommy Smith told Teacher that "he didn't know nothing to say", and this being loudly seconded by all the class, Teacher obligingly gave as a sample, "I am sorry you are sick, and hope you will soon be well. The class misses you and sends love." This was immediately seized and put down as nearly as possible by the letter writers, all except Winnie. He labored hard over his production and was finally obliged to send his paper in unfinished because the hour was up. His letter, strange to say, was the one that Arna enjoyed most. In fact, the Doctor, when he came, was quite professionally delighted at the amount of good his last prescription had done, being utterly unconscious of the fact that this change was due to the effect of a much besmeared piece of tablet paper, on which was written:

"Dear Arna,

"I'm awful sorry. I like you awful much. My mother wants you to come to the matinay with us when you are well.

"Your respectable friend,

"Winifred."

When Arna came back to school, all the girls hugged her. The distinction of having "nearly died" made her of mysterious importance to the grammar school minds. Winnie, in the sight of the others, did not speak to Arna. He merely hit her deftly on the ear with a paper wad, which act, though generally not to be considered delightful, pleased Arna quite out of proportion to its intrinsic worth. In passing her in the ranks, however, he managed to whisper, "Say, I got my seat changed next to yours."

LEOLA LOGAN SEXTON.

EDITORIAL

How many opportunities youth seems to find for commencing again! Some poet with "hope springing eternal" in his heart has even said that "every day is a fresh beginning", and there are mornings that greet our eyes with just such a radiant promise. It must be confessed, however, that frequent "new beginnings" have come to have a childish flavor about them. There was a time when we could easily persuade ourselves—if we even stopped to persuade at all—that the guilty deed of yesterday is purged away by purifying sleep and that the rising sun greets us a new, innocent individual. We possessed that elasticity of the moral nature which permitted of our putting our bosom faults cheerfully out of mind and "starting all over again."

Maturing years have brought a rather more serious view of life. We find ourselves often longing to begin again in that old, careless way; to shake off all responsibility for past misdeeds; to be just as sunny-tempered with ourselves and the rest of the world as such light-hearted forgetfulness of our failings permits. But we no longer feel that we can efface so suddenly or so completely the wrong which we committed yesterday. There are consequences to be met and, in so far as possible, to be atoned for. Our future inevitably involves our past and we cannot put it wholly out of sight. In other words, we have come to realize that life is an evolution. We have begun once and for all. In the old sense there can be no such thing as a "fresh beginning". The self is made gradually and irretrievably by its experiences. From the standpoint of character, life cannot be viewed as a succession of time-periods, each of which may be isolated and complete in itself, propelled by hitherto untried effort. Life flows indivisibly, bearing the individual with it. At no point is he at liberty to return to the stream's source and retrace his voyage, avoiding the rocks and whirlpools,—nor once he has encountered them can many waters wash the experience into oblivion.

Such a course might indicate the helplessness and hopelessness of human life, were it not for this same fact of evolution.

It would not be the impossibility of erasing the past and beginning again which would make life not worth living, but lack of power to *grow*. Growth exists. It redeems life. It is the secret of all strength, all hope, all joy. Growth is the law of healthy being. It renders possibilities eternal. It is itself eternally granted us. We must recognize in it the "fulness" of life, the God-given principle of all nature. We must glory in it as we catch the distant glimmer of perfection and realize that it is for us to live toward this transcendent ideal.

The past is an inseparable part of the entire plan. Through it only have we grown into the present or shall we grow into the future. It is all one structure. But the sane, progressive life involves a principle of selection. From our errors and their painful consequences we learn how to choose. Those positive truths which come out like lights along our way illumine an endless course, yet faith asks for no higher privilege than to pursue this path forever. Looking backward the situation may often seem appalling. Looking forward fear vanishes before deeper confidence.

When we, as Smith College students, return after the summer's sojourn to this place where all is given us so "richly to enjoy", we realize afresh our opportunities for growth. Each opening year intensifies this feeling. We look, with ever increasing expectancy, toward that truth which shall continue to lead us to higher living. In our regret or mere impatience of past mistakes, our impulse is not to begin all over again, but to reach out into this added abundance of light. The first chapel service represents a host of possibilities incarnate. The first hymn voices the spirit of the occasion, also the constant ideal of our unfolding years :—

"O Life that maketh all things new!"

It is life, that "fulness" of life, the "joy of paths untrod", which holds before us its infinite promise. We have come through happiness and through pain to the possession of the vision. From here, even as we are, we shall grow into its fulfilment.

The editors of 1907 wish to announce that on account of the resignation of Laura Casey Geddes from the "About College" department, Viola Pauline Hayden has been appointed in her place.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The Other Professor instantly rose to his feet and carried the book away to the end of the room, where he put it back in its place in the book-case. "I've been reading for eighteen hours and three-quarters," he said, "and now, shall rest for fourteen minutes and a half."

Following the example of the immortal Alice's learned friend, with what joy were Morgan's psychologies and ponderous treatises on Natural Selection assigned to summer quarters on the shelves of College library, three months ago. And yet the type-weary Young Person carried many a good resolution home with her. There should be long, peaceful afternoons spent in a hammock with "Henry Esmond", or some equally improving and long deferred work—perhaps Parkman, if a sufficiently attractive set could be found. But scarcely had she escaped from the tortuous windings of the B. & M. when the inevitable happened.

She picked one up, on the train, just to glance at the illustrations, and stumbled upon a Christy romance of the variety that begins, "If only, but no—" "And yet, once—" "Really, Mr. Trevelyn, you are forgetting yourself!" and from that hour "The History of the Jesuits" lost all charm. Of course there had been plenty of magazines at college, but one never had time to do more than skim through the story under discussion at last week's dinner-table. At home, each new arrival, from flippant Smart Set to venerated Atlantic, was greeted with languidly open arms; and not until the calendar began to show unmistakable leanings towards September did the Young Person realize that a "perfectly good" summer had been frittered away.

Frittered away? Not at all. Summer magazines are literary blessings in disguise. A twelve-month diet, consisting solely of strong meat could not fail to produce intellectual indigestion. Fortunately for our overworked mental processes, vacation

brings these easily assimilated concoctions which serve as the much-commended "green salad" to over-cultivated appetites. What can be more refreshing than a course of Peleus and Ettarre stories, supplemented by Myra Kelley and including such fabrications as "The Cat and the Canary"? Even a senior-elect is bound to profit by the treatment and enjoy temporary rest from the yoke of approaching dramatics.

There are a few fastidious persons who look upon magazine reading as a dangerous pastime. Like Gideon Wurdz, they regard all magazines as "receptacles for explosives, literary or mechanical", and confine their attention to limp leather editions. As if any magazine was meant to be read, pondered and digested! Never will they experience the exhilaration of "skipping" through a well-plotted but poorly written story. They are taking *their* literary exercise with polished dumb-bells in a well-ventilated gymnasium, unaware of the real sport to be found out-doors.

Nevertheless at certain times the gymnasium is a most excellent thing. We were never meant to play incessantly. And when the transition comes and we find ourselves once more engaged in the frantic pursuit of too popular reference books, the mere recollection of the reading we ought to have done last summer, but wisely ignored, will be a drop of unmitigated sweetness in our sometimes bitter cup.

"Did you say 'What a pity'?" the Rabbit asked.

"No, I didn't," said Alice. "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said, 'What for?'"

"Get to your places!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other; however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

ROWING SONG

O, it's ho, lads, for the flashing oar !
Ahoy, the white-capped sea !
And somewhere over the far blue main
The love of a lass for me !

O, it's ho, lads, for the rush of wind !
Ahoy, the drenching spray !
And the heart of a woman fearing for me
The hazard of day to day !

So heave for the gleam of the far white shore,
And the far faint curve of the bay !
For over the waves lies America,
White in the glare of day !

So it's ho, lads, for the flashing oar !
Ahoy, the white-capped sea !
And yonder over the sandy shore
The love of a lass for me !

A CONVENT PRAYER

Dear Lord, with trembling lips
I breathe one prayer,
Weak from the fight with sin
Pressing too near !

With fever-burning eyes
And head bowed low,
Help me to keep my oath
Pledged long ago !

Help me not to forget,
Temptation shun,—
For though I yield but once,
Once, is forever done.

And so it is not wrong,
With eyes love-dim,
That I should breathe a woman's prayer—
"Dear Lord—watch over him."

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS.

Probably few of our alumnae have traveled farther, or after a longer absence, to revisit Alma Mater than I; surely none has ever found more real satisfaction in her visit. During my short stay,

After Twenty-one Years many times I have been asked, "What do you think of the college *now*?" I want to give my answer through the MONTHLY, and with no uncertain sound. Shall I own that I had been a little alarmed and troubled by the rumors that had come even to my California home? "The college is spoiled!" "The campus is so overcrowded that its beauty is gone!" "The democratic spirit has been destroyed! Everything is on new lines." And then the personal one that made me tremble. "When the 'old Grads' come back, they are the most forlorn looking sights as they go wandering around the campus! We all pity them!"

Now for my verdict. First, and least, as to the personal welcome: nothing was lacking, from the beginning,—with our President's prompt recognition after these twenty-one years, to the final touch. This was nothing more, or less, than an invitation to a spread, where I was again one of the girls, even a junior's freshman. Of course I went, and soon realized that this had been the one thing needed to make the visit complete. Also, the present occupant of — Washburn House, the dear room where I spent four happy years, left word for me to walk right in and monopolize the room. Bless her! I am deeply impressed with the strong spirit of true courtesy shown to strangers by every college girl. Again, does not Plymouth Inn stand to-day as a monument, a silent protest against trying to persuade Smith College girls to combine luxury with college life? I am told that every girl now there is a "temporary", waiting for a chance on the campus, and would choose a small room on a top floor with her friends, rather than all the comforts of the Inn. And in this we all, from 1879 to 1910, are contemporaries.

Secondly, I think the natural beauty of our campus is not, and will not be spoiled. It cannot. Yet I would respectfully suggest that for next year's freshman frolic you follow our California method, and pitch a large, a very large, tent that there may be at least sitting-room for your song time. And now lastly, and emphatically, I would say, "the college is *not* spoiled." It is transformed into a greater, better, stronger institution, but its spirit is the same. More than ever do I glory in being a Smith College girl.

It has been an inspiration to meet again President Seelye and Dean Tyler, an inspiration that you girls have constantly before you, but cannot quite appreciate yet. The spirit of the college is unmistakable, clear and strong, and it is well expressed by our '82 class motto, *φῶς*—"Towards the Light." One of our class writes thus,—"If ever I can achieve what I hope to do, it will be because I learned at Smith the true dignity and everlasting worthiness of patiently working out problems, testing them on every side, seeking the best authorities, but never losing touch with daily human living, and the alluring hope of art or beauty." This girl was with us only a small part of the college course, yet it inspired her life. It does just this for each one of us. I answer as did a 1909 girl when asked, "How is college?" "It is *wonderful*!"

And now dear girls of 1907, 1908, 1909, and 1910, in return for your cordial

and treasured welcome to your college home,—a greeting that has gone to my heart,—let me speak to you from my heart, and give to you my welcome. I bid you welcome to the life for which these college days are the preparation, to the life of responsibilities, of joys and sorrows, deeper than those of our college days. I am there, and it is good to be there, and I would not change with you. Let me speak this welcome in the words of Browning,—

"Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned',
Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all, nor be afraid !"

GRACE GREENE CLARK '82.

Pasadena, Cal., Sept. 29, 1906.

The Women's University Club of New York desires that every graduate of Smith College should know something concerning its purpose and the advantages which it offers. In the words of its certificate of incorporation, its "business and

Purpose of the University Club of New York object is the promotion of literature and art, and the social welfare of the college-bred

women, by the establishment and maintenance of a club-house in the city of New York." This club-house is always open for the use of members and their friends and, because of its highly desirable location, is most convenient for many purposes. Meals are served regularly and rooms are provided for permanent and transient guests. Receptions and entertainments of various kinds are frequently given in order to stimulate the social life of the club. There are about thirty colleges whose graduates are eligible, and the club now numbers over seven hundred and fifty members. Those who reside or have a place of business within twenty miles of the New York City Hall, are classed as resident members, and pay fifteen dollars annual dues; those beyond the twenty-mile radius are classed as non-residents, and pay ten dollars annual dues. There is also an initiation fee of fifteen dollars required of all except those who enter within two years after their graduation. The fee is remitted in these cases because the club is very anxious that college women should become interested in its activities immediately upon leaving college. Membership in the club is considered by most of those who enjoy it an excellent means of keeping in touch with college interests. Any information with regard to the club may be had through the club-house, 17 Madison Square, North, New York City.

The regular May meeting and the annual business meeting were held at three o'clock on Saturday, May 12, at the University Club, 17 Madison Square, North. A report was made by the Press Com-

The Smith College Club of New York mittee. Miss Stoddard '97, spoke on the relation of the alumni to the trustees. The special business of the meeting was the report of the committee on the revision of the constitution. A new constitution had been

carefully prepared to meet the present condition of the club, which has a membership of four hundred. The nominating committee, Miss Laura D. Gill '81, Mrs. Ethel Fifield Brooks '95, Miss Mary A. Van Kleeck '04, presented a ballot of officers for the ensuing two years, which was elected unanimously. President, Miss Marian Woodhull '87; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Elizabeth Newton Cushing '98, and Miss Margaret E. Coe '97; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Anna Gilmour De Forest '89; Recording Secretary, Miss Lucy Stoddard '97; Treasurer, Miss Alice Kimball '01. A hearty vote of thanks was given to the retiring president, Mrs. Vera Scott Cushman, and the other retiring officers. The business meeting was followed by an informal reception during which tea was served.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, 20 Belmont avenue.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'01.	Bertha Richardson,	.	.	.	May 29-June 8
'01.	Constance Charnley,	.	.	.	" 29- " 8
'04.	Harriet Bulkeley,	.	.	.	May 31
'04.	Bertha Davenport,	.	.	.	" 31
'04.	Marie Faxon,	.	.	.	" 31
'05.	Helen Wright,	.	.	.	" 31
'05.	Edith Smith,	.	.	.	June 2-6
'05.	Alice Evans,	.	.	.	" 3
'05.	Genevieve Scofield,	.	.	.	" 3
'02.	Edith Newcomb,	.	.	.	" 4-19
'03.	Alice Holden,	.	.	.	" 5
'03.	Fannie Stewart,	.	.	.	" 5
'00.	Beatrice Pickett,	.	.	.	" 7
'03.	Marjorie Gray,	.	.	.	" 9
'04.	Agnes Dean,	.	.	.	" 11
'04.	Muriel Haynes,	.	.	.	" 11
'05.	Florence Spears,	.	.	.	" —
ex-'06.	Jennie Morey,	.	.	.	" 19
'99.	Agnes Mynter,	.	.	.	Sept. 7
'89.	Agnes de Forest.	.	.	.	" 15
'06.	Marion Keeler,	.	.	.	" 15-25
'05.	Helen Baine,	.	.	.	" 17
'06.	Helen Pomeroy,	.	.	.	" 18-28
'04.	Louise Fuller,	.	.	.	" 19
'82.	Grace Clark,	.	.	.	" 20
'98.	Georgia Hall,	.	.	.	" 20
'02.	Edith Hancox,	.	.	.	" 20
'95.	Alice Martin,	.	.	.	" 20
'05.	Helen Wright,	.	.	.	" 20
'03.	Margaret Cook,	.	.	.	" 21

'06.	Pauline Sperry,	Sept.	24
'06.	Mabel Kent,	"	24-26
'06.	Frances Pol,	"	24-26
'97.	Edith Fisk,	"	25
'01.	Ellen Emerson,	"	27-30
'01.	Mary Seelye Hunter	"	27-30
'01.	Louisa Kimball,	"	27-30
'01.	Edith Burbank,	"	29
'02.	Edith Souther,	"	29
'97.	Alice Maynard,	"	30
'97.	Grace Lyon,	"	30

Contributions for this department are desired *before* the end of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont Avenue.

'98. Florence Jackson's address this year will be 207 Blossom Street, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

'96. Amelia Dominique Smith was married to Mr. Charles Almon Ruggles, June 7, at Redlands, California. Address, 2871 Jackson Street, San Francisco, California.

'98. Gertrude Chase will teach English at Wheaton Seminary this year.

Edith Lyman Clark was married to Mr. David Scott Low at Easthampton, Massachusetts, September 20.

Elizabeth Thacher took a trip along the coast of Labrador in the mail steamer this summer.

ex-'98. Mrs. Ozora Stearns Davis (Grace E. Tinker) is to have a book published by the Pilgrim Press, Boston, this autumn, called "Hero Tales from Congregational History."

'99. Carrolle Barber was married to Mr. Lincoln Clark, August 27, at Ashfield, Massachusetts. Address 609 West 137th Street, New York.

Dorothea Kotzschmar was married to Mr. Arthur Sachsse of Dresden, Germany, September 2.

Helen Makepeace was married to Mr. Ralph Stayner Lillie in New York City, June 2.

Harriet Martin is teaching in the High School of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. She spent last winter in California.

Marie Mohr was married to Dr. Harry Cornwell Hays, June 14. Address, Bonner Springs, Kansas.

'00. Keturah Sherman Beers has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Tilden Kingsbury of Keene, New Hampshire. The wedding will take place in the spring.

Mabel Carver was married to Edwin Carlos Baker of Utica, New York, June 14. Address, New Hartford, New York.

'01. Mabel Mead is in Europe. Address, Care Brown Shipley, London.

'02. Ethel A. Green was married to Mr. J. Byron Dixon, June 8. Address, 116-118 West 144th Street, New York.

- '02. Edith Newcomb has been spending the summer at Lake Kushaqua, New York, and will remain through the autumn.
- '03. Ellen Gray Barbour has announced her engagement to Walter Ashley Glines, M. D., of the Department of Government and Sanitation, Colon, Canal Zone.
- Elizabeth Sampson has announced her engagement to Mr. Paul C. Peterson.
- '04. Helen Cilley was married to Eugene Charles Alder, head of German Department of William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia, July 8.
Hannah Dunlop was married to Barrett C. Andrews of Chicago, June 18.
- '05. Ruth Tracy Bigelow has announced her engagement to John Watson Christie of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, Princeton '04, Western Theological Seminary '07.
- ex-'05. Florence Jessie Margenthan was married to Joseph Herbert Wise of New York City, April 23. Address, 50 West 77th Street.
- '06. M. Lucille Abbott will be at home this winter at 1480 Elm Street, Manchester, New Hampshire.
- Helena Alford will be at home this winter. Address, 16 Center Street, Winsted, Connecticut.
- Marjorie Allen will spend the winter at home studying musical composition in Chicago, and will sail for Japan in the spring. Address, "Allendale," Moline, Illinois.
- Betty Amerman is back at college substituting for the year for Miss Judd, one of the assistant registrars.
- Jessie C. Barclay will teach English and Latin in the Misses Eastman's Private School for Girls. Address, 1305 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, District of Columbia.
- Alice Barker will teach English, Literature and Psychology at St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Connecticut.
- Luliona M. Barker is to act as Laboratory Assistant in Physics in the Newton High School.
- Sarah R. Bartlett is to take the one-year library course at Simmons College, Boston. Address, Concord, Massachusetts.
- Edith H. Battles will remain at home and take a special course in Latin, French and History at the State Normal School, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.
- Margaret Bridges will teach in the District School in Conklin, New York.
- Vila L. Breene is to teach English and History in the High School, Chester, New York.
- Adilee G. Burnham will remain at home this year and assist in the Kennebunkport High School. Address, 501 Main Street, Saco, Maine.
- Marion Bye will spend the winter at home, 242 Maple Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.
- Alice Cary is acting as assistant in the State Bacteriological Laboratory, Middletown, Connecticut. Address, 88 Pearl Street.

- '06. Clara L. Cooley will remain at home this year.
- Virginia R. Cox will be at home this winter. Address, 4052 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Illinois.
- Josephine E. Davis will act as Secretary to the Principal of the Classical High School, and will reside at 29 Gardner Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.
- Rosamond Denison will be at home for the coming winter at 1006 Olive Street, Mont Clair, Colorado.
- Marguerite Dixon will teach Latin Literature, Greek and English in the Finch School, 61 East 77th Street, New York. Address, 241 Franklin Place, Flushing, Long Island.
- Lucy MacMillan Elliott is to teach Latin and Mathematics in a Girls' Private School in San Antonio, Texas. Address, Bonn-Avon, San Antonio, Texas.
- Louise Van Ness Day will study Voice at Hartford, Connecticut.
- Bernice W. Dearborn is a fellow in English at Smith College for the ensuing year. Address, 13 Belmont Avenue.
- Ruth S. Finch will teach in the Lewis High School, Southington, Connecticut.
- Ruth Fletcher will have the French Department of the High School, Watertown, New York. Address, 45 A, Massey Street.
- Elizabeth Flint will spend the winter with a friend in New Orleans. Address, 1530 Esplanade Avenue.
- Mignonne Ford will sail from New York this month for a trip around the world. She will visit Egypt, India, Ceylon, Burma, Java, Siam, China and Japan, returning July, 1907.
- Edith M. Furbush is teaching in a High School near her home, Lewiston, Maine.
- Mary Gallup intends to sail early in November with her mother, and will spend the winter in Italy and Southern France.
- Charlotte P. Gardner will spend the winter at home, 1218 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois.
- Hazel Gates will spend the winter at home, Burlington, Vermont.
- Ethel Maria Gleason will remain at home this winter and study music. Address, 353 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York.
- Agnes Gray will be at home this winter in Greene, New York.
- Linda Hall opened her Private School, October 3. Address, 85 High Street, South Norwalk, Connecticut.
- Alice Higbee will teach English in "The Sisters of Bethany", Topeka, Kansas.
- Ruth C. Holman will be at home during the coming winter, Southport, Connecticut.
- Margaret Hutchins is taking the two years' library course in the University of Illinois. Address, 1010 West Green Street, Urbana, Illinois.
- 5

- '06. Lucia Johnson is fitting a girl for college in Frankfort, Kentucky. Address, Care of Mrs. George Baker, Frankfort, Kentucky.

Claire Kennedy will be at home this winter.

Cassandra Kinsman is to teach in Mary Waring's new private school in Montclair, New Jersey. Address, 17 Trinity Place.

Elsie Klein will remain in Cleveland during the winter, studying music and doing Italian Settlement work. Address, The Alberta, East Madison Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gertrude Kuhfuss will teach German and French in the Campbell School for Girls, Windsor, Connecticut.

Josephine Lane is to teach History and Greek in the High School, Putnam, Connecticut. Address, 100 Elm Street, Putnam, Connecticut.

Helen Larmouth will spend the winter at home, Jamestown, New York.

Emma Loomis will teach at Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Connecticut.

Margaret Manker will be at home this winter, studying music and German.

Florence Mann will spend the winter in Chicago, doing social settlement work.

Lois Mann will teach Greek and Latin in the Gorham High School, Maine.

Vardrine McBee has been in the Fairmont School for Girls in Monteagle, Tennessee, since August 1, teaching History and Mathematics.

Abby G. Mead is teaching in the High School at Prospect Plains, New Jersey.

Lucy H. Melcher is to teach History, Latin and Greek in the High School of North Brookfield, Massachusetts.

Ethel J. Merrifield will remain at home this winter and study music.

Ida Merrill will be at home this year in Amesbury, Massachusetts.

Alice Mitchell will teach in the Newport High School, Newport, New York.

Edith Moore will remain at home this winter, 2321 Blaisdell Avenue, Minneapolis.

Ethel Parsons Moore will act as assistant in the High School at Island Pond, Vermont, teaching Latin, French and English.

Harriet P. Muhleman is teaching English and History in Miss Baldwin's School, East Orange, New Jersey.

Marie Murkland will be at home this fall, studying Ethics and Greek Tragedy in the Middlebury College.

Marie Mussaeus is teaching German in the New Haven High School.

Clara Newcomb will be at home this winter as her father's secretary.

Florence Parker will teach English and History in the Springfield Normal Academy, Springfield, Maine.

- '06. Frances Pol will be at St. John the Baptist School, 281 East 17th Street, New York City, this winter, teaching English, Latin and History. Helen Wright '05 and Josephine Sanderson '04 are also teaching at this school.
- Esther B. Porter will remain at home and study music. Address, 85 Porter Place, Montclair, New Jersey.
- Melinda Prince was married, September 4, to Mr. David Robert Smith of Pittsburg. Address, 437 Goepp Street, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
- Pecce Ward Randall will remain at home for the year in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, where she will teach during the fall term.
- Alice G. Raymond is at home for the winter, tutoring.
- Fannie Robinson is teaching in the High School at Bangor, Maine.
- Frances L. Rockwell is teaching this year and taking post-graduate work at the University of Cincinnati. Address, Glendale, Ohio.
- Florence Root will tutor in the Latin department of Smith College.
- M. Louise Sears will act as second assistant in the Sussex High School, Sussex, New Jersey.
- Marcia Shaw is traveling in Europe, and expects to spend the winter in France.
- Minnie L. Shedd will be at home in Springfield, and tutor in a private family.
- Mary C. Smith is at home, 3040 Portland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- Alice Smythe will teach German, French and English in Miss Livingston's School in Kingston, New York.
- Ethel Spalding is acting as Alumnæ Secretary at Purdue University, La Fayette, Indiana.
- Pauline Sperry is to teach Mathematics in Hamilton Institute for Girls. Address, 3 West 81st Street, New York City, New York.
- Florence Sternberger will do graduate work in English at Smith College for an A. M. degree. Address, Plymouth Inn.
- Margaret Stone will remain at home this winter, Cornwall Heights School, Cornwall-on-Hudson.
- Sue Tanner will spend the winter at home, Winsted, Connecticut.
- Julia Thomas will remain at home this winter. Address, 305 Main Street, Burlington, Vermont.
- Mertice Thrasher will act as principal of the Chestnut Street Grammar School this year. Address, 30 Graham Street.
- Grace R. Treadwell will be at home this year, 50 York Terrace, Brookline, Massachusetts.
- Gail Tritch will remain at home this winter, and study Psychology under her father, Dr. J. C. Tritch.
- Lucy Walther will be in Buffalo, New York, for the coming winter.
- Bessie Warren will spend the winter at home, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

- '06. Genevieve Waters is teaching in the High School at Glastonbury, Connecticut.

Mary Wham will spend the winter with her mother in Paris studying French at the Sorbonne. Address, Brown, Shipley & Co., 128 Pall Mall, London, England.

BIRTHS

- '94. Mrs. Claude Bragdon (Charlotte Wilkinson), a son, Henry Wilkinson Bragdon, born September 6.
- '97. Mrs. John M. Curran (Mae Rawson Fuller), a daughter, Rita, born in Santa Barbara, March 7.
- '98. Mrs. John Silas Cole (Angie Mary Dresser), a son, Kenneth Winston Cole, born April 20.
- Mrs. Burton Charles Mossman (Grace E. Coburn), a son, Burton Charles Mossman, Jr., born September 7.
- Mrs. Albert Jay Nock (Alice Grimbine), a son, Francis Jay Nock, born May 13, 1905.
- ex-'98. Mrs. P. H. Boynton (Lois Damon), a son, Percy Holmes Boynton, Jr., born August 15.
- Mrs. Ozora Stearns Davis (Grace E. Tinker), a son, Alexander Henry Davis, born February 15.
- '02. Mrs. William Austin Hill (Annie Louise Cranska), a daughter, Margaret Hill, born July 28.
- '03. Mrs. Ernesta Carleton (E. M. Stevens), a son, Ernest, born September 1.

DEATH

- '00. Mrs. Walter L. Righter (Lela Foster), daughter died September 11, aged 1 year 10 months, at Plainfield, New Jersey.

ABOUT COLLEGE

It seems so natural to be back here in Northampton again that it is hard to realize that we have ever been away.

There is the usual number of freshmen buying Geometry books at Bridgman's, the same throng pouring in and out of Boyden's, and all the old-time gossiping groups at The Kettle.

Every shop is busy fitting out the new girls and refitting the old ones. The town is fairly brimming over with girls, light girls and dark girls, new girls and old girls, an endless procession up and down Main Street.

Once in a while we see a freshman who looks a bit "teary round the lashes", but most of them seem quite happy and contented already.

We trust that each day they will feel more so and that by and by not even one will be overheard to say, "Oh dear! I do wish I were at home again."

We hope that we are all going to have a splendid year of work and play, and we extend a most hearty welcome to the freshmen who are to share it with us.

CLASS MEETING TIME

Little groups about the halls,
Anxious faces, muffled calls,
Names endearing.
What means this surpressed agitation,
Mingled with such consternation?
Electioneering!

Jostled, bumped and pushed about,
Running, winding in and out,
They're parading.
What means this laughing and this glee,
Each singing in her chosen key?
Why, serenading!

Yes, the very best girls were selected,
The very best of these elected,
Always happens, dear.
From florists' bills you'll soon recover,
The class elections then are over,
Over—till next year.

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK '09.

SAVED

A-saving disposition
Is a good thing to possess,
But it may, like other good things,
Oft' be carried to excess.

When I started into chapel,
My confidence was great
That I should find a vacant place,
For I knew it wasn't late.

I saw a line of empty seats
Among the foremost rows,
But just as I got seated,
Some one said, "I'm saving those."

At ten I went to English,—
It's a class I wouldn't miss,
But at every seat I tried to take,
I heard, "I'm saving this."

At twelve I went to German,
And the seat where most I sit
I tried to get again this time,—
Some girl was *saving* it!

At one I came back to my room,
In my morris chair I sat,—
I was so thankful not to find
Some one was saving that.

ETHEL DOW '07

A RHYME OF THE VERDANT FRESHMAN

Oh! sing a song of college,
The winter's work is nigh!
But all the little freshmen
Look as if *they'd* cry.
The morning college opened
The rest began to sing,
(For those bent on higher learning
Oh! what a silly thing!)
Some were down on Main street,
Spending all their money;
Some moaning over Livy
In a manner really funny.
Some were at the station
To weep when mother goes,
Then came the Freshmen Frolic
And drove away their woes!

MARIAN E. EDMANDS '07.

"College does bring a girl out so!" remarked the enthusiastic sophomore.

"Yes," assented the senior with some hesitation. "But—well, it reminds me of Millicent's case. Millicent and I went to dancing-

The Small Loss class at Miss Van Dyck's the year we were both fifteen.

I had always been there, but Millicent was a shy little stranger and very lonesome indeed. I sat out a dance with her once when I hadn't a partner, and after that I got in the way of sitting with her quite often. She was such a shy, pretty little thing, with her big wonderful eyes and her curly pigtails, and she made me feel so old and protective, that I grew very fond of her. It may have been that she was only grateful, but I think she was fond of me too.

"She did not come back to Miss Van Dyck's the following year, and I saw her only once. That was at the Harvard-Yale game. She was waiting with her governess outside the old bleachers. I was passing by without seeing her, when she came running up and seized me by both hands. I like to remember her eyes as she looked then.

"The next year I did not see her at all. She was away at college. The year after that, I came here. I saw her for the first time at Freshman Frolic. She was standing on the porch with a group of laughing, chattering girls.

"Of course, I was rather unsophisticated. It never occurred to me that she might be a prominent girl. If I had known she was, I should have seen no reason for acting differently. I was just lonely and homesick and the sight of a familiar face was almost like heaven. I rushed up to her, calling her name.

"She turned sharply, startled, and gave me a little stare.

"How do you do?" she said, politely.

"I felt chilled and puzzled.

"Don't you remember me, Millicent?" I asked eagerly. "At Miss Van Dyck's?"

"Miss Van Dyck's? Oh, yes," replied Millicent, nothing but cool recognition in those wonderful eyes. "Is this your first year here? I am a sophomore. Come and see me some time."

"Of course I didn't understand, and it hurt. In fact, I'm not sure but what it still hurts a little, even though I have understood for a long time how it happened. College had 'brought Millicent out.' The gay, careless, ambitious Millicent had come to the top and crowded down all unprofitable and inconvenient feelings along with the old sweet shyness.

"I'm not going to point a moral, but it's well just to keep in mind that that there's seldom any great gain without —"

"—Some small loss," finished the sophomore in a subdued tone.

GRACE KELLOGG '08.

Last spring the authorities of the Boston Art Museum were approached, with little expectation of success, to see if they would send an exhibition to Smith College. The suggestion happened to

An Exhibition from the come at a time when Mr. Coolidge, the director,

Boston Art Museum was considering plans for increasing the power

of service of the museum in education, and was

glad of a definite appeal to present to the trustees. Although the museum

has never loaned so valuable a collection to an educational institution, nor sent to so great a distance, as a result of Mr. Coolidge's hearty interest and energy, the trustees were convinced of the advantage of the plan, and the different departments cordially coöperated. A collection of textiles, laces, Japanese prints, with a few Rembrandt and Dürer prints, Venetian glass, miniatures, and miscellaneous objects, was selected by Mr. Tryon from what the museum offered, and will be placed on exhibition in the Art Gallery about the middle of October to remain for an indefinite period.

Mr. Coolidge hopes that, if the experiment is successful, it may lead to further loans to Smith College, perhaps, in time, of even more valuable objects. Such loans might also be extended to other colleges, and possibly suggest a similar idea to other museums, so that a closer relation should be established between institutions of art and education. It is earnestly hoped that all members of the college will take an interest in the collection and interest others, both in the college and outside, not only because of the intrinsic merit of the exhibit, but also in support of a valuable educational idea, and as a proof of our appreciation of the generous public spirit of the director and trustees of the Art Museum.

CLARA W. LATHROP.

For the first time Smith was represented this year by two of its councillors at the Student Government Conference at Bryn Mawr. The purpose of the

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of the Smith College Council,
Year Ending 1906**

conference was the formation of a student government organization, which should be of mutual benefit to the colleges in free discussion and solution of various perplexing questions which are constantly arising.

The basis of membership was the chief point discussed, and the decision, which was finally left to a committee, was of such a character as to exclude Smith from active membership, since the college neither had a student government organization, nor was there the slightest desire for one. Though contact with the various colleges is much to be desired, since it broadens our outlook to know what others are accomplishing in the lines which interest us, yet a denial of active membership should not be interpreted to mean that we have no student government. To be sure the formal organization is lacking, yet according to the constitution of the Council its object is "to represent the students in their common interests and to serve as a medium of communication between the classes, or between faculty and students to influence the students in the direction of definitely organized public sentiment for the regulation of their social life, and in general to aid in a better understanding between faculty and students on subjects of mutual interest." The indefiniteness of the functions of the Council has prevented it from holding the position in the eyes of *all* the students of the college that it otherwise might have had. Very often members of the entering class are not aware that the Council exists, unless by chance they have had some cause to recognize its authority.

This condition of affairs ought not to exist of course, and the Council has been bending all its efforts this past year to establish for itself a recognition

from every member of the Student Body, by whose action, through the votes of the several classes the Council is created and from whom therefore the Council has a right to expect a firm loyalty and hearty support. It is as a body, representing the Student Body, that the Council always acts, and in matters of special importance it has taken the precaution to obtain by definite vote, either through the medium of the classes or a mass meeting, the opinion of the students in regard to certain questions, before presenting them to the faculty. To obtain immediate recognition from the freshmen, it was decided to call a class meeting a short time after the class elections should be held, to present to them the position of the Council, its relations to students and faculty, and its duties.

The supervision of the Students' Building is one of the chief functions of the Council, and the care of the building itself has been a problem which, however, we believe has been solved at last. A woman is employed to do the roughest part of the cleaning for two or three hours every morning. In addition, the office of custodian of the Students' Building has been established, making one of the students also responsible for the good appearance of the building,—but incidentally it might be well to suggest that it would make the work far easier if each society would have some pride in leaving an orderly room. The Students' Building belongs equally to each student, for in the class tax is included the Council tax, which is used for the maintenance of the building; hence, all who use the rooms are "requested respectfully" to take some pride in their appearance.

Beside making the necessary repairs in the building, the Council has furnished the dressing-rooms by the stage, put brass plates on the doors of each room, designating the society occupying the room, put in electric lights on the third floor, has purchased fire extinguishers, which the Council has tried to induce the college to put in the campus houses, has invested in a reading-desk, and is buying the piano now in use in the large hall. The proceeds of the Alpha-Phi-Kappa Psi play will be put aside to start a fund for finishing the third floor, so that the space of which we are so much in need may be utilized to its full extent.

The first conference meeting with the faculty concerning the whole holiday, for which 1906-1908 and half of 1907 petitioned in the year 1905, was most unsatisfactory in results and peculiarly unfortunate in the discussion. The Council feels that the conference meetings should be put on a different basis and hopes for the coöperation of the faculty in making the meetings, which are now mere form, into an essential feature of council government. The Entertainment Committee and a faculty committee on clubs, have asked the Council to meet with them, and the mere fact that the students get the attitude of the faculty and vice versa, brings about a better understanding and makes practical coöperation in different lines possible.

The efforts on the part of the Council and gymnasium faculty to establish a fire-drill in the campus houses has at last been rewarded, and the drills are to be conducted under the supervision of the gymnasium department and the Council. So few fire precautions are taken that it seems essential to at least institute a definite order in leaving a dormitory in case of fire, but the success of the drill depends of course on the support of students on the campus,

and be it known that we are behind the times in leaving the matter until this late date.

The Major and Minor Office System, which is in use at Wellesley and is being introduced at Vassar, has perhaps been the main consideration of the Council this last semester. To quote the printed slips: "It has been felt that too much work has been put upon a few girls and that several offices, college or class, whatever they may be, demand more time than should be required of any one person. There seems to be no reason why the work attached to these offices should not be distributed." In order to have the question thoroughly understood the Council circulated the printed classification based on "time, work and responsibility" throughout the college, had the matter presented by a council member in a meeting of each of the four classes, giving chance for questions, and called a mass meeting to give the final vote, which was decidedly in favor of adopting the new régime. The system can only be perfected by experience. We all recognize that it is not in final shape, but the next year (1907) ought to do a great deal in showing up mistakes, giving the Council a more complete knowledge of the right working basis. It must not be forgotten however that the object of the scheme is the *distribution of work*, and for that end the Council will strive.

The question as to where the money goes, which is controlled by the Council, has been several times asked and answered this last year, but for the satisfaction and benefit of the public the treasurer's report is hereby published.

MARION E. DODD, President.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

In treasury, October 9, 1905,	\$ 99 91
Deposits:	
Council tax for 1906-'07-'08-'09,	893 50
Room rent in Students' Building,	69 50
Rents from plays and dances for large hall,	86 75
Brass plates, rent of gowns, etc.,	23 75
Total, June 13, 1906,	\$1,173 41
Withdrawn, October 9, 1905:	
Care of Students' Building, watchman, scrubwoman, etc.,	69 50
Electric lighting,	190 37
Repairs,	120 26
Furniture,	174 85
Gowns, traveling expenses, Council play, patent, printing, etc.,	175 82
Salary of custodian of reading room, magazines, etc.,	199 73
Total, June 13, 1906,	\$ 991 03
Balance, \$182.38	

ELIZABETH PARKER, Treasurer.

In these days when the press plays such an important part in all our affairs, people are prone to trust too much in its infallibility.

We, as a college, come before the public more in what Press Board others say of us than in what we say of ourselves, and, therefore, as true lovers of our Alma Mater, we all desire the report of our life here to be truthful ones.

Too often we have been misrepresented and the truth distorted in a way most unfair both to the college authorities and to the students themselves.

It is to prevent such misrepresentations in papers and magazines that the Smith College Press Board was formed, and its aim is to stimulate and aid all honest reporters in their work. We have therefore placed in 18 Seelye Hall an Information Bureau, where the latest college news, gathered from faculty and students, is available to all reporters who are working with and not against us.

The Press Board renews its cordial relations with its old-time friends and extends its greetings to all those who for the first time wish to coöperate in the work.

President, Mabel Norris 1907

Head of Information Bureau, Harriet Carswell 1908

Secretary, Margaret Steen 1908

Marion Savage 1907

Agnes Clancy 1908

Stella Tuthill 1907

Jean MacDuffie 1909

Laura Geddes 1907

The Freshman Frolic on September 22 was, as usual, an enjoyable affair. More people than ever were there, so the pushing and crowding was more strenuous than in previous years. During the evening

Freshman Frolic Miss Robinson, president of the council, extended a hearty welcome to new and old. The Glee Club sang unusually well, their topical song being a great success.

Each class was assigned a corner of the hall, from which songs of welcome were sung to the freshmen.

A spirit of good fellowship pervaded the building and 1910 seemed as happy, and we hope, as much at home, as the members of the other classes.

The work of the Smith College Association for Christian Work began on Saturday, September 15, when a few of the reception committee returned to assist in the registration of the new students

S. C. A. C. W. Notes and in the answering of their many questions.

The remainder of the committee returned on Monday, but this year their field of work was confined to the campus, as it was thought advisable to have a man meet the trains and direct the girls to College Hall, where the committee was waiting to assist in any possible way. The usual informal tea was held on Wednesday for the freshmen and their friends. The large number attending testified to its success.

This year the Freshman Frolic passed from the hands of the cabinet to the Council.

A tea was given to the freshmen on Wednesday, October 3, in the Association rooms from 4 to 6.

The first meeting of the Association was held on Sunday, October 1, a week later than usual. It proved to be one of the most successful meetings held in the history of the Association. The different branches of work of the Association were represented by their respective committees, and a very interesting address was given by Miss Jordan. We were glad to have the college at large know of the sympathy and interest of the faculty. The meeting closed with a short talk by the president on the importance of work in the Association. Its ideals were emphasized and an invitation extended to all those who desired to become members.

RUTH COWING, President.

Professor Gardiner spent six weeks of the summer vacation in Göttingen, working chiefly on sixteenth and seventeenth century authors with reference to a forthcoming book on the history of the psychology of

Faculty Notes the emotions. Professor Gardiner is giving this year a new course, intended primarily for graduate students, on the history of the psychology of feeling and emotion.

Reviews by Professor Gardiner published since the last issue of the MONTHLY are: Reviews of Tageborg's *Gefühlsproblem* and Dugas's *Abstraites Emotionnelles* (Psycholog. Bulletin, June 15), Binet's *L'âme et le corps* (Am. Jour. of Psychol., July), Goofernaux's *Sentiment et Pensée* (Psychol. Bulletin, Sept. 15).

Professor Pierce is one of the editors of the Commemorative Volume presented at the recent commencement exercises of Amherst College to Professor Garman on the occasion of his completion of twenty-five years as teacher of philosophy. This volume, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., is entitled: "Studies in Philosophy and Psychology". It is made up of contributions from thirteen of Professor Garman's former students. Professor Pierce's contribution is: "An Appeal from the Prevailing Doctrine of a Detached Subconsciousness".

Professor Emerick gave an address, May 23, before the conference of Congregational churches at Westhampton, Massachusetts, upon "Political Ideals". Professor Emerick delivered the commencement address of the High School of Wilmington, Vermont. The subject was "Industrial Democracy".

Miss Hanscom contributes a translation of portions of Alfred's version of Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy" to the volume of Old English Prose, edited by Professor Cook and Dr. Tinker of Yale.

The Botanical Gazette for August contains an illustrated article entitled "The Nascent Forest of the Miscov Beach Plain", an ecological study, by Professor Ganong.

Miss Frances Grace Smith received the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Chicago at the close of the summer term.

Miss Adams reviewed two French articles for the Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific methods, of August 2, 1906.

Professor Waterman attended the meeting of the American Physical Society, June 28-July 3, at Ithaca, and dedication of the new Rockefeller Physical Laboratory of Cornell University.

Miss Scott has been elected a life member of the Hawick Archæological Society, Hawick, Scotland. This Archæological Society, which was founded fifty years ago by Dr. James A. H. Murray, editor of the *New England Dictionary*, has for its object the preservation of the history and antiquities of the Scottish border. On September 18, at the celebration of the Society's Jubilee, Dr. Murray, who is president this year, was presented with the freedom of the burgh. He responded in a speech on "The World of Words and Its Explorers". The Earl of Rosebery, humorously advocating simplified spelling, said he had travelled to the meeting sixty miles in a motor car to hear Dr. Murray's opinion of President Roosevelt.

Mr. Harris Hawthorne Wilder and Miss Inez Whipple were married, July 26, 1906, in Boston.

Mr. Everett Kimball and Miss Elizabeth McGrew were married, July 18, 1906, in St. John's church, Cleveland, Ohio.

Professor Wood, in collaboration with Rev. Newton Hall of Springfield, Massachusetts, has in press a volume entitled "Adult Bible Classes"; also, in collaboration with Mr. Hall, a series of lessons which will be used as the official adult course in the Sunday Schools of several denominations during the coming year. Professor Wood acted as secretary of the Quaker Hill conference, at Quaker Hill, New York.

Miss Cobb spent a part of her summer vacation in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Her party reached North Cape, Spitzbergen, and the Polar Ice Pack. The point furthest north was 80 deg. 24 min., as far north as tourists may go.

Miss Bates and Miss Bliss spent the summer vacation in Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Miss Bliss's object in visiting these countries was to study Scandinavian music. She was very fortunate in hearing fine concerts and operas, in seeing the home of Grieg near Bergen, and in her acquaintance with Madame and Professor Ajögren, Sweden's famous musician. Miss Bliss visited at the Ajögren home, meeting there other noted musicians.

A new course in Scandinavian music is offered this year for juniors and seniors.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

Dr. Pauline Root, Resident Physician of the college, and Professor of Physiology; was for six years in charge of a mission hospital and dispensary in India; for several years inspecting hospitals and schools in China and Japan; and for some time travelling as secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Dr. Root has spent several winters in New York, taking post-graduate courses in medicine.

Mr. Alfred Vance Churchill, A. M., Professor of Art; student in the University of Leipzig and the Académie Julien, Paris, 1887-'90; director of the Art Department, Iowa College, 1891-98; instructor in the St. Louis Secondary and Normal Schools 1893-'97; Professor of Fine Arts, Columbia University, 1897-1905; Lecturer, Johns Hopkins University, 1902; student in the University of Paris, 1905-6.

Professor Churchill was the official delegate from the United States to the

International Congress on Instruction in Fine Arts, Berne, Switzerland, 1905, and gave an address before the Congress upon "The Education of Art Teachers for the Primary and Secondary Schools".

Miss Clara W. Lathrop, graduate of Smith College School of Art, 1886; pupil of Bouguereau, Fleury, Julius Rolshoven; exhibited in salon, '91, at the Chicago Exposition, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia; Instructor in Art, Clarke School, Northampton; Dr. John McDuffie's School, Springfield; Miss Hall's, Pittsfield.

Mr. John Spencer Bassett, Ph. D., Professor of History; graduated from Trinity College, N. C., in 1888; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins, 1894; Professor of History in Trinity College since 1898; Member of the American Historical Association.

Miss Agnes Hunt, Ph. D., Instructor in History; A. B., Smith College, 1897; Ph. D., Yale, 1900; graduate student at Yale, 1897-1900; Instructor in College for Women, Western Reserve University, 1900-1903; Assistant Professor in Wells College, 1903-1906.

Miss Ina A. Milroy, Ph. D., Assistant in Physics; graduated from Michigan Normal College; graduate student at the University of Chicago; graduate student at the University of Berlin, from which she received the degree of Ph. D., *Magna cum Laude*.

Miss Susan R. Benedict, B. S., Assistant in Mathematics; B. S., Smith, 1895; Teacher of Mathematics, Norwalk, Ohio, 1895-1905; graduate student at Columbia University, 1905-1906; A. M., Columbia, 1906.

Miss Mary D. Lewis, A. B., Assistant in English; A. B., Smith, 1894; Teacher in Miss Low's School, 1894-1898; student in Germany, 1898-1899; Head of English Department, Kemper Hall, 1899-1900; Head of English Department, Pennsylvania College for Women, 1904-1906.

Miss Katharine Woodward, A. B., Instructor in English; A. B., Smith, 1885; Teacher of English in Brooklyn Heights Seminary, 1885-1889; Lecturer on English Literature at Mt. Holyoke, 1889-1890; Teacher of English in Private Schools of New York City, 1890-1892; Associate Principal of Brooklyn Heights Seminary, 1892-1903; Vice Principal of Highcliffe Hall, Park Hill, New York, 1903-1906.

Miss Emma M. Schall, Ph. D., Assistant in German; Student in the Teachers' College, Kaiserwerth, 1890-1894; Student of Romance Languages in the Universities of Grenoble and Neuchâtel, 1901-1903; Student of Germanic Languages, Philosophy, Psychology and Aesthetics in the Universities of Berlin, Heidelberg and Zürich, 1904-1906; Ph. D., *Magna cum Laude*, University of Zürich, 1906. Dr. Schell has taught five years in the Teachers' College, Bukarest, Roumania, and in American private schools.

Mr. John C. Hildt, Ph. D., Instructor in History; A. B., Johns Hopkins, 1903; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins, 1906; Scholar and Assistant in History, Johns Hopkins, 1903-1906.

Miss Mary Murray Hopkins, A. B., Assistant in Astronomy; A. B. Smith 1899; member of the astronomical section of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Miss Ellen M. Fitz, A. B., Assistant in Music; A. B. Mount Holyoke 1904; assistant organist at Mount Holyoke for two years.

Miss Margaret Bouvé, Assistant in Gymnastics; graduate of Boston Normal School of Gymnastics; in charge of the gymnastic department of Bradford Academy for three years.

Miss Clara M. Eisenbrey, Assistant in Gymnastics; graduate of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics; teacher of gymnastics in Boston and suburban towns.

Miss Eunice Wead, A. B., Assistant Librarian; A. B. Smith 1902; student at Albany Library School 1902-1903; assistant librarian, Library of Congress.

Miss Louise H. Billings, A. B., Demonstrator in Physics; A. B. Smith 1905.

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CALENDAR

- October 10. Sophomore Reception.
- “ 11. Mountain Day.
- “ 20. Dickinson House Dance.
- “ 24. Leoncavallo and the “Scala” Orchestra.
- “ 27. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- November 3. Receptions by Chapin and Pomeroy Houses.
- “ 10. Wallace House Dance.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

MARION CODDING CARR,	MARION SAVAGE,	VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN,
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No. 2

DELPHINE DUVAL—IN MEMORIAM

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On Monday, October 22, at the Dickinson Hospital in Northampton, died Delphine Duval, since 1888 associated with Smith College as teacher and professor of the French language and literature, since 1895 serving the college also as head of the Tenney House.

Mlle. Duval was sixty-nine years old. She began to teach early in life, and continued her work to the close of the college term last June, when she underwent the surgical operation which clearly revealed the nature of the painful cancerous disease from which she never recovered. Her last days of life were thus like all the others, marked by a devotion to her duty that was intrepid, by an endurance of bodily pain that was heroic, and by a subordination of her own claims to the interests of others that was as nobly natural as it was modest. To her friends she freely showed a character of great variety and energy, of tenderness and insight. To all who came to her for help she was responsive, with keen, discriminating intuition. To ordinary acquaintances her reserve was complete. They could never have suspected the wealth of affection, the love of truth and beauty, that made the light of her day, and in whose

consolation she endured pain, bereavement and disappointment. Her life was singularly wanting in the ordinary ties of kin. Left an orphan early, she was also without relatives; her father and mother were both only children, as were their father and mother. But few women will be more sincerely, more passionately, more widely mourned. As friend, teacher and spiritual mother, she made a place for herself wherever she taught. In Miss Mittleberger's school in Cleveland she taught seven years. She was governess in the family of General Haskins and teacher in the school of the Misses Mackey at Newburg-on-the-Hudson. Her long and intimate friendship with the family of the late Professor Morris of Michigan University brought her into close association with President Angell and his faculty.

In herself she was rarely endowed to the ends of happiness and suffering. She loved all created things and respected their genius. She loved music, and for many years taught it. She was a miniature painter of great delicacy and skill until her eyes rebelled under the strain of the fine work. She possessed manual dexterity of the most uncommon variety and precision. She was mistress of her needle from dressmaking to art embroidery. She ruled her household, whether large or small, whether temporal or spiritual or professional, with a certain delicate frugality. She was lavish of nothing but herself, her time, her strength, her appreciation. And all her life she contested every pleasure with bodily pain of excruciating intensity and obscure and baffling origin. Her spirit never flagged. She never tired of life, of friends or of work. To the urgent contempt and sharp oppositions of her temper at folly and wrong, she rarely gave expression.

Her teaching of French was marked by the same delicacy and precision that characterized her other interests. It showed also a like modesty and even paucity of self-reference. Mlle. Duval was no promoter or admirer of formal systems. She taught as she lived, earnestly, efficiently, but also simply and without the helps or the hindrances of professional self-consciousness or self-assertion. Her instincts were strong and keen; they sufficed for her guidance; and for her philosophy had no consolations. "*Le coeur a ses raisons, que la raison ne connaît pas.*" The heart of the simple, the love of dog and cat, the charm of grass and tree and growing crops, the homely task and the will to know life in its uses, the joy of creating comfort and beauty—these made the meaning of her years.

Her friends rejoice that the close of her long schooling in pain was comparatively brief and accompanied at each step by all that professional skill and loving care could suggest. Mlle. Duval was the first representative of Smith College to profit by the Carnegie foundation for teachers, application having been successfully made in her behalf by President Seelye last June. And so her end was peace; for she "was a friend to all who acknowledge the beauty that beams in universal nature, and who seek by labor and self-denial to approach its source in perfect goodness."

MARY A. JORDAN.

GREEK FOR AN A. B. DEGREE

"A little learning is a dangerous thing.
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring."

How often have we heard this saying, and yet do we who are tasting this spring of knowledge, drink deep? There are so many sparkling, attractive bubbles on the surface that we are many times enticed in pursuit and forget the deep, refreshing spring itself whose continuous flowing is the cause of the bubbles. We forget that by drinking deeply we usually catch the bubbles also.

A modern college education may be justly called a deep draught from the Pierian Spring, since its distinguishing sign to the world, the A. B. degree, although differing in requirements at the various colleges, stands primarily for intellectual culture.¹ In the first place, no one will deny that the ideal of the A. B. degree is to furnish a training which shall give to a person an understanding, or open the way for an understanding, of the human race along the lines of the best and most persistent development.² Again, it is admitted that no education can be called "liberal" which fails to put a person into a scientific attitude toward the present day culture and thought. Without Greek is our draught deep enough? Do we reach the very bottom and source of the spring if we have no knowledge of Greek? In other words, is the study of Greek essential to these standards of the A. B. degree?

¹ Prof. J. H. T. Main in "Education", Vol. 17.

² " " " " " "

One of the first things that comes to the mind when this subject is mentioned is the question, "Why should one waste time in arduously learning Greek grammar and paradigms when it is possible to read translations of the best Greek literature and thus get a knowledge of the culture and achievements of this greatest race of antiquity?" A knowledge, yes. But what sort of a knowledge? In the first place it is liable to be incorrect. Translations offered to the public are often made without a sufficiently scholarly motive, and the original work is pitifully distorted. There are translations, however, which are acknowledged to be authentic. But these translations at their best are subjective. They bear the marking personality of their author, rather than that of the Greek master whom he is trying to interpret. This brings us to the second objection to translations,—that they can not give the spirit of the Greeks as it is in the original. "One cannot separate language from literature," as has been well said, "since literature is the outcome and treasure of the language".¹ Translation is only half of it, for it does not bring one face to face with the author himself. Just as the student of German delights in reading that language in the original on account of the many little untranslatable touches which give the true German flavor to the literature, so the lover of Greek delights in the particles and circumlocutions of that language which are little windows revealing the author's very soul. What translations can do justice to the beautiful lyrics of Sappho, the playful little Anacreontics, or the tragic irony of Sophocles? There is an indescribable beauty in the rhythm of the Greek which cannot be given in any other language.

It is argued that the study of modern languages furnishes better preparation for modern life than does the study of Greek. This depends, to a certain extent, upon what one's conception of such a preparation is. If modern life is best met by a preparation in external and empirical elements, perhaps Greek and Latin have no place in it. "But is such a comparison fair to either set of studies?"² Does not each have its place in our lives? It is like comparing the relative merits of the science of civil engineering and higher mathematics. The former can be employed to a certain extent without a knowledge of the latter, yet the latter is indispensable to a thoroughly fundamental un-

¹ E. A. Freeman in *MacMillan's Magazine*, Vol. 63.

² Same as Note 1. (see above.)

³ J. H. T. Main in "Education" Vol. 17.

derstanding of the former. If such a comparison is made, however, Greek has a value not possessed by modern languages as they are at present taught. This value consists in its disciplinary worth. A manager of one of our largest systems of railroads once said, "If I want a college graduate in the employ of my road, I want a boy who has learned to use books hard and use them accurately; and I feel surer that he has learned that lesson over a Greek dictionary than over almost any book that exists, because there is so little temptation to use a Greek dictionary in any other way". Professor Loomis of Amherst College says, "Classical students do a better grade of work than those who have not had Greek, especially in the sciences where the latter are unable to concentrate their attention. Mental exercise in the ancient languages is as much superior to that in modern, as swimming is to walking".¹ But this is by no means the chief value of Greek in a liberal education. Let us see if Greek has not some intrinsic value, unique in itself, which makes it essential to the standards of an A. B. degree.

One of these standards, it is agreed, is the acquirement of an understanding of the human race along the lines of its best development. Two of the most important factors in the development of the race are its language, and its attainments in mental and material culture. The Greek language has contributed elements to the principal languages of the world. Latin, Italian, French, German and English have all borrowed from the Greek. Our own language has borrowed to so great an extent that if one would study its philology at all a knowledge of Greek is necessary. Accordingly, to understand the development of the principal languages of the race, one must know that language to which elements of all of them may be traced,—namely, Greek. But as some one has said, "Greek makes no claim to public recognition because it consists only in a search after roots. Greek is the tongue of the people with whom European history and political history began. It is the tongue of the earliest and greatest masterpieces of European literature. It is the common tongue of the earliest intellectual life of Europe".²

The Greeks also inherited and absorbed the culture and attainments of nations still older than themselves, and having reënforced and elaborated these with their own "Attic genius,"

¹ "Independent" for August 1906.

² E. A. Freeman in *MacMillan's Magazine*, Vol. 63.

handed them down to future ages as indelible records of the history of the race. Thus we learn of the art, intellectual capacity and industrial development of the Egyptians, Phoenicians, and the Medes and Persians through their reflection in the literature of the Greeks. As Professor Main of Iowa College has said:—"Having concentrated all this into that bit of time and space allotted her, Greece left her treasures for the perpetual enrichment of the world. And now more than twenty centuries have elapsed, yet Greek literature has stood the test of criticism and changed conditions of life without any national community to strengthen, and has been the model, directly or indirectly, of the great literatures that have subsequently arisen."¹ Has not the Greek language, therefore, a right to claim to be a part of a liberal education when it is the vehicle of expression of that race which has thus played such an inestimable part in the history of the development of our human race?

The second standard of the A. B. degree is the attainment of a scientific attitude toward the present day culture and thought. Science is the key-note of our age. Science seeks to substitute an exact and systematic knowledge of a subject for the everyday popular notions concerning it.² An exact and systematic knowledge is obtained only by going to the beginning of things, or as near the beginning as it is possible to go. Therefore, to attain a scientific attitude toward modern culture and thought we must try to get at their very foundation, and from this trace their progress. As Walter Pater has said, "With the world of intellectual production, as with that of organic generation, Nature makes no sudden starts." In the first place, may we not say that the study of man, himself, of his mind and soul,—is at the foundation of all culture? And the first people to devote themselves to this study, philosophy, were the Greeks. The three great names, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, have stood out through all the centuries as preëminent. Later philosophers have in no way eclipsed them but instead have built their principles upon the principles of these men. Who would not like to have heard Plato discoursing in the Academy, or Aristotle as he walked up and down the shady paths of the Lyceum teaching his followers? But one has only to know Greek and this treasure of personally knowing such minds is unlocked freely whenever one wishes.

¹ Education. Vol. 17.

² Creighton Logic p. 22.

In the second place, if as all agree, the keynote of our age is science, modern thought, in the main, must be of a scientific trend. To attain an intelligent attitude toward modern thought then, we must trace the development of scientific investigation from its foundation up through the centuries. To whom shall we turn for this foundation but to the Greeks? It has been said, "We have no right to claim that we should ever have had a science without the Greek influence, or that without that influence Science, for its own sake, would be of interest to the world".¹ In the realm of mathematics the Greeks firmly grounded the principles of geometry. Plato, as is well known, had written over the entrance to the Academy, "Let no one enter who knows not geometry". In considering the contributions of the Greeks to natural science, Professor Osborn of Columbia University says, "The Greeks left the later world face to face with the problem of Causation in three forms: first, whether Intelligent Design is constantly operating in Nature; secondly, whether Nature is under the operation of natural causes originally implanted by Intelligent Design; and thirdly, whether Nature is under the operation of natural causes due from the beginning to the laws of chance and containing no evidences of design even in their origin".² Are these not the very questions which biologists and evolutionists have been considering ever since? We have only to read the works of Empedocles to find the germ of Darwin's theory of the "survival of the Fittest." Aristotle's "Physics" has come more than ever into prominence in modern thought since the discovery of radium and its attendant physical principles. So we see the fundamentality of the contributions of the Greek philosophy.

Greek philosophy has implanted universal standards or principles of measurement by which the world has ever since been guided to a great extent. And these very standards, stated and proved in the very words and characteristic style of each of these wonderful-minded philosophers, are accessible if one but knows Greek. Surely, is not a knowledge of Greek worth while, if only for the personal enjoyment and satisfaction of meeting these men face to face? Again, is it possible to get nearer to the foundations of culture and of thought than by going to the Greeks? Physics and chemistry are acknowledged to be fun-

1 J. H. T. Main in "Education" Vol. 17.

2 "From the Greeks to Darwin," p. 67.

damental in the realm of matter, and are for this reason almost universally required for the A. B. degree.' Why then should one question a *language* which is thus fundamental in the realm of thought and literature?

At Smith during the period when two degrees were conferred—A. B. for classical students, and B. S. for scientific and modern language students—graduates possessing the B. S. degree frequently made the statement that in obtaining positions in almost any sphere of life they had found that the B. S. degree did not carry the weight in the minds of the majority which the A. B. degree carries. Might not this be accounted for by the fact that the A. B. degree in those days required Greek? Again, a student about to graduate from Smith, said not long ago, "One of my chief regrets in leaving college is that I have not found time to take Greek." If in this case Greek had been required, she would have been obliged to make time for it, and thus been spared her regret.

The fact that Yale, one of our largest and most popular universities, requires Greek for an A. B. degree is very significant. At Cambridge and Oxford, Greek is required for the A. B. degree. Modern agitation, there as elsewhere, has questioned the advisability of the requirement, but up to this time the result has been a strengthening of the appreciation of the language. Professor Sir Richard C. Jebb of Cambridge, a brilliant leader of the Greek advocates, called Greek "the most perfect vehicle of expression the world has ever known".

Inasmuch, therefore, as translations can never take the place of the original Greek, as written by living Greeks, and since a knowledge of Greek literature is essential both to the acquiring of a knowledge of the human race along its best lines of development, and to the attaining of a scientific attitude toward modern thought and culture, we believe that a knowledge of Greek should be required for an A. B. degree. Thus only may our deep draught from the spring be sufficiently deep, so that we learn to occupy our minds with the universal at the source rather than with the particular on the surface of life.

EDNA BALLARD TOWNSEND.

1 J. H. T. Main. *Education* Vol. 17.

2 "Fortnightly Review," Feb. 1905.

VERSES OF ONE SITTING IN THE DARK

VISION

They see me sitting here with folded hands
And eyelids closed forever to the day—
With useless hands, with slumbering lids !
They say,
“ How piteous her life ! ” Could they but know
The journeys that I go,
So far, so far,
Beyond the last dim star
That lights their boldest dreaming !—
Ah, could they know
The journeys that I go
On rushing wings that sweep the cloudy stair,
And whirl me on thro' leagues of living air
In harmony of perfect movement driven,
Its rhythm by immortal music given,
While miracles of form and color glide
In ceaseless change adown the starry tide !—
Could they but *dream*
The beauty that I see,
How far they'd turn their pitying gaze from me !

AFTERGLOW

My bay-berry candles !—do they glimmer there,
Lighting the dim grey twilight of my room?—
The little flames that glance athwart the gloom
From candles olive-hued, in beaming brass,
Throwing their ray against the window-glass
To cheer the wanderer on his wintry way,—
Oh, do my candles glimmer there, I say?

And now the hours are creeping on, I know.
For seldom sound the footsteps in the snow.
Belovéd one, before I let thee go,
One simple service more I ask of thee.
Wilt thou with thine own breath put out the light,
That thro' the peaceful darkness of my room,
The bay-berry candles' exquisite perfume
May linger long and lovingly with me—
Like thy sweet presence when we've said good-night.

MARION SAVAGE.

MANUAL TRAINING IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

In every community and in every family there is nothing that deserves more thought and more careful attention than the proper education of children. Not only does the child's own welfare depend on this, but also the prosperity of the entire nation. Can there, then, be any doubt that it is of the greatest importance to see that each child be developed in mind and body so that he may grow to the most perfect manhood? No thoughtful person can fail to grant this, and the one question is, how may this development best be secured?

Let us look for a moment at the life of a child in our own country a hundred and fifty years ago when none of the modern conveniences were to be had, and necessity was truly the mother of invention. Then every boy had to chop wood, help with the work of the farm, and, if he went to school at all, he often had to make even the ink and pens that he used, while his book education was purely secondary, and usually fraught with great difficulties. The girl had to spin and weave and make her own clothing, and do a good share of the housework, and her schooling was even more meagre than her brother's. Yet has any age produced any more brilliant men? To whom are we more indebted than to Whitney, Franklin or Faraday, who by their inventions and discoveries have done so much to advance civilization? We may, to our advantage, examine their early lives to find how, in our own times, we should lead the young into paths of originality and practical intelligence, and out of the rut of doing mechanically what he is told and taught. Just as Franklin learned more by working with his own hands than any school could have taught him, so the child of our own time can and should be led to intelligent thinking and acting by working with his own hands. This, in the modern system of education, is afforded by manual training.

In considering this phase of the present school system, we must first examine the real aim of all education, and then see

how manual training aids in the attainment of this end. Education is really only preparation for later life. The school and home should, therefore, always be in close touch with each other, so that the child may early come to apply what he learns in books to those matters of outside life which are of far greater importance. His mind and hand should work together, so that he can execute and bring to some account the projects that he forms after careful thought. This perfect understanding between head and hand can only be acquired by practice from earliest childhood when all the organs of the body are most plastic and easily trained. Book education may introduce ideas and methods, but fundamental and true education will aim much more to draw out and develop the faculties and powers that lie latent within the pupil himself.

The second step in the progress of instruction is to make the student anxious to learn, to encourage his innate curiosity in all the branches of science, and to show him the advantages of knowledge, and make him ambitious to acquire it of his own accord. Nearly every child is pleased to be able to make something, even if it is only to whittle off a piece of wood, and fit it in a string to form a bow. Surely, then, he can be interested in making articles of greater intricacy and value, and as his skill grows, his interest will increase. If what he learns in books can be made to seem real and tangible to him, and even useful in his work, a great step in advance has been made. He needs only to be convinced that his arithmetic will help him in measuring boards for a boat, that physics will be of use to him if he wishes to put an electric bell in order,—and at once he is overwhelmed with a desire to learn more of these subjects. Fractions and decimals lose their terror, and the laws of electricity acquire an actual charm. It is only necessary to bring the theoretical to bear on the practical, and both will seem equally important, the former as a stepping-stone to the latter.

Lastly, education should tend to develop the child as far as possible, and as equally as possible in all directions—mental, moral, and physical. The body must be strong to give the fullest opportunity for the working of the mind; and the mind must be developed, or man is little higher than the brute. In short, the educated boy should be ready to step into the highest manhood for which he is destined. It is not necessary that equal training of mind and body be carried on indefinitely, but long

enough to make it evident in what direction the individual's talent lies, or for what he has the strongest bent. Then that one talent should be cultivated until the man is fitted to pursue that walk in life for which he was designed, and to become a useful citizen and a success in the line which he has chosen.

Let us now consider how manual training is effectual in attaining these results and what are a few of the forms it may assume. One of the most perfect systems exists in the School of Education in Chicago. Here the children work at all the various trades, and there is a busy world in miniature, where you may see the farmer ploughing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, and harvesting; the machinist forging and welding; or the carpenter sawing, planing, and nailing his boards and shingles together. Can you doubt that all this is fitting the child for practical work in outside life, and making him more useful in the home? By interesting him in light manual work we are also keeping him from idleness, and stimulating his mind in the paths of invention; and then, too, his hand is being trained to do the bidding of his head. Instead of sitting for hours in a cramped position over his books, he is getting healthful exercise which develops different muscles with each occupation. Then when he comes to study, if only for a quarter of the time he would spend were it not for the manual training, his brain is rested, and he has abundant vitality and energy for assimilating what is presented to him in his books. This is no mere supposition, but a fact that has been fully established and conclusively proved: that the boy who has manual training, together with study from books, accomplishes more in a given time than the one whose education consists solely of study and book knowledge. Not only does he accomplish more in both directions, but also his experiments teach him the advantages of systematized learning, and interest in work of various sorts makes him eager to study. In one of the departments of the Chicago school the boys make a furnace and study its actions and draughts, and later use it for forging metals and melting minerals. They cannot help learning a great many of the principles of physics and chemistry, and their interest is aroused to study these sciences and find out other ways of applying them. The inventive spirit, too, comes into play; and the boy is not content to join boards and make a plain, straight-backed chair more than once. He must try a rocking-chair, a roller-chair, a sofa, or his curiosity is not satis

fied. He is so interested in watching the sprouting of the seeds in his miniature garden, that the work of weeding the rows and learning the habits of the plants seems only play, and botany becomes a pleasure. Soon he finds that it is very convenient to write down the results of his work for future reference; that it is easier to compute the number of hills of corn in a field by multiplication than by counting; that reading books on the subjects in hand is a much shorter and simpler way than finding out every thing by experiment; in short, he is beginning to appreciate the value and advantages of the three R's.

Science commences to seem real when he produces with his own hands some of the strangest of the physical and chemical phenomena; and history is no longer distant and mythical to him when he learns to strike fire with flint or pieces of dry wood, or goes back into early American colonial life and makes tallow dips and whittles goosequills into pens. In the single operation of making a table he may learn the various kinds of wood best fitted for the purpose, the art of exact measuring, designing, theories of proportion, and the use of a carpenter's tools. Is not this of more practical use than all the average boy learns in an ordinary schoolroom in the course of a day?

Lastly, all this is really fitting the boy in one direction or the girl in another, along different lines of usefulness for later life. It is really drawing out all that is best in them and making them clever and original. All sorts of manual labor are done better by those who have had intelligent training in early life, and skilled workmen in the various crafts can not but raise the standard of labor. Or, if it is not necessary for the boy or girl to resort to manual labor, this early training still stands each of them in good stead. The girl who can cook, sweep and sew is surely better fitted to run a house, order servants, and bring up a family, than the woman who has no knowledge of these things, and consequently fails in managing her servants, and is unable to teach her children that of which she herself is ignorant. The boy, too, is thoroughly equipped with a liberal store of general knowledge, so that he can go out into the world and earn his livelihood far better than the youth who has hitherto been drilled only in the theoretical, and has to begin at this point and learn by experiment, the practical.

If then, manual training is a means to attaining these ends, does it not deserve an important place in our modern system of

education? To be sure, it should be combined with mental work so that body and brain may be developed in proper proportion. When this course has been pursued, good results are sure to follow, and we shall wonder how it ever happened to be deferred so long. Fewer children will seem stupid and lacking in talents. Those who are mentally brilliant will less often be physically deficient. And even the weak-minded will find many a thing that they can do well and usefully. Let us then do all in our power to further the cause of manual training throughout this country, until at last it is within the reach of every child, rich and poor alike, to have the most liberal and the most useful education.

MARY WINDSOR DOW.

A PLEA FOR THE OVERWORKED

The sentence rings in my ears: "Train yourself to be a useful woman!" Not in my ears alone does it ring, but, it is safe to say, in the ears of nearly every girl in college. "Train yourself to be a useful woman!" The strain is harped on from the kindergarten through college and we work faithfully on, hoping some day to attain that estimable but unexciting goal. We are not told to train ourselves to be ornamental women. Ah no, that would put idle thoughts in our heads and might make us vain. If there is any prospect of our ever being ornamental, then the dangers in our paths are so much the greater, and so much stricter must our discipline be. This course of instruction is usually pursued by our elders without taking into consideration the fact that, although a Tiffany vase is highly useful for holding a rose, it would scarcely do to can peaches in. In the same way many girls who were made to entertain and pour tea, were never intended by Providence to cook, or manage the board of directors of a hospital.

And still the uncompromising fact confronts us that there is a place, nay, half a dozen places, open to the useful person, and nowhere perhaps can we ourselves observe this in a more clear and concentrated form than right here in college. It seems as if every talent, from writing plays to beating the drum, could be utilized. Only write a good play and beat the drum well and you have

secured a niche labelled plainly with your name. There is a satisfaction in it, at least for a good while, yet what is it that causes many girls, particularly during senior year, to drop out of their old activities and contentedly, even thankfully, watch others step into their places? Is there anyone who cannot remember the thrill she felt when she first discovered that she was of some use in this great busy place which seemed so capable of going on forever without her? The writer remembers well with what tremulous joy she helped carry chairs for a college settlement meeting in company with two bored and indifferent juniors, and how later she cheerfully thrust her hand down into the salt and ice in order to extract therefrom the festal brick of ice cream. Here was something she could do; the college needed chairs moved and ice cream extracted. At last she had found her work and was blessed in it!

This is typical of many a beginning, small, but leading on to greater things. An ability to count the number present at prayer-meeting argues an ability in keeping accounts, and the girl is promptly elected treasurer of something. If she collects money successfully in her freshman house, she continues to collect until her hand is stretched out to receive her diploma; and managing a candy sale may lead by rapid strides to managing senior dramatics. Once get started and by Junior year one is conducting meetings, making costumes, planning scenery, entertaining speakers, serving on every variety of committee, and incidentally making a desperate effort to do a little studying. It looks fairly easy and interesting—at least when the one who is looking is herself going canoeing or on a bacon picnic—but to the harassed victim who looks at the programme she has carefully prepared the night before, and sees no vacant hour and several of the engagements overlapping, the aspect is very different. A long day with nothing to do but go to classes and study would be a well in the desert,—she does not ask for pleasures, she only moans wearily for peace.

After a year and a half, or two years, of this strain, is it any wonder that many a senior congratulates herself sincerely on having nothing to do with senior dramatics, regardless of the honors which might accrue to her if she had? "Does not this argue a loss of college spirit?" you ask. No, I do not think it does. It argues a growing realization of the objects of college, and a more accurate sense of values. For the primary object of

coming to college is to *learn*, and after that to make the most of the opportunities which conditions offer for friendship. All other activities and pursuits must grade down from these two. This does not mean that grinding through four years is required; but it does mean hard, intelligent, honest work. After this comes friendship, and then committees, plays, and all the other things that for some people occupy the greater part of the time.

There is at present a great deal of talk on the part of rather shallow persons, to the effect that college is to "fit us for life",—it is not necessary to study much, you will forget all you learn anyway, but do everything else in order that you may cope with the difficulties which lie in wait outside the campus fence. Again and again have I heard older people utter these sentiments as if they had pondered for years upon them. Gradually the light broke in upon me and I saw how false they are. Is it not, after all, character which really counts here and is going to count outside, rather than the ability to *do* specific things? And how can one gain character by slighting the one thing which it is necessary to accomplish in order to do a dozen other things which are unessential? The facility which we may gain in doing a hundred things is going to count for little in after life when weighed against the disposition to shirk the real issue, disagreeable though it be.

The duty of friendship, as it might be called, does not need to be emphasized particularly, because it is so much easier to perform, and yet it is true that many of us are so busy that we get no more than hurried glimpses of our friends for a week at a time. We have a comfortable feeling that they are in the house or across the campus, and that we can see them when there is time, but even this confidence cannot quite make up for the companionship which many of us enjoyed freshman year, and which we are too busy for now. We laugh when we think of those golden days—how we peacefully finished our Latin and then sat under a tree and read, or else walked down town with no other excuse than that some other girls wanted a dozen sticky buns. Fancy going down town for sticky buns now! Only the pressure of many bills which have to be paid, or the necessity of visiting Armstrong's for costumes, and McCallum's for furniture, can drive us into a tour of the shops. Undoubtedly the interests of freshman year would not satisfy us now, and it would not speak well for our progress if they did, but would not a little more of

this leisure and serenity, even at this advanced stage of our careers, be better than the endless rushing from one committee meeting to another?

The question naturally arises here: How can all these things be done unless those who are able take hold and do them? As far as that is concerned, it might be better if so many were not done—that, however, is another story. But even if every jot and tittle must be done, the work can be more evenly divided. The unfairness to the girl herself of being too useful has already been dwelt upon, and in answering this question the unfairness to others is brought out. A girl is in some way discovered,—it is usually by accident at first,—and from this time forth, if she is an uncomplaining soul, one duty after another is forced upon her. It is so much easier for the harassed chairman to pounce upon some one who she knows will be faithful to her post than to test the inexperienced in matters of importance. Because a girl has managed a large play successfully, she is forced to manage numerous small ones, when with a little experimenting a number of others could be found who would do it just as well—girls who only need a little responsibility to encourage and develop their talents. Moreover, those who are not overburdened with work already, bring an enthusiasm to the cause far more effective than the jaded air of martyrdom of those who are old in experience. They are on their mettle and take a pleasure in doing the work well which those whose reputations are made are not likely to feel.

A more even division of responsibility and of the honors which result from it would not only lighten the burden on the shoulders of the all-round useful girl, but it would cause a decrease in the discontent which is always present. Girls who are given new positions of responsibility, which perhaps they coveted before and felt were unjustly assigned to their more prominent classmates, would soon discover that there is no glory without work. If they make good, they will have their reward. If not, they will be content to let others have both the work and the glory without begrudging it them. And if such an arrangement does nothing else, it will give the overworked girl time for study and for the pleasures which bring us closer to our friends; while to those who have done little but study, it will give a more accurate knowledge of their own resources and an opportunity to make the most of them.

THE MIST WRAITHES

See the mist wraithes come and go,
Rising softly from the river,—
Feathery phantoms fade and grow.

Dancing in measure sad and slow,
Now they meet and now they sever.
See the mist wraithes come and go !

Now they part with obeisance low,
Now they turn with ghostly shiver,—
Feathery phantoms fade and grow.

With measured cadence of throbs of woe,
And now the whirl of a soul in fever,
See the mist wraithes come and go !

Out over the pool their draperies flow
As wildly they wheel—to part forever?
Feathery phantoms fade and grow.

But hark ! the breezes of morning blow
And the autumn woods sigh wearily, "Never !"
See the mist wraithes come and go—
And feathery phantoms fade and grow.

LUCY EVELYN ONGLEY.

NOON-SPELL

It is noon-time in the summer,
Birds are singing in the trees,
Flowers shed abroad their fragrance,
Treetops rustle in the breeze.

Sky above is open blueness,
Grass below is close and green,
Through the trees the sunshine flickers
On the dreamy, sleepy scene.

Light and shade in hazy shimmer
Float a world of scent and balm,
All is peace and quiet stillness
In the noon-time's summer calm.

ELIZABETH BISHOP BALLARD.

AT THE COST OF A KISS

the reign of the Good King, there lived a most beautiful
ess in a round tower set on a high hill which overlooked the
. The hill was so high that its summit was hidden in the
s, and from this hidden height flowed a stream of pure
which encircled the tower like a moat. One day when the
ess was sitting on the battlements, the sun, striking on the
n tissue of her robe and on the brighter gold of her hair,
ed the eyes of a wicked robber baron down in the world.
oking up and shading his eyes with his hand, perceived at
he face of the Princess in the midst of the radiance, and
ghtway, clad as he was, in the shirt of mail that his mother
roven, and girt with the shining sword that had been his
r's, the robber baron spurred his hot steed toward the hill.
w there dwelt with the Princess in the round tower, a
n who was as old as the sun. The Princess saw as little as
ole of her, for her grave face and piercing eyes were dis-
ul to her, but when the woman saw the robber baron making
aste across the world, toward the tower, she ran swiftly to
rincess who was still sitting in the sun on the battlements.
aise the drawbridge!" she cried loudly to the dreaming
ess, "Raise the bridge! A robber baron comes!"
e Princess glanced idly down at the world. "I see no rob-
aron," she replied dreamily.
ly eyes are keener than yours," said the woman who was
as the sun. "Raise the drawbridge!"
this instant the Princess perceived that indeed a man was
g in hot haste across the world to the hill.
ut he rides alone," she said, "What can one man do, Old
er?"
le wears a shirt of mail and a sword is in his hand."
nd what is a shirt of mail and a sword?" replied the
ess, disdainfully.
his is the sword that conquers the world—" began the old
n, but the Princess was not listening.

"See," she cried, "Old Mother, he rides so fast, he is already at the foot of the hill. I think we must challenge this bold stranger."

"No, no," cried the woman. "Hold no parley! Draw up the bridge!"

"Have I no vassals who will do battle for me?" answered the Princess, smiling proudly. "Ho, Sons of Pride! Challenge me the bold stranger who rides so fast!"

Out from the tower and across the drawbridge rushed the Sons of Pride. Their battle-axes were of bronze and stone; their shields were massy gold, and on every proud crest waved a purple plume. Down the hill in stately phalanx they moved and the heart of the watching Princess swelled with pride. The robber baron drew his sword and awaited the onset. The Sons of Pride rushed upon him to crush him, but he stood his ground hardily. From high noon to sunset, and from sunset to dark night he stood them off, while the Princess knelt on the battlements, straining her eyes to see.

Suddenly a form staggered out of the darkness into the circle of light on the drawbridge. It was one of the Sons of Pride. He climbed the tower-stair and stood before the Princess. His axe and shield were gone; his crest was dyed with blood.

"Our Lady," he gasped. "We have conquered. He has fled. We have — conquered; and we — are all — slain."

He fell to the floor. The Princess, weeping bitterly, flung herself on her knees beside him and strove to staunch his wounds with the gold tissue of her robe, but he was dead.

Next morning, the Princess, pale but calm, sat, as usual, upon the battlements. Soon she saw the robber baron, coming again in hot haste toward the tower.

"Raise the bridge!" pleaded the woman who was as old as the sun.

"Have I then no vassals left to do battle for me?" answered the Princess, smiling proudly. "Ho, Sons of Wit! Challenge me the bold stranger who rides so fast."

Out from the tower and across the drawbridge darted the Sons of Wit. They were lightly clad in cap and jerkin; their long shields were of tight-stretched leather; they wore motley weapons — bow and arrow, sling and pebble, keen-pointed steel, great bags of dust, loud rattles, lance and dagger. Down the hill they swarmed, darting from cover to cover, and the heart of the

watching Princess swelled with pride. But the robber baron fought as he had fought the day before, with the sword of his father, and at nightfall a Son of Wit climbed step by step, to the battlements and knelt before the Princess. His lance was splintered, and his jerkin was red with blood.

"Our Lady," he gasped, "We have fought — and won — and died."

He fell, and the Princess wept bitterly, and tried to warm his limbs by chafing them, but he was dead.

The next morning, the Princess, pale but calm, sat as usual, upon the battlements, and soon she saw the robber baron spurring again toward the tower.

"Raise the bridge!" pleaded the woman who was as old as the sun.

"Have I not the sturdiest of my vassals still to do battle for me?" answered the Princess, smiling proudly. "Ho, Sons of Prayer! Challenge me the bold stranger who rides so fast!"

Out from the tower and across the drawbridge poured the Sons of Prayer. They were clad in pure white. Hearts of fire were their shields, tongues of fire their helmets, rods of fire their swords. Down the hill they marched, all white and flaming, and the heart of the Princess swelled with pride. But the robber baron fought as he had fought before, with the sword of his father, and night fell before the fight was done.

To the Princess, kneeling upon the battlements, came the last of the Sons of Prayer. His rod of fire was charred and gray; his helmet of fire was cold, and he stood swaying before her. He said no word, but his eyes burned with an unearthly splendor. The Princess knelt, spell-bound. Slowly, moment by moment, his heart of fire burned and flickered out, and the light of his eyes died. The Princess wept bitterly and tried to stir his heart to life with her own breath, but it was quite dead.

Next morning the Princess, pale and very still, sat as usual, upon the battlements. Soon she saw the robber baron riding toward the tower.

"Raise the bridge!" pleaded she who was as old as the sun.

"Though my vassals are every one slain and there are none to do battle for me, do I not dwell in a strong tower? And can one man assail a fortress?" answered the Princess, smiling proudly. "Ho, maidens! Close the great door, but leave the drawbridge down! My tower itself shall challenge the bold stranger who rides so fast!"

The robber baron spurred his hot steed up the hill. The loud hoof-beats thundered on the drawbridge. The woman who was as old as the sun uttered a terrible cry. "He is at the very door! Delay not an instant, but leap down into the river!"

"Though my tower fail me, yet have I one last defence," replied the Princess, smiling proudly as she drew a tiny dagger from the bosom of her robe.

The robber baron was thundering at the door below. The woman who was as old as the sun, smiled sadly. "Ah, youth," she sighed, "youth that must learn for itself!"

The robber baron was thundering at the door below.

"Leap down!" urged the woman.

"Hark!" replied the Princess. The great door had fallen.

The robber baron sprang into the tower, brandishing his sword. Shriek upon shriek rose from below; the Princess' maids rushed screaming before him, now shrinking away from him, now facing him desperately. With his sword he cut them down and left their fair white bodies heaped where they fell. The Princess was waiting upon the battlements and she stood there tall and proud, facing the tower-stair, her back against the parapet, her right hand clenched within the bosom of her robe. The woman who was as old as the sun stood, scarcely visible, in the shadow of the Princess.

"Leap into the river!" she whispered.

The Princess made no answer. The baron was climbing the tower-stair. He came out upon the battlements. He fixed his burning eyes upon the Princess, he sprang toward her seizing her in his iron-clad arms. The tiny dagger broke upon the shirt of mail, and he kissed her. With a fearful cry, the Princess tore herself free and leaped from the parapet; the robber baron plunged after. He fell headlong into the moat and perished, but the river bore up the Princess and brought her safely to the bank. When she awoke from her swoon, she was lying in the arms of the woman who was as old as the sun.

"Thou hast saved me!" she cried, kissing the hem of the woman's robe. "Henceforth I will listen always to thy words."

"Thou hadst done better to have listened sooner," replied the woman gravely. "Behold, now!"

A hundred robber barons of the country round, seeing the hill strewn with slain and the door of the round tower broken in, were hurrying thither for plunder. The Princess shuddered.

"Save me!" she cried to the woman. "Save me, or I am lost."

"Take then this black robe and hood of mine to cover thy golden robe and thy golden hair, and the men in their haste for plunder, will let thee pass without notice."

"But thou?" said the Princess, drawing back.

"Fear not for me," answered the woman who was as old as the sun, "when thou and thy daughters, and thy daughters' daughters are no more, I shall still be."

So the Princess covered herself with the robe and the hood and passed safely down the hill into the world. She had not gone far when she began to remember all her brave vassals whom she had sent to their death, and the fair green hill scarred with battle, and the strong tower shattered and plundered, and her fair maids stricken down by the sword. But most of all she wept because of the kiss on her mouth. After a time she recollected having seen from her tower a sluggish river of murky hue in which she could wash off the kiss, so she set off and after a time reached the river which was the river of forgetfulness. But though she washed and washed, she could not wash the kiss away. And then she recollected that she had seen from her tower a wide red river. So the Princess set out, and after a time reached the river of blood and tears, but she could not purge the kiss away. Then she remembered that she had seen from her tower a river of honey-gold. Perchance in that she could wash away the kiss, so she journeyed night and day till she reached the river of mead which flowed from a hollow tree swarming with golden bees. But alas, the honey washed not away the kiss, and the Princess wept.

While she was weeping thus in despair, a very old man clad in a garment of sackcloth knotted about with ropes, approached her and said, "I perceive, sister, that you weep because of the kiss upon your mouth."

"Yes, yes," sobbed the Princess. "Ah, tell me where I may cleanse it away and find peace."

The very old man's eyes flamed. "To the east," he answered hoarsely. "To the east there lies a river of fire which alone can cleanse thee. On the farther shore of the river stands a gray hall. There and there only shalt thou find peace."

The Princess shuddered.

"Can I see the beautiful world from there?" she asked timidly.

"No," replied the old man harshly. "The river of fire flows between."

"Can I see the beautiful sky from there?" she faltered.

"No, the roof shuts it out."

"Must I stay there always?"

"Forever."

"And I can find peace nowhere else?" she whispered.

"Nowhere else."

"Then I will go there, through the river of remorse to the hall of renunciation," resolved the Princess.

So she set out. Soon she came to a fork in the road. One branch went east—that was the road she should follow. Her face brightened as she realized that by that road she should reach the river and the gray hall. At this moment she noticed a young girl lying in the grass by the roadside. The Princess hurried to her, and, kneeling, tried to revive her, but in vain.

"Oh, if I but had some water!" moaned the Princess. Hurriedly she retraced her steps to the river of mead, plucked a gourd from the tree, and carried it back, full of honey, to the girl by the roadside. As soon as she had poured the golden liquid down the girl's throat, the girl recovered consciousness and blessed the Princess for saving her life.

"But ah," she said, "I can but crawl along. If only you who are strong and swift-footed, would carry a gourd of honey to my sweetheart who lies exhausted by the roadside farther back. His life is more than mine to me."

"I will, gladly," said the Princess, though she gave a tiny sigh as she thought that the errand would take her far on the wrong road.

All day long she toiled back and forth, tired but happy, carrying refreshment to poor travellers who had fallen one by one along the wayside. Just at dusk, as she was returning once more from the river, dragging herself wearily along, she heard a low voice calling her.

"Princess — Princess —"

"Here am I!" she answered, though she could scarcely speak for fatigue. A young prince came toward her out of the dusk.

"I have brought you the honey-gold," she said, holding out the gourd to him in her tired hands.

"I need it not," said the prince, and his eyes shone into hers. "I need only you."

Then the Princess remembered the kiss on her mouth, which she had forgotten.

"Ah," she sighed bitterly, "If I had but listened to the woman who was as old as the sun!"

But the prince took her by the hand and led her gently to a river flowing all with a glamour of sunshine and rainbows and rose-and-pearl dawns, with a steady glow as of hearth-fires deep underneath. The Princess gave a little wondering cry, and caught up some of the rose-and-pearl in her hands, and put her lips to it as if to drink. And lo! the kiss of the robber baron dissolved in it like an evil dream in daylight. So the Princess turned joyfully about and put her hand in that of the prince, and they went away together.

GRACE KELLOGG.

SKETCHES

A THANKSGIVING REVENGE

Around the yard, around the yard,
That turkey-gobbler ran,
A-pecking at the chubby legs
Of our frightened baby Ann.

From off the plate, from off the plate,
Thanksgiving day we see
Ann pecking at a chubby leg
Of a finely cooked turkey.

LOUISE HOWARD COMSTOCK.

This is a true story and it happened to Rhoda Evarts, not to me; but we have discussed it so many times that I know it quite as well as she does. Not that I can

A Roman Tragedy write it better, for Rhoda's themes are distinguished by a delicate simplicity and conciseness not more marked in the works of the most frequent contributors to Harper's Magazine. Her spelling, however, is, as Miss Graeme is forced to admit, "hopelessly weak". At first, she had resolved to treasure this experience in the deepest recesses of her soul, and to confide it only to Betty and me, but at last I succeeded in making Rhoda see how selfish and ignoble that would be.

Last year, in early February, Rhoda's father decided to go abroad. So the Evartses sailed for Naples, and at the last moment Rhoda was allowed to go too, although we impressed upon her the fact that when she returned to pick up the threads of her interrupted education, she would be far behind us in algebra and French, yet it was with mingled envy and sadness that we saw her depart from the school exactly an hour before the hardest English examination which we ever had.

When Rhoda's family arrived in Italy, her older sister, Emily had typhoid fever, and because she was dangerously ill, Mr. Evarts postponed all their plans for several months, and made arrangements to stay in Rome. It was altogether very unfortunate and Rhoda would have had a horrid time, had not Professor Penfield come to the rescue by insisting that she should stay with his family while Emily was so ill. He was an old friend of Mr. Evarts, and had taken a villa in the city for a year, in order to make some investigations or something for a book he was writing. In the meantime, his wife, who, Rhoda said, was a column of society, improved the opportunity by making every possible effort to get on good terms with the nobility and the aristocratic people that she had met through Margaret Dana.

Margaret is the principal character in this story, and a brief description of her will not be amiss. She was the Penfield's niece, and was visiting them indefinitely. She had lived in America until her parents died, and then she had been sent to Lady Margaret's Hall in England. Afterwards she was presented at court, where, as Rhoda told us, "she achieved a tremendous success, and gained no little prestige with the people who really count." Who these people were, Rhoda doesn't know,—possibly the Queen herself. At any rate Margaret was very charming and lovely and clever, and it was not at all strange that Rhoda should have liked her very much from the first, but that *she* should have even noticed Rhoda, except, of course, to be ordinarily polite,—this was another matter.

They were having tea together in Margaret's room one day, and Rhoda was enjoying it as she had never enjoyed anything in her life before. They did not talk very much, for Margaret seemed pre-occupied. Presently she said, "You must not mind if I am not interesting, dear, because I am so very, very tired that it is an effort simply to breathe."

Then Rhoda saw for the first time how white and fragile she looked, lying on the couch in a wonderful pale-blue tea-gown. Girls are so different. No one of us, would have thought of effective backgrounds to things like that, but Rhoda, with the true instinct of an artist, observed how beautiful Margaret was against the dull, deep red of the cushions. Perhaps it was because of Rhoda's perception of local color, which Miss Graeme says is so pronounced in her.

"Don't you want me to go away?" she asked, softly.

"Oh, no," answered Margaret. "If you are not bored, stay and talk to me. Tell me about America. I haven't seen anyone from there in a long time, and foreigners are not half so nice. Even Rome itself is rather stupid, don't you think?"

Until this moment Rhoda had thought it the nicest place in the world, and she was surprised to hear herself saying, "Yes, I suppose one could become tired of Rome."

"That is just it. But America is different. I cannot possibly believe that it might be monotonous."

"Oh, but it can be!" Rhoda assured her. "School is awfully tiresome—the same thing every day. Only vacations are nice, and this one is the best I have ever had."

Margaret smiled. "America must be different, then," she insisted gently. "When I was there it was perfect. Perhaps I shall tell you why some day."

"Is it a secret?" Rhoda asked breathlessly, "a real secret?"

"Not exactly, but not everyone knows."

They were silent for so long a time that Rhoda felt uncomfortable.

"I think I'd better go now. I must change my dress for dinner," she said.

"Thank you for amusing me," Margaret answered with another smile. "And come again soon. You are a dear, refreshing little girl."

"Refreshing!" so that was why Margaret liked Rhoda! Not because she was interesting, but because she was refreshing! Rhoda, however, considered this a fine thing to say about anyone, and I hope, poor child, that she will never be undeceived. Probably penetrative intuition like mine can be too deep,—just the way that criticism may be too severe, so it is just as well that her insight is not so keen as one might desire.

It was soon after this that Rhoda discovered how fond she was of Margaret. Here is an extract from one of her letters. I know that it sounds ridiculous, but we did not laugh; life meant too much to us then.

"I can not retrace the immotions that surge within me, whenever I think of *Her*, which I do every moment. Why, *She* is the most adorable person in the world, if she is almost twenty-five. Nobody could be so divine, or so subtly, indescribably fascinating."

The weeks passed. Emily Evarts grew slowly better. At

last it was decided to leave Rome for a more invigorating climate where she would improve faster. Of course Rhoda was glad—in a way. But she hated to leave Margaret, even for Switzerland, which she had always called “the land of heart’s desire”. As the time approached for the departure, Rhoda stayed with Margaret almost constantly. There were many little things that she could do for Margaret, who really was not at all well.

The day before the Evartses left for Switzerland Margaret told Rhoda her secret. It was the story of a summer at an old New England farm, but there was a boy in it. (I confess I was disappointed that such a common incident should be connected with Margaret’s life.) They had known each other very well. Indeed, when they had separated, Margaret to go to England, and the boy to enter school, they had made a childish promise, which in after years when she saw him again—he was nearly through college by this time—they both remembered distinctly, and *then* it meant far more to them than it had before. It was simply that when Margaret was ready he would come to her, wherever she was, and of course they would be married. You see it was quite an ordinary event, but Rhoda, watching the sun on Margaret’s hair, listened in eager attention, and, when she had finished, asked, not very tactfully, “Is that all?”

“*All?*” repeated Margaret. “Rhoda, I am more happy than you can know, for he’s coming *soon*. It might have been wiser to delay a little longer, but we cannot wait, and I am *so* glad! The steamer is due at Naples on the eighteenth! It is my birthday, you know.” And Rhoda insists that if she lives to be a hundred she can never forget the expression of joy and peace on Margaret’s face. Even when they said good-bye on the following day she did not look at all sorry, although she was nicer than ever.

“Do you think we shall see each other again?” asked Rhoda anxiously.

“Why, of course, you silly child,” laughed Margaret. And Rhoda, looking back for the last time as the carriage rolled down the avenue, saw her standing on the piazza, but far from waving farewell to Rhoda, she was bending over a letter which the postman had just brought.

Switzerland was delightful. Rhoda had a splendid time there, sight-seeing and mountain-climbing, — too splendid, she said

afterwards, to last. But one day, at the breakfast table, something happened. Her father, glancing over his morning mail, said,

"Rhoda, my dear, can you listen a moment while I tell you something which I know you will be very sorry to hear? You remember Professor Penfield's niece? I have heard from the Professor himself that she is dead. It is a singularly regrettable occurrence, particularly as I believe that Miss Dana was engaged."

"When did—it happen?" faltered Rhoda.

"Last Monday, the seventeenth," was the reply. "she had not been well for some time, and a sudden fever—"

He stopped, for Rhoda had rushed out of the room. In her first sorrow she wanted to be alone.

RUTH FORBES ELIOT.

THE ROSE

Like a crimson rose it lay in his hand—
Her heart so tender and young.
He held it fast
With a lingering clasp,
'Twas the love of which ages have sung.

Like a crimson rose it lay in his hand—
Her heart all bleeding and torn.
But his hold was slight
In the gathering night,
And he heeded it not till the morn.

They were ashes of roses he held in his hand;
And he stared in dismay and surprise.
But—the story was told,
The day growing old,
And Death in his silence was wise.

FLORENCE BATTERSON.

Magdalena Gonzalez came to the door of her red-tiled adobé
and scanned the broad mesa before her. The setting sun lent
even a brighter tinge to the golden
The Star of the Mesa sea of the poppies and tinted the
Sierras with rosy pink, while the
light afternoon breezes stirred the long grasses and rattled, ever
so gently, the leaves of the wide-spreading oaks.

At any other time Magdalena would have noticed all this and revelled in it, but today her eyes were only for Pedro, her lover, whom a year ago she had watched ride off over that mesa, driving a herd of sheep into far-away Mexico. But now he was to return and they would be married and live in a little red-tiled adobé of their own on Pedro's sheep ranch ; and they would be happy, oh, so happy ! Magdalena's eyes glistened.

As she turned from the door, although still there was no trace of an approaching horseman, the eagerness in her eye grew more intense, as she murmured, "My Pedro will be hungry. I will make him some tortillas, such as he always liked !" and so, singing with a light heart, she set busily about her work.

When she had finished she came and stood looking out of her door again over the mesa. The sun had sunk behind the hills and the poppies had closed their eyes in slumber, while the rosy tint of the mountains had deepened into violet. The line of tall eucalyptus, silhouetted against the sky, swayed and moaned with the steadily rising breeze. Magdalena gazing up at them was seized with vague apprehension. But no, no, she laughed. They sighed and moaned every night—and of course her Pedro was coming back to her ! But the journey was a hard one, and no doubt had taken him longer than he had expected. Besides, had she not prayed every night to the Virgin Mother ? Oh, of course he would come ! So she wandered out into the twilight to gather some shooting stars to place before her altar, pausing now and then with face uplifted to watch their sister lights come out in the heaven above. "Virgin Mother, bring him safe to me this night !" she prayed fervently.

Suddenly she stooped and laid her ear to the ground. Yes, some one was coming on horseback. Magdalena's cheeks grew very hot and the light in her eyes deepened. She hurried back to the house. The sound of hoofs became more distinct. Would he, oh would he think her as beautiful as he had a year ago ? She picked a rose and tucked it in her hair ; her heart almost stopped beating. The rider drew rein before her and leaped from the saddle. She felt herself in his arms and heard him murmur, "Star on High, my sweetheart !"

LOUISE DAY PUTNAM.

422525

A DOG DAY

After breakfast my sister and I take a ball,
 At the door the Dog Brothers run up at our call,
 And we all go together to have a fine play—
 'Tis a very good means to begin a good day!
 So we play and we play, just as gay as can be,
 Do Sister, the little Dog Brothers and me.

After luncheon old Dora is harnessed, and then
 We start through the lanes on our travels again,
 Max, Sister and I in the wagon,—there's three,
 With Chum alongside, a great runner is he!
 It's fun where we go, be it hills or the sea,
 For Sister, the little Dog Brothers and me.

Just before dinner we sit in the shade,
 And Chum chases birds, but our Max acts most staid,—
 Then a whirring of wheels, a voice that is dear,
 Max and Chum jump with joy, for Father is here.
 And we're all just as happy as happy can be,
 Are Sister, the little Dog Brothers and me.

When visitors go, and bed-time is nigh,
 We sit by the fire; at our feet the dogs lie,
 And Chum dreams of a bird, while Max dreams of a fight,
 Sister dreams, so do I, in the dim firelight,
 And we're quiet, contented, as happy can be,
 Are Sister, the little Dog Brothers and me.

EDITH CHARTERS GALLAGHER.

From the road you could see only a small, white cottage, surrounded and covered in the summer months with masses of vines and flowers. All about were chickens

The Difference which clucked and scuttled away at your approach, among the flowers, upon the small piazza, and even into the door.

You asked the Katy, who dogged your small sister's footsteps, what people lived there, and learned that he dwelt there alone; and then in a mysterious whisper, "He's a woman-hater, too, but you mustn't ever speak of it." Wonderful! Just what a woman-hater was to your eight-year-old mind was not quite plain, but you pondered over it for several minutes, and at length reached the remarkable conclusion that it must be a man who hated women.

The next thing that puzzled you was that Katy, who herself had told you that the man was a woman-hater, should try so persistently to catch sight of him and at last even to talk to him. Few were the words which she could induce him to say, however, but one day when you wandered past his house alone, he called and talked with you all the afternoon. Thus you knew he would be friends with you, but never with Katy.

Thereupon you haunted his premises. You made yourself at home in his kitchen, watching him putter about among his pots and kettles. You learned to love this man with the sad, quiet eyes, and to watch for the smile which came oftener as the days went by. He taught you to love his flowers, and you learned to make queer little messes entirely different from any you had ever known before, and you talked to him about his flowers, about your dolls, about everything except "women".

Once, with a child's curiosity and absolute lack of tact, you had told him that Katy said he had been in love, and questioned him whether Katy were right in telling you that the girl had run away from him, and the man had turned to you and his look and tone made you quake in your small shoes. You scampered for home and it was several days before you ventured to pass his threshold once more. The dreadful look was gone, however, and you seated yourself, inwardly resolving never to repeat Katy's chatter again. So the summer passed and the strange friendship grew, and at the end you clung to the hand of your friend, promising to come again very soon.

Eight years sped by, however, and you did not come, but still you kept warm in your heart the remembrance of the dear childhood friendship. At last you came back. You had changed very much. Your skirts were much nearer the ground and your hair much farther from it than heretofore, two facts which gave you infinite satisfaction.

The first place to which you hastened was the little white cottage where you had spent so many happy hours, and there, working among his flowers, was your old friend, and you ran forward with eager, outstretched hands, calling his name, but before you could come nearer the man had turned and gone into his house. You were left standing there alone, a great wonder in your heart and a hurt feeling choking at your throat. Then suddenly you knew, and you gave an impatient tug at the hair and skirt in which you had gloried, and there among the vines

and flowers you sobbed for the little girl who was gone and the things that would come no more.

ALICE JANNETTE WALTON.

VALESQUEZ: HIS CREED

(After Browning)

There is just one thing in the world I know,
For the rest—I believe when you say it is so,
And I do not care—for the one thing true
That was born in me, and grew as I grew,
Is the Knowledge that carries a high behest,
The semblance of things as they are is best.
That priest in the market the other day
Believed in the wisdom of God in his way,
Yet he dared to say this and that were wrongs!
The fashioning of faces to God belongs.
The littlest, weakest things I know—
Dwarfs and court children—I paint them so.
You do not believe what I *know* is true;
Keep 'side that brown curtain and I'll paint you,—
Your wart, your fine eyes and all the rest,—
The semblance of things as they are is best.

MARGARETH ARNOLD PITMAN.

“But, Agnes, you know she is impossible!” Edith was putting the finishing touches to her hair and turned around with a questioning frown.

The Girl Who Was a Snob Agnes waved her German book in protest. “Don’t interrupt me. I’m in the midst of a most exciting scene. Wait till I look up this word. Oh, here it is. Listen to this: ‘You have been more to me than you ever dreamed. All that I am I owe to you! I—’” Agnes’ gesticulations sent the German dictionary to the floor with a bang, which act showed the denouement.

“Sufficiently sentimental, I’m sure,” remarked Edith, “but be sensible now and tell me what I’m to do. The girl is lonely. That’s plain enough, and I suppose I’m the one person she knew before she came here. She doesn’t make friends easily. No wonder! She is impossible and I don’t want to know her. Imagine my taking her round and introducing her to Lucy Stetson, for instance!”

"Oh, that's hardly necessary. But at least you might take her to chapel and be nice to her. Entering as a sophomore is hard, anyway. The rest of us all know each other."

Edith pondered for a moment. "Well," she said at last, "if it's got to be done, I'll take her to-morrow. The sooner I've done my duty the better."

Agnes shook her head doubtfully. "I'm afraid if you go at it that way, it will be pretty hard on Loretta."

It was with considerable misgiving and a certain touch-me-not feeling that Edith knocked on the door of her neighbor's room next morning.

"Come in," said a somewhat gruff voice, and Edith entered a bare and unattractive room where taste had not come to the aid of small means. Loretta rose hastily. Her movement was awkward and she gave the impression of being too tall for her surroundings. Her mass of black hair might have been handsome but for its untidiness. As it was it seemed only to emphasize her irregular features. Her eyes when they lighted had a depth and charm of expression, but at most times they looked dulled.

Edith hesitated. "Are you going to chapel with anyone?" To herself she was saying, "If she only weren't so tall we wouldn't be so conspicuous."

Loretta's face brightened. "No," she said, "I usually go alone."

Loretta was blissfully unconscious of the fact that chapel was an ordeal for Edith that morning. Her answers to Edith's rather forced conversation were monosyllabic, but her eyes lighted up and the dreary look habitual to them disappeared.

As they came out Edith's enthusiasm was roused for a moment. "Don't you love the postlude he's playing?" she asked. "I wish I knew the name of it."

"Why, it is the Tschwaikowsky Andante, isn't it?" said Loretta.

"Oh," exclaimed Edith, "do you like music?" But she stiffened and did not hear Loretta's answer, for Lucy Stetson passed them and nodded to her.

"Who is she?" asked Loretta.

"Why, Lucy Stetson, the senior president, and the hero of senior dramatics. She is perfectly wonderful, and everyone is wild about her."

"What wouldn't I give for that chance," said Loretta, half to herself, and her eyes grew eager, but Edith did not hear her.

It was several days before they saw each other again. Edith was not anxious to make further advances and Loretta was shy of intruding upon her new-found friend. One day, however, Edith was in search of Browning's "In a Balcony".

"Hasn't anyone got a Browning?"

Agnes laughed. "My dear Edie, if you will soar to such heights you can't expect your friends to keep up with you."

"Why, I have one," said a hesitating voice, and Edith turned in surprise to Loretta.

In Loretta's room they bent over the book together. "Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed Loretta. "This is the passage I love best." She took the book and read. Her gruff voice changed and softened. Edith listened, surprised at first, then fascinated. Loretta forgot the other's presence, and read on to the end. When she finished neither spoke for a moment.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I've read a long time. I'm afraid I kept you." It was the old Loretta who spoke.

"Indeed, you didn't. I—why—I enjoyed it." There was a note of surprise at her own attitude in Edith's voice, but she was genuinely pleased.

"She must have something in her," she told Agnes that night. "I have always loved the play, but she made it real."

A day or two later she was talking to Lucy Stetson. "By the way," said Lucy, as she turned to go, "who was that girl who was in chapel with you the other morning? She looks as if she ought to be something."

When she had gone Edith looked after her, puzzled.

"Well, if that isn't queer. I wonder what she saw in her!" Loretta's face came into her mind and she studied it a few moments. "Lucy's right," she said at last. "She does look as if she ought to be something. I think," reflectively, "I like her."

Their senior year was almost ended. Dramatics were over. It had poured all the evening, but in spite of the rain the juniors and seniors, with the few sophomores who were left, had serenaded until no one could sing another note.

Again and again had Loretta as Romeo almost whispered down her thanks to them, so overcome was she with happiness. By her stood Edith with an air of delighted proprietorship.

When it was over Loretta pulled Edith down to a place beside her on the window-seat. "I wonder if you know how much you've been to me, just everything! I owe all this to you."

Edith flushed and her smile was a little tremulous, for the words recalled a day three years before when she had thought words like them sentimental and Loretta was "impossible". "Dear goose," she said, "you will never know how much you did for me."

HOPE WILLIS.

THE STARS AND I

When mother's tucked me into bed and carried off the light,
'Tis then I pull the curtain up and peer into the night,
And though the room is very dark with bears behind the door,
Outside the night is very bright with myriad lights or more.

For all the glittering throng of stars skims by my window-pane,
And as they pass they wink and blink and beck me out again.
"Oh come," they cry with laughing shout and gaily skip and prance,
"Oh come, small girl, now come with us, and all night long we'll dance!"

And so they take me by the hand and whirl me to their ball,
My stupid head is dazzled with the shining of it all!
The whole long night we dance and play and glide in twinkling maze,
And circle 'round their Mother Moon and stray in winding ways.

So bright it is we have no fear, the laughing stars and I,
At hide-and-seek in witch-clouds' skirts a-trailing in the sky.
And thus with glee I frolic in the stars' gay playground 'till
I wake, and morning-glories smile across my window-sill.

EUNICE FULLER.

"I wish I knew what he carries in that suit case," said Ann, as she craned her neck to get a better view of a young man on the other side of the street.

The Diplomats

"What's that to you?" asked

Mildred, plainly actuated merely

by a desire to make conversation.

"Oh, nothing really," answered the girl who had first spoken, "but he goes by here twice every day and he always has that suit case."

"Well, can't a young man go past your house without arousing your curiosity?" queried Margery with what was meant to be withering sarcasm.

"It isn't he that interests me," protested Ann. "It's the mystery. What first attracted my attention was that the initials on the suit case were 'M. A. D.' Later I began to think that perhaps he was mad and his keepers took that way of warning people."

"You certainly are the limit," drawled Mildred.

"It seems to me, Mildred," said Ann, much incensed, "that anyone who wastes as much time as you do on old detective stories ought to take some interest in anything as mysterious as this."

"How do you intend finding out about the young man?" this from Margery in a "let's-humor-the-poor-child" tone.

"I'm sure I don't know. It quite worries me. You don't suppose," hopefully, "that he's taking his clothes to be pressed?"

"He must be a modern Beau Brummel and a millionaire into the bargain if he takes them every day," said Mildred, who had begun to "sit up and take notice". "It's more than likely that he carries a lunch, but is too proud to take a dinner-pail. I read of a girl who used to take hers in a camera case, and I had a cousin who carried hers in a music roll."

This unromantic solution did not appeal to Ann at all.

"Nonsense," she said with great scorn. "He's a gentleman and doesn't seem in the least like a horrid lunch-carrying person, although I suppose," this last very doubtfully, "that there have been nice men who carried luncheons."

"I shouldn't be surprised—" began Margery, but Mildred interrupted her. She was a peace-loving girl, besides she was becoming a bit interested.

"Supposing any of us knew him, how would we go at him?"

"Why, it's the simplest thing in the world," said Margery. All we would have to do would be to lead the conversation around to travelling and from that to suit cases.

"I shouldn't do that way at all," said Ann. "I would begin about athletics and then narrow down to walking. Then I would say, 'I walk a great deal, don't you?' and the rest would be quite easy."

"Sherlock Holmes said that the only way to get information out of some people was to make them think that nothing they

said on that subject could possibly be of the slightest interest to you. I'd just let him know that I didn't care a bit what he carried in his old suit case."

"Oh girls," came the voice of Ann's sister from the hall, "I'm making fudge. Don't you want to help?"

"Of course, May," they cried, and in the rush for the kitchen the mystery was forgotten.

It happened that a few weeks later they were introduced to the gentleman. He was at a dance to which they were all invited, even Ann's sister May, who, although she was sixteen, was rather childish and was called "The Baby" by her sister's friends.

"His name is Adams," confided Mildred to Ann.

Ann soon made Mr. Adams' acquaintance.

"Are you interested in athletics?" she asked.

"Very much," he answered, "especially in football. Did you see the Yale-Harvard game?"

Ann had not, so Mr. Adams described it to her at great length, using technical phrases which poor Ann did not in the least understand.

"I consider walking the best exercise there is," said Ann when he had finished.

"It's not nearly as good as fencing," said Mr. Adams. "Do you fence?"

She did not, and while her companion was volubly seeking to convince her of the error of her ways, she mentally registered a vow never to try to get any information from a man again.

It was with all the sensations of one armed for the fray that Margery saw Mr. Adams put his name on her dance card.

"I suppose you have travelled a great deal," she said as they were waltzing.

"Not very much," he answered, "although I have always wanted to. I have been to England, however."

Margery had been there, too, and at the end of the dance she was much mortified to discover that the subject of suit cases was quite untouched.

"Your face seems almost familiar to me," Mildred was saying to Mr. Adams later in the evening.

"Indeed," said he. Perhaps you may have seen me on the street."

This seemed to Mildred an excellent opportunity to show him that it was a matter of small consequence to her whether she had ever seen him before or not. She succeeded so well that the gentleman became quite chilled and wondered what he had done to offend her.

"Oh girls, I met such a nice man last night," cried Ann's sister May, as they were all seated in Ann's room. "His name is Adams." Each of the other girls began to feel guilty.

"I've seen him go by so often," went on May, "and he always had a suit case with him. I've wanted to know for the longest time what he had in it, but I know at last."

There was silence for a moment, and then—

"What?" said Margery.

"Blue prints," was the answer. "He's an architect. You know the firm, 'Benton, Harris and Adams'."

This time the silence was strained.

"H—how did you find out?" almost stammered Ann, at length.

Her sister stared at her and the look on her face showed the greatest surprise.

"How did I find out?" she echoed, "why, I *asked* him," she said.

HELENA MILLER.

IN FAIRYLAND

Oh say, have you been in Fairy-land?
For your eyes are bright
With a wonderful light,
Like the stars that shine on a still spring night.
Oh, you must have been in Fairy-land!

Oh say, have you clasped a fairy's hand?
Have you joined their song in the shady dell?
For your voice rings clear like a silver bell,
And your touch is like the leaf of a rose,
And you gently move as the soft wind blows.
Oh, I know you have been in Fairy-land!

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

The languid freshman was mainly decorative. At first she had made frantic efforts to be useful, but these all ended disastrously and she was rescued once and

Nemesis and the Languid Freshman again by her more practical room-mate. Then she had plunged into the mazes of basketball practice, and as she played well, was soon captain of one of the nine practice teams. For nearly three days the honor compensated her for the extra work, but on the fourth day of rushing wildly around the campus in search of substitutes she decided that she could serve the class better in some other way. But how to abdicate gracefully? Even a scrubcaptain does not just stop playing. There must be some excuse.

It was in the middle of a practice game that the idea came to her, when she heard a girl fall with a sickening thud. The player was on her feet immediately, but the spectators looked frightened. The ball was again in play, coming nearer and nearer the center. The languid freshman jumped for it, slipped and fell with the same chilling sound, but she did not get up immediately. The players gathered round.

"Oh, it's nothing," she gasped. "Just my knee. No, it isn't serious. I've done it before and it will be all right in a minute."

With set face and tightly shut teeth she pulled, then drew a long breath.

"It's back now. I'm all right."

The coaches were already on the spot and carried her carefully to the ante-room; she heard the girls singing to her.

"Oh, stop them, do. I tell you it isn't anything," the freshman called, but the juniors had her on the bench fanning her while one telephoned for the doctor and another for a carriage. The doctor looked grim disapproval as she heard the tale, and remarked that if the girls kept getting hurt something radical would have to be done. The languid freshman began to feel guilty. The doctor bandaged the knee. "Yes, a very ugly bump, but you pulled it back again. Now you'll have to stay in your room till the crutches come. You've hurt it before?"

The freshman nodded emphatically. That at least was the sober truth.

"One is very likely to have continual trouble with a bad knee, so you must be very careful with it. You can't play again till after Christmas."

The sentence fell in silence. Even the coaches had no word of consolation. As for the freshman herself, "she felt too bad for tears", they said.

Once ensconced on her couch, surrounded by sofa pillows and mothered by her roommate, the red-haired freshman, the girl from California again felt guilty, but she did not dare confess now. She must play it through. Then she almost laughed. Nothing but a bad black and blue spot and imagination had done the rest. No more basket-ball, and no one would know that she had lost her enthusiasm. That was something to be thankful for.

Her room was filled with flowers sent by sympathetic classmates, and for a week the languid freshman was happy except for occasional twinges of conscience. But when she was up and around again remorse gradually disappeared, and the languid freshman again took up her real work of being ornamental. At least, that was the only work she was ever seen to do. Once again she attempted the useful in a house play in which she made a charming heroine, but made up her face with the most adhesive of lip rouge which proved worthy of its advertisement, "absolutely moisture proof". The freshman was again forced to remain indoors for a few days; it was already December, and as the Californian did not approve of the New England winter, the seclusion did not grieve her much. From then till Mid-Years she devoted herself entirely to artistic ends.

Four days before the examinations, however, she suddenly realized that she knew little of the five books of solid geometry, was hardly on speaking acquaintance with Titus Livy, nor yet able to outline the growth of the French drama nor the rules of exposition. Worse than all, she had not done a thing for English 13. That was a theme course which the freshman had taken because everyone had assured her it was easy. "Just thirty hours of anything you happened to write, botany themes would do". But the languid freshman did not take botany, so every one of the thirty hours remained unwritten. Yet how could she avoid a condition without doing the work? She had felt fairly competent to absorb the necessary amount of the other subjects in the four days before the examinations, but what should she do about this theme writing?

"I don't care, I won't do it, anyway," she exclaimed aloud.

"Do what? Your math.?" inquired her roommate.

"And several other things," drawled the Californian.

"Well, you'd just better had," exclaimed the red-haired freshman. "Clara says you've simply got to know the conic sections up-side down and down-side up," she continued, raising a haunted face from her book.

"Plague take the math.! Plague take the whole business," said the languid freshman, momentarily excited. "And you needn't tell me it's my own fault."

"I wasn't going to, but at three o'clock Clara is coming in to do math. with me, and you'd better join the party."

The languid freshman arose and strolled down the hall. She had always fled from parties of this kind. The freshman had just reached the door of the broom closet at the end of the hall when she heard her roommate calling, "Gladys, where are you? Come and do math. with us." The girl opened the closet door, slipped in quickly and turned the key. "Safe for a while, at least. I may as well have a little light on the subject," she thought, and reached for the bulb and turned on the light. Then she saw on the floor two formidable looking volumes. She groaned. Evidently some one had fled here to study as she had to avoid study. She picked up the books. "'Eckehardt' and a German dictionary. Thank goodness I don't have to read that awful looking stuff. Anyway the coast must be clear now. I'll slip out and borrow Judith's coat and hat and go down to the Copper Kettle. I can't stand this house full of 'grinds'." She turned the key, but it stuck. She tried again and again, but the key would not work. "No use to call. They're all too busy studying to hear. I'll have to wait till some one comes for a broom." She sat down on the floor to wait. There beside the German dictionary was a pad and pencil. She sat gazing at it a few minutes, then she laughed. "Well, Nemesis has caught me this time." She picked up the paper and pencil and began to write.

It was nearly supper time when the red-haired freshman began to brush up the room and dress for the evening. "Where's Gladys, anyway? Have you seen her lately?" she called to her next-door neighbor, who had just appeared and was removing her "busy" sign from the door.

"No, I haven't seen her. She'd better be doing some work pretty soon or she'll get left," responded the energetic freshman.

The red-haired freshman sprang to the defense. "You know she's an awful 'shark' when she once gets to work."

"When," repeated the energetic freshman dubiously, but the roommate walked past her down the hall to the broom closet and opened the door. There on the floor sat the delinquent with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, a pile of manuscript in her lap.

"Why, how did you open the door?" she asked.

"Turned the knob. The lock doesn't work. Clara broke it a week ago."

"Oh, did she?" inquired the languid freshman, somewhat dazed.

"What on earth are you doing here? Why didn't you do math. with us?" asked the irate roommate.

"Hush, child, don't get excited. This is English 13," said the freshman with a reproachful glance.

The red-haired freshman sat down on the closet floor and read. "Gladys, it's simply great. I didn't know you could write."

"Neither did I," answered the languid freshman. "It was Nemesis."

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

EDITORIAL

For some time past we have been interested to keep our ears open to comments upon our college magazine, and we have felt no small gratification that our critics should agree that the MONTHLY maintains a "thoroughly literary standard". Such has been the ambition of its founder and editors—to make the MONTHLY the adequate *literary* expression of Smith College, voicing the observations and ideals which the students form from art and life, from study and society. We are constantly emphasizing the requirement of well-constructed English, but, like the tactful parishioner, we would also like to suggest that "ideas is a good thing in a sermon". Indeed, we are convinced that the idea is of first importance. It only needs to be genuine—that is, sincerely conceived by the writer—to justify its own being, and to assume truly literary form. Anything approaching cheap travesty, affectation or morbidness betrays itself by some falseness of expression; but truth is necessarily beautiful.

The head of the English department at Wellesley and the Wellesley editors, on one occasion, asked a representative of THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY, "How does it happen that you have so much good poetry at Smith?" Then we began to notice that this was the query which met us on every hand. We ventured to compare our verse with that of other college publications—and be it admitted, with all due modesty, our talents did not suffer. We were really astonished to find that in the matter of poetry we had a distinct advantage over our exchanges. Wellesley inquired particularly how poetry was "stimulated" among us—perhaps with an eye to practical application of the Smith method, since she deplored to us her own lack of verse. It may well be that the natural, happy life which we lead here results in this most spontaneous form of literary expression. Though we may not be profoundly scholarly, we possess something of the scholarly impulse and scholarly enjoyment which may be caught and expressed before it passes on into more abstract contemplation. We find our "stimulus" in those courses which invite appreciation and literary expression. We cannot forget with what wonder and gratitude the full realization of such literary luxury and freedom first came over us. It has been our inspiration ever since.

When truthful yet kindly critics commend certain efforts while preserving silence in regard to others closely allied, we are inclined to suspect that their silence covers an adverse criticism. So we inferred, at least, in hearing our poetry praised, but the subject of our prose avoided. We demanded that here there should be equal frankness, and we were informed that our prose lacks the "tone" and "finish" of our poetry. Now why should our prose fall short of the standard set by our verse? In the department of the "heavy", may it not be because the rare but truly scholarly individual does not submit work to the MONTHLY? We publish the best among the required themes, but seldom do we receive the results of serious, independent research for its own sake. Our subject-matter is accordingly much limited. Biblical themes and well-worn questions for argument become the order of the day, although the best of these would not seem trite if we might vary them with other forms of literary discourse—hearty exposition or criticism. And our attempts at fiction? Do not these conform, for the most part, to the popular model for the storiette? We seem to have three favorite themes—the psychologically inviting child, the pathetic spinster and the conventional lover. These types may be relieved occasionally by genuine character study, but where is the artistic lingering on some detail or description? The narrative moves crisply, in newspaper style, or else it is merely drawn out in familiar repetitions.

Our prose is open to criticism because it is not sufficiently true. Quite obviously, then, it does not represent the best of which we are capable. We are trying to write as others write, or as we think a certain course requires that we should write, and not as we would naturally write. Here we are reminded of a pet theory of one of our predecessors. "Everyone," she used to say, "has a story of her life." In this we find the promise of truth and spontaneity. Incidentally, it suggests the remedy for that lack of national interest which has been imputed to us, to our discredit. If we would but write from our own experience we should be convincing, and we should be making the MONTHLY truly representative of various phases of American life. It is a matter of looking into the life that we have known—in our thoughts, in the society in which we have found ourselves—and then of refusing to be satisfied until we have embodied accurately this that we see most vividly and most lovingly.

EDITOR'S TABLE

What to make of the college magazine, is a problem that yearly drives well-meaning editors to desperation. Fortunately, there is more than one possible solution. In the first place, it may be regarded merely as an academic kaleidoscope, made to reflect the many-hued aspects of that elusive affair called "college life". Blasé young gentlemen in smoking-jackets lounge through the pages, giving utterance to such advice as, "Don't be an ass, Fairfield. Stick to old pipes and let the precarious joys of fussing slide!" Or half a dozen young fudge-consumers cover five pages with dazzling flashes of repartee. Outside readers expect just this sort of literature, and even under-graduates turn most zestfully to the pages that are tinged with purely local color. Yet one's imagination cannot always be tethered to college scenes, like the patient cow so often made to graze about a given post in a given front yard. One of the truest criticisms ever passed upon college life is that it tends to become introspective, self-centered. Why stimulate this inclination by encouraging its expression in the college magazine?

Then there is the alternative of allowing the monthly to degenerate into a sort of literary cold storage for those precious but perishable fruits of scholarly research gleaned in departmental work. One could point to such a production with awe, occasionally mingled with admiration, but it is safe to prophecy that many pages would remain in their pristine, uncut state.

Between these two extremes lies the ultimate and most natural solution. In fact, an unconscious recipe for the college magazine is now widely used. Following the example of the most saleable current magazines, college editors offer a heterogeneous combination of ballast and filling, warranted to gratify all tastes. In many respects this adjustment is a wise one. Every form of expression is sanctioned—except the epic—so that the contributor is offered the widest possible range for the display

of budding genius. There is, however, one serious drawback. To obtain recognition outside of its tiny sphere, a college magazine must somehow diffuse the atmosphere of the institution. There is a certain flavor, commonly called "spirit" that renders each college unique. We have one here at Smith that may be poorly described as a healthy sense of relative values—social, intellectual, spiritual. Is it found in our ink-bottles as often as in our conversation?

The exchanges this month show sudden awakening to this very need. In its opening article, "Through Blue Spectacles", the Yale Literary Monthly urges that more of the proverbial Yale democracy be displayed in the literary life of the university, with this criticism on their present attitude: "We follow our narrow conventions so closely that there is little room for one with broader ideas, little air for him to breathe. The voices that might be very sweet are but lost in the clamor of competition or stifled by convention."

The Cornell Era has made a noteworthy departure from the beaten track in discarding certain prescribed literary features for pointed articles on questions relating to inter-collegiate and home interests. By adopting a more journalistic form, the Era has suddenly become distinctly and invigoratingly up-to-date, without losing either the Cornell atmosphere or a high literary standard.

To worthily portray life, not only life at Smith, but life through Smith eyes—is this an unattainable ambition that would best be assigned to the "impossible" shelf in the MONTHLY room? Never, so long as we are able to measure our work by one simple yet absolute standard. For the question to be answered is not "Am I original?" nor "Am I rhetorically flawless?" but "Am I sincere?"

At the Academy of Music, October 19, Peter Dailey, in "The Press Agent".

The plot of this comic opera is made up of the inevitable complications and misunderstandings that characterize Peter Dailey's productions. Here the comedian's sparkling originality is not so much in evidence as usual, yet it needs but a glance at his good-humored self to create a laugh. The choruses are well staged, and there is only one song that drags through endless encores—the rest are the kind that "you cannot get out of your

head". The impression left with one is that of a mass of color, with a running accompaniment of catchy music.

G. L.

At the Academy of Music, Wednesday afternoon, October 24, Leoncavallo and his orchestra from La Scala Theatre, Milan, gave a concert, under the direction of the Department of Music of Smith College.

In the first part of the program were five numbers from "Il Pagliacci", probably the best known of Leoncavallo's operas, and the "Ave Maria" recently composed. The first selection, the Prologo, sung by Signor Bellatti, was the most artistic and finished of the vocal work. "Il Pagliacci" has all the charm and tunefulness of Italian music, some of which was lost in the selection from "Rolando di Berlino", which seems to be written in a more German harmonic style. All the numbers in the "Suite Ancienne", in the second part of the program, were played by the orchestra with exquisite lightness and grace. The "Boheme" music again recalled "Il Pagliacci" for its same lyric qualities, especially in the fascinating "Chansou Mini Pinson", sung by Madame Ferrabini. The program closed with a march, "Viva l'America—Respectfully dedicated to President Roosevelt", which combined "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie Land" with variations truly astonishing to the American ear.

M. R. O.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

SUNSET

At sunset time when valley, hill and dale
Glow in a transitory light,

It seems to me

I stand entranced on some great height,
And through those golden-crested clouds can see
A glimpse of heav'n, where grief is lost in song.
But as I gaze with longing eyes

The vision dies,

And in its stead life's duties, purple-wingéd, throng.

ELHEL FANNING YOUNG '05.

LEARNING VERSUS LOVE

The scholar to his lady uttered words like these,—

“Oh look, fair one, and give me rest and ease—

For wells of golden wisdom are your eyes!

Oh look, fair one, for I would fain be wise.”

The lover spoke in faltering words and low,—

“Oh tell me, sweetheart, tell me, dost thou know

That I am weak and bitterly opprest?

Oh love, give me thy heart and with it rest.”

KATHERINE DE LA VERGNE '05.

The Christmas season for factory women begins many weeks before the shoppers' lists are ready. To fill the counters in the stores with holiday goods, the factories “speed up” in every department, and industrial conditions are shown at white heat.

Working Hours of ment, and industrial conditions are shown at white
Women in Factories¹ heat.

It may come as a surprise to many people to know that New York state forbids by law the employment of women for more than sixty hours per week in factories. Ten hours make a long day

¹ The working hours of women in factories was the subject investigated in New York City last winter by the Smith College Fellow of the College Settlements Association. Cordial coöperation was given by other settlements and agencies in touch with factory women. This article is a condensation of the report given to the Fellowship Committee.

spent in watching and feeding a needle which sets 4,000 stitches a minute; or treading in standing position the pedals of an ironing machine. Yet long as is the day prescribed as the maximum, the limit of the law is exceeded in numerous instances and in many trades, so that it is by no means uncommon to find young girls in the factories of New York working twelve, thirteen, even fourteen hours in a day. This demands a reckoning of causes and results, showing not only the necessity for the legal protection of working women, but the qualities which make effective the provisions of the law. Facts which guide such study are not far to seek, for violations of the law are numerous, and each is an index of present conditions and a comment upon action necessary for betterment.

The preparation for the Christmas trade is the signal for the rush season in the making of paper boxes. In a paper-box factory in New York City a girl operates the cutting machine. To keep one's hands clear of the stroke of the knife requires constant watchfulness, yet no protection is provided. The guard would limit the output by one-half, and if this girl did not remove it she would be discharged. During the rush season, which lasts several months, this girl and all the others in the factory (they number from 300 to 400) work from 7.45 in the morning until 8 at night, with a half-hour for lunch and no time for supper, five days in the week. On Saturday they stop at 4.30, in order that the cheapest girls, who earn \$2.50 a week, may have time to clean the machinery. Frequent Sunday work makes a total of more than seventy hours in a week. To the question, "Would you be discharged if you refused to work overtime?" the answer was "Yes." The danger to this girl from a working day of nearly twelve hours, lasting through several months, is manifest.

Yet this employer has not been prosecuted for violating the sixty hours' law. The obstacles to a successful prosecution are great. A violation is not proved until one has firmly established the number of hours worked every one of the six days of the week and their combined total. Each day's work may be done at any time between six in the morning and nine at night, a period defined by the law which forbids the employment of women in factories between 9 P. M. and 6 A. M. Within this fifteen-hour period may be placed at any time (to the utter confusion of the business of inspection) a working day ten hours in length, or (to the further confusion of inspectors) longer than ten hours, *if the last day of the week be shortened*. By this proviso, the ten hours law is practically nullified. The total sixty may be made of any variety of hours, scattered through the six days, placed at any time within this fifteen-hour period between 6 A. M. and 9 P. M. Violations obviously cannot be proved by inspection. Enforcement is made to depend upon the complaint of workers, who in the great majority of cases know nothing of the law and whose complaint would mean loss of employment.

Last January a theatrical company ordered costumes to be finished as soon as possible. On Saturday the order was still far from finished. Work began at eight A. M. and lasted until half-past two Sunday morning—a "day's" work of eighteen hours. It is concerning such violations as this that Commissioner Sherman in his report dated January 3, 1906, said: "The provision prohibiting night work is openly violated, especially in the employment of

women over 21." Turning to the "Summary of Prosecutions" in the same report, we find that for the "illegal employment of women and minors after 9 P. M." no one was "convicted and fined". These two facts taken together speak volumes for the success which New York State has so far achieved in protecting 230,000 factory women against night work.

When the 1906 report was issued, no case had ever been carried to the New York Court of Appeals for decision as to the constitutionality of this statute. But in the spring of 1906 two cases of all-night employment of women in binderies were brought before the Court of Special Sessions in New York City. They were appealed on the ground that the law is unconstitutional, and will probably be reached in November by the Appellate division.

Technically, these cases involve only that section of the labor law which forbids the employment of women after nine o'clock at night or before six in the morning; and that section only in its application to women over twenty-one years of age. Practically, however, should we attempt to establish twenty-one as the age limit beyond which the hours of work were unregulated by law, these younger women, through fierceness of competition, would be compelled to disguise their ages. Then we should have a provision of law so difficult to enforce that it might truthfully be said of us that, as soon as the sixteenth birthday is reached, we withdraw all protection and make it possible for employers to keep women and young girls at work any number of hours during the day, and dismiss them at any hour at night.

The court of Illinois has handed down a decision claiming that laws regulating women's hours of employment violate freedom of contract. But Massachusetts, Nebraska, Washington and Oregon, and the Supreme Court of the United States, have declared that freedom of contract is not violated when the state extends legal protection where (by reason of economic inequality) the contract is not free, as where public health and public morals demand legislative action.

An adverse decision by the New York judges will arrest the progress of factory legislation, not only in New York State, but in all other states as well. But a favorable decision will give us a foundation on which to build wise laws sufficient for factory needs. Long hours intensify every other evil of factory work—unsanitary conditions, unhealthful processes, dangerous machines. In regulating hours we are therefore establishing a foundation for better conditions.

Each year marks progress in child labor legislation. Shall we not use every effort to extend effective protection beyond the age of sixteen years, and to secure wise and adequate laws for the betterment of industrial conditions for the increasingly large number of women and young girls employed in factories? The field is large; the one thing needed is an enlightened and active public opinion.

MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK '04.

Abbotsford never indulged in the celebration of anniversaries and "that sort of thing." He was a "cynic", and held himself aloof from the world's little emotional ways. Not one of his friends

Abbotsford's Anniversary would have believed that he would have taken a holiday just because, a year ago by the calendar, he had gone on a horseback ride with a pretty girl! He did not put the

matter so baldly as he turned it over in his mind. The weather, he remembered, had been perfect a year ago and the roads in good condition. He wanted a day in the country. Had conditions changed? The girl, he knew, was in Europe, but—well, he would enjoy going over the old roads. It was a run of only an hour by train, and he could get a horse at the village livery stable.

The horse was not a very fine saddle horse, but it was as good as the one he had ridden a year ago. The day was equal to all expectations, an Indian summer day, fair and peaceful. The road stretched long and bright between hazy meadows. Rusty goldenrod fringed the wayside and a few leaves had reddened on the woodbine and sumach.

Abbotsford drew in deep breaths of the sweet air. He was remembering what a good summer they had had together, last year, he and the girl. Such a sane, Platonic friendship, and that last horseback ride just a year ago—well—he was very glad to be alone now; rest was what he needed.

He rode along slowly, letting old landmarks awaken in his mind a pleasant jumble of associations. At this bridge she had declared that her horse was casting a shoe, and he had been forced to dismount to see. It was down this very slope that they had tried to race, trusting that gravitation would give to the hoofs of their nags a speed which neither threats nor entreaties had been able to inspire. Snatches of last year's conversation came back to him, as such trivial things will, at the very places where the words had first been spoken. He was amazed at his own feats of memory. He recalled, too, that there was a fine old tree where they had tied their horses and tarried for luncheon.

When Abbotsford reached the tree the noontide sun was warm, and he dismounted. As he threw himself down, facing the trunk of the tree, he suddenly remembered, with all the distinctness of a vision, how bright her hair had looked as she leaned against the grey bark. He would not have owned to a thrill of delight and yearning, yet he fell into a reverie. Life was dull. He had made this same complaint to the girl the year before, and she had reproved him. They had discussed life from every point of view,—he cavilling at its shallowness, she fearlessly laying at his own door the blame for his discontent.

"Whoa!" sounded a clear voice in the road behind him. Abbotsford sprang up, but not in time to help the girl dismount. She advanced with composure and no show of surprise. Abbotsford scrutinized her face but he detected there no amusement. It did not occur to him that if he were caught, she was caught too, and the girl's easy, practical manner readily acquitted her of any charge of sentimentality in coming.

They sat down together under the tree. Abbotsford observed with satisfaction that his companion was unchanged. He saw the same dainty, piquant face, the familiar, self-dependent poise of head and tilt of chin, the same candid gray eyes and shining dark hair, and each of these things gave him a deep feeling of contentment.

They discussed enthusiastically the beauty of the weather and the charm of the landscape. Occasionally the conversation flagged because of the scar-

city of safe, impersonal topics, but always the girl broke the silence, just as it threatened to become awkward, with some remark so light and casual that Abbotsford had no cause for fancying that she was not completely at her ease. It surprised and annoyed him that for the first time in her presence he could not be at ease himself. Suddenly he had a conversational inspiration.

"I thought you were abroad," he said questioningly.

The girl looked away as she answered, "I was. I returned by the Baltic."

If Abbotsford had recollected that the Baltic had arrived on the previous day he might have wondered a little at her sudden appearance in this rather remote place. But the reason for their presence there was a subject which both studiously avoided. At last the talk came around to books, and the strain of the situation was forgotten in the old-time delight of argument. Abbotsford was a good talker, an excellent critic. Miss Manning was also a judge in literary matters. The hours passed unheeded.

Then a silence came, in which they realized that the sun was setting and that the cool of evening had crept into the air. Neither stirred. The vesper note of a bird rose and died away. A throb of something powerful and joyous was waking in Abbotsford's heart and he was surrendering himself to it for the first time.

"It's getting late," the girl exclaimed suddenly, apparently surprised, "and I must go."

A less concerned listener than Abbotsford would have recognized that the indifferent cheerfulness of her tone did not ring true, but he felt a sudden, unaccountable resentfulness that she could face their parting with no sign of regret. His face hardened. The girl watched him sidewise, with a glance mischievous at first, then tender.

As they rose and untied their horses she asked, in a voice which strove still to be indifferent, "Which way do you ride?"

"The way we always—to the station," he answered gruffly.

"Oh, you're going back to town to-night?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been here?"

He paused. His unhappy eyes would not yet meet hers.

"Only to-day," he said, with the air of one who makes a great disclosure, regardless of consequences.

The girl's eyes searched his face. Her next question came more softly.

"Why did you come?"

The tone of her voice struck in like music upon Abbotsford's painful reflections. Joy and incredulity were in his face. But Miss Manning was busying herself with the saddle straps and halter, and did not look up. Abbotsford advanced a step, impetuously.

"Look at me," he commanded. He stretched out both hands toward her.

"Now you know why I came," he said.

"From—from my own reasons for coming—I guessed yours."

INEZ BARCLAY '05.

The following officers were elected by the classes having reunions last June :

1881

President, Amy Willmer Rogers.
Vice-President, Charlotte Cheever Tucker.
Secretary, Anna M. Washburn.
Treasurer, Frances Lewis.

1896

President, Florence Van Duzer Smith,
Vice-President, Grace Greenleaf Lyman.
Secretary, Eleanor Bush Woods.
Treasurer, Ha B. Roberts.

1901

President, Mary B. Lewis.
Vice-President, Amy Ferris.
Secretary, Elizabeth Kimball.
Treasurer, Antoinette Putnam Cramer.

1908

President, Jessie Ames.
Vice-President, Carlotta Parker.
Secretary, Grace Fuller.
Treasurer, Edith N. Hill.

All *alumnæ* who wish to secure tickets for SENIOR DRAMATICS should send their names to the Business Manager, Elizabeth B. Ballard, 30 Green Street, stating whether they prefer Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for *alumnæ* for Saturday night. Each *alumna* is allowed only one seat on her own name.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, 20 Belmont Avenue.

All *alumnæ* visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since last issue is as follows :

'05.	Fannie Smith,	.	.	.	Sept. 28-Oct.	2
'06.	Elizabeth Margaret Dixon,	.	.	.	" 29- "	3
'08.	Steele E. Packard,	.	.	.	" 30- "	2
'96.	Eva Eastman,	.	.	.	" "	1-3
'08.	Marian McClench,	.	.	.	" "	3-4
'05.	Katherine Forest,	.	.	.	" "	3-8
ex'08.	Violet Fraser,	.	.	.	" "	4
'94.	Mary Scott,	.	.	.	" "	5
'97.	Emma Porter,	.	.	.	" "	5

'06.	Mertice Thrasher,	.	.	.	Oct.	5-7
'05.	Helen Clarissa Gross,	.	.	.	"	5-8
'04.	Jane Mitchell,	.	.	.	"	6
'97.	Grace Tenney,	.	.	.	"	6
'04.	Nellie Thompson,	.	.	.	"	6
'94.	Elsie May Willard,	.	.	.	"	6-8
'06.	Alice Lyon Hildebrand,	.	.	.	"	6-9
'01.	Amy Shirts,	.	.	.	"	8
'99.	Alice Kimball,	.	.	.	"	9
'06.	Louise Ellis,	.	.	.	"	10-12
'06.	Edith Ellis,	.	.	.	"	10-13
'97.	Florence Theobald,	.	.	.	"	10-15
'06.	Helen Moore,	.	.	.	"	11
'04.	Olive Beaupre,	.	.	.	"	12
'01.	Clara Schaufler,	.	.	.	Oct. 12-Nov.	10
'06.	Janet Mason,	.	.	.	Oct.	13
'01.	Mary Hunter,	.	.	.	"	15-22
'01.	Alice Kimball,	.	.	.	"	15-22
'84.	Carrie Richardson,	.	.	.	"	16
'05.	Marion Rice,	.	.	.	"	16
'05.	Edith Smith,	.	.	.	"	16
'04.	Elizabeth Dana,	.	.	.	"	17
'96.	Marietta Jackson,	.	.	.	"	18
'03.	Bessie Brockway,	.	.	.	"	19
'04.	Ruth Mills,	.	.	.	"	20-21
'02.	Leona Crandall,	.	.	.	"	20-22
'05.	Martha J. Smith,	.	.	.	"	20-22
'05.	Marion Gary,	.	.	.	"	20-23
'05.	Alice Kirby,	.	.	.	"	24-25
'04.	Bertha Robe,	.	.	.	"	26
'06.	Jessie Valentine Thayer,	.	.	.	"	26
'06.	Myra Mitchell,	.	.	.	"	26-27
'88.	Lenoa B. Pierce,	.	.	.	"	27
'04.	Ethel Hazen,	.	.	.	"	28

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont avenue.

- '82. Mrs. Stephen C. Clark (Grace Green) visited Smith this fall, with her daughter, Julia Clark, 1910.
- '89. Mrs. Charles Bliss (Amy Powell) is living in Los Angeles, 1520 Orange Street.
- '92. Mary Burgham is the new President of the College Women's Club of Los Angeles. Jennie Perry '90 is the Vice-President.
- '95. Susan Benedict received the degree of M. A. at Columbia in 1906.

Mary W. Clark was married to Charles William Jackson of New York, September 20.

- '95. Isabella Eggleston was married to Mr. Walter Allen Fitch of Cos Cob, Connecticut, January 24.
- ex-'95. Virginia Holbrook was married to Dr. Ernest Dick of Bâle, Switzerland, August 7.
- '96. Maude Curtis spent the summer abroad.
Amelia Smith was married to Mr. Charles A. Ruggles in June.
- '97. Harriet Morris is teaching Latin, English and History at the Girls' Collegiate School, Los Angeles. Her address is 1019 West 25th Street.
- ex-'97. Caroline M. Rice took her A. B. at University of Chicago last June, and is teaching Rhetoric in the High School, Peoria, Illinois.
- '98. Rejoyce Ballance Collins has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Maclay Booth of Los Angeles, California.
Helen S. Harris was married to Mr. Chester Frederick Williams April 18. Present address is Church Street, Guilford, Massachusetts.
Mrs. Joseph A. Hill (Lucia Wheeler) has been very ill for many months with inflammatory rheumatism. She spent the past summer in Weston, Massachusetts.
Mrs. W. D. Stiger's (Cornelia S. Harter's) address is 143 Henry Street, Brooklyn, New York, instead of the address given in the recent catalogue.
- '01. Mary U. Aull was married to Mr. Elisha Morgan on June 2.
Mary F. Barrett is teaching in the Botany Department at Wellesley. Her address is 83 Stone Hall.
Julia Bolster was married to Mr. Frank H. Ferris, Jr., April, 1906.
Ellen H. Duggan was married to Mr. Theobald M. Connor of Northampton, August 25.
Elvenia Jackson has announced her engagement to Mr. Leonard Slosson, an attorney in Los Angeles.
Mary Belle Lewis was abroad six months this year.
Elizabeth McGrew was married to Mr. Everett Kimball, Associate Professor in History in Smith College, June 18.
Katherine B. Rising was married to Mr. Sherman L. Coy in June.
Helen Zabriskie Howes was married to Mr. Charles Gleason of Medford, Massachusetts, October 4.
- '02. Annie Cass is spending the winter in Vienna. Address, Care Thomas Cook & Sons. Her engagement to Mr. Harvey Crouse of Kansas City, Missouri, has been announced.
Eloise Mabury is living in Los Angeles, California. Address, 1919 West 28th Street.
Florence E. Smith is living in Hollywood, California, Loma Linda Avenue, and teaches English and French at Huntington Hall School for Girls.
- '03. Roma Carpenter was married to Dr. Ned D. Goodlure of Dayton, Ohio, June 20.

- '03. Elizabeth Irwin and Elizabeth Westwood are doing newspaper and magazine work in New York. They live in 21 McDougal Alley.
Josephine Scoville has announced her engagement to Mr. Louis L. Treadwell of Albany, New York, Yale '99.
Edith Suffren has announced her engagement to Mr. Thomas Dorsey Pitts of Baltimore, Maryland.
- ex-'03. Jessamine Rockwell, art student at Smith, is living at 4 Cabrillo Place, Pasadena, California.
- '04. Alice M. Barnes is teaching ancient and modern languages in the Springfield High School, Vermont.
Helen S. Childs has announced her engagement to Frank L. Boyden of Foxboro, Massachusetts, Amherst '02.
Mary Lois James is acting as assistant in Zoölogy at Smith this year.
- '05. Helen B. Abbot has announced her engagement to Roger D. Lapham of New York, Harvard '05.
Julia Bourland was married in October to Mr. Arthur Clarke of Peoria, Illinois.
- '06. Hazel Carey will act as assistant in the High School in Forestville, New York.
Margaret Cook is teaching at Ivy Hall, Bridgeton, New Jersey. Miss Mullally, Smith '01, is teaching there also.
Charlotte Peabody Dodge is teaching Geometry and Physical Geography at Oalin College, Honolulu, Hawaii. Address, 1808 Punahou Street.
Alice H. Foster will remain at home during the winter, and will go abroad in the spring.
Margretta Hurley will spend the winter at home.
Christine Nelson will teach Latin, Greek and German in Brantwood Hall, Bronxville, New York.
Emilie V. Piolet will spend the winter at home, Wysox, Pennsylvania.
Helen Pomeroy will work at the New York School of Applied Designs for Women. Address, 24 Reynolds Terrace, Orange, New Jersey.
Louise Marshall Ryals will spend the winter in Mexico City, Mexico, 2^a Industria, Number 15.
Jeanne Sloan sailed from New York, September 15, for San Juan, and will teach in Porto Rico.
Mary Alice Wheeler will act as secretary in the Institute for Colored Youth, Cheyney, Pennsylvania.

BIRTHS

- '95. Mrs. Alvin Bancroft (Emily Washburn), a son, Richard, born October 22, 1905.
Mrs. Lawrence R. Brooks (Ethel Fifield), a daughter, Shirley, born July 7.
Mrs. E. L. Findley (Maud Kinsley), a son, Winthrop Leigh, born May 18.

- Mrs. N. W. Green (Anna Harrington), a son, John Harrington, born April 30.
- Mrs. W. F. Kein (Augusta Madison), a daughter, Mary Evelyn, born August 19.
- Mrs. William Thompson (Allou W. Royer), a son, William, born September 30.
- Mrs. A. H. Thorndike (Annette Lowell), a daughter, Eleanor, born January 9.
- Mrs. Allan H. Willett (Mabel Hurd), a son, Merrill Hosmer, born November 27.
- Mrs. E. Y. Woolley (Mary E. Davis), a daughter, Mary Emily, born May 8.
- '97. Mrs. Frank Irwin (Mary Barrows), a daughter, Eleanor, born in Oberlin, Ohio, August 22.
- Mrs. Guthrie McConnell (Genevieve Knapp), a daughter, Frances.
- Mrs. Joseph Loring Valentine (Albertine Flershem), a son, John Wadsworth, born August 6.
- '98. Mrs. Joseph A. Elder (Mary Potter), a son, Freeman, born August 5.
- Mrs. Burton Mossman (Grace Coburn), a son, Burton Charles, Jr., born in Kansas City, September 7.
- Mrs. W. D. Stiger (Cornelia Harter), a daughter, Sophia Cogswill, born August 2.
- '99. Mrs. Thomas F. Galt (Clarace Eaton), a daughter, Frances Franklin, born October 15.
- '03. Mrs. Frank P. Scofield (Alice Webber), a daughter, Mary, born October 18.
- '04. Mrs. Lawrence Burck (Phila Johnson), a son, Gail Johnson, born in Los Angeles, California.
- Mrs. P. Donald Folwell (Mary B. Chambers), a son, Nathan, born July 7.
- '05. Mrs. Charles Alfred Barnett (Lucy Kurtz), a daughter, Nancy Catherine, born September 27.
- Mrs. Alger W. Powell (Elsie L. Mason), a son, Charles Mason, born October 16.

DEATHS

- '90. Helen R. Scripture died at her home, 180 St. James Place, Brooklyn, New York, on August 30, of tuberculosis.
- '00. Lorraine Trivett Mabie died at Summit, New Jersey, September 28.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE PLAINT OF THE PSYCHOLOGY STUDENT

I thought I was a single self
With interests to please,
Instead I find I really am
A "Hierarchy of Me's".

There is myself, I, me, and mine—
The English pronoun through,
An ego, pure, empirical,
And just as many of you.

The social me, material me,
Past, present and to come,
The thinker, thought on, spirit, soul,
Nor is this yet the sum.

In all mutations of the self
I trace the changing I's—
Through time and space and interests,
In laughter or in sighs.

It makes me dizzy just to think
The multiplicity of I ;
I never can distinguish
The real me from the my.

I'm not the I of yesterday,
Nor is myself the me—
And who I am that's writing this
I really cannot see !

HELEN MARGERY DEAN '07.

There are two classes of girls,—those who write poetry and those who do not. In the former class I number a great many of my friends, of the latter I myself am a member. The other day Pseudo-Poets, Feminine Gender in Modern Painters I read the following : " With poetry second-rate in quality no one ought to be allowed to trouble mankind. There is quite enough of

the best—much more than we can ever read or enjoy in the length of a life, and it is a literal wrong or sin in any person to encumber the world with inferior work. I have no patience with apologies made of young pseudo-poets, that they believe there is some good in what they have written, that they hope to do better in time, etc. *Some good?* If there is not all good, there is no good. If they can ever hope to do better, why do they trouble us now? Let them, rather, courageously burn all they have done and wait for better days. There are few men ordinarily educated who, in moments of strong feeling, could not strike out a poetical thought and afterward polish it so as to be presentable. But men of sense know better than to so waste their time, and those who sincerely love poetry know the touch of the master's hand on the chords too well to fumble among them after him."

I wonder what this brilliant but, I fear, self-opinionated man, would say if he could for one week, one day, one hour, be in my place and listen to the out-pouring of girlish souls in rhyme, which it is my privilege to hear,—from the first rude draught to the finished product, destined to delight the English 18 teacher. I wonder how he would treat these same pseudo-poets if he were to judge in place of the kindly teacher, that teacher against whom they so often rebel when she has "unjustly" pronounced a favorite bit of poetic fancy unfit for publication in the college MONTHLY. I am afraid the poor dears' hope of a future of gilt-edged blue-bound volumes, "Poems by ——", would be shattered.

Though I by no means agree with Mr. Ruskin in this matter that unless one can be a nightingale one has no right to be a crow, I sometimes wish that either I had not been born with a love for poetry, or else I had had with it a lack of sensitiveness to hurting people. For when such efforts as this,

"The air is sweet, the moon is out,
I walk where the path is light,
I follow the road where it leads no doubt,
I follow out into the night.

"The red sun mounts, the sky grows pale,
I walk where the shadows lie,
I follow the road as it goes, nor fail,
The end will come by and by "

are read with such a complacent, such a "you'd-scarce-expect-one-of-my-age" air, what can I do when directly questioned but say, "Yes, my dear, by all means hand it in." The English professor, I know, with a good deal of tact can do what I refrain from doing at the risk of my immortal soul. Poor little girls, they sing and know not they are all off the key! Who so brutal as to tell them! The heads of all girl babies should be examined, and if any signs of a poetic germ should be discovered, those afflicted should be sent to a hospital for the fostering of those poetically inclined, and should be kept there until they either give unmistakable proof of the master-touch, or acquire the sense to stop trying.

Of boy poets I have said nothing, because I know nothing. Perhaps the disease is not so prevalent among them, perhaps masculine sufferers are more

frank. At any rate, as far as I have been able to see, boys are very chary of exposing their souls, especially in rhyme. But as for girls!—

Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes,
Her 'prentice hand she tried on men,
And then she made the lasses.

Well, may be she does, but I wish she had spent more time on the poetic instinct.

SADIE E. SCHNIEBLER '09.

"I suppose we must get your hat to-day!" Mother says one morning at breakfast, wearily and with a deep sigh. "There are not many more days before college opens again and we cannot delay it longer."

The New Hat "I am perfectly able to get it alone!" you protest as you have so many times before. "And for once I'm going to have exactly what I want!"

"You shall, my dear, you shall," comes the usual reply, "but I prefer to go with you. When you graduate from college you may do all yourself. Until then—"

Yes! those are the very words that always follow. Will Mother never realize that you have grown up? It used to be "You may do your own shopping when you get through school"; now it is "You may do your own shopping when you get through college". What will it be next? By sad experience you know that it does no good to argue more, but the determination grows stronger within you that at least you will have the hat you want. To add insult to injury, Father looks up from the morning paper at Mother.

"Don't let her get one like the last, Laura, it was rather too—too bold for a daughter of mine. It had an appearance of flying off at the back!"

You smile inwardly, if such a thing be possible, for you remember how the first time you wore the hat in question Father had labored under the delusion that you had it on wrong side around; outwardly, however, you display no sign of mirth and your tone is one of scorn as you answer for Mother:

"Father, you don't know anything whatever about such things!"

All the way into town on the street car you have visions of the new hat—visions bright and fair—and yet something seems to tell you that in spite of Mother's promises to the contrary, once more you will come away from the milliner's with your hopes shattered. But no—it shall not be so this time! You will fight to the bitter end.

Your particular milliner is as affable and smiling as ever. She is "busy just now", but she'll be through in "half a minute", and you sit down feeling that all is going to be well. The half-minute lengthens, however, into five, ten, fifteen. Your patience begins to desert you. Mother sits by as calm and tranquil as ever. Suddenly she turns to you.

"How do you like the hat that that girl in the corner is trying on?"

You look in the direction indicated.

"Oh! Mother, you wouldn't want me to have a hat as plain as that! It's awful!"

"I think it would be a very sensible hat for college wear!" is the reply. "Hats have hard use up there and I shall not consent to your paying a large price and getting something which will last no time."

Silence on your part. Even Mother, who has visited college many times, and has received letters to the contrary twice a week for three years, still clings to the old-fashioned idea that college is a place only for study, and that personal adornment values nothing.

Twenty, twenty-five, thirty minutes have gone, and with them *all* your small stock of patience. The lady who was to relieve your milliner in "half a minute" has decided to look at hats for her three children, in order to have "some idea" before bringing them in on Saturday morning. This time you break the silence.

"Doesn't that girl in blue look sweet in that red hat? Now if I could get something like that, Mother, with—"

"Louisa! That girl does look well, but only a pretty girl could stand a hat like that!"

"Stung!" you sigh.

"Louisa!" for the second time, "I wish you wouldn't use so much slang! Is that what you learn at college?" Even Mother begins to show the effects of the thirty minutes.

Thirty-five, forty have passed. You have less than no patience now—much less. In fact, the absence of your patience seems to be rather positive than negative in quality. You get up and walk about, but you venture no more opinions. Your sensibilities were too deeply hurt by Mother's last remark, and a burnt child fears the fire. Moreover, you could see that Mother's absence of patience was assuming a positive quality, too.

Finally Miss Brown's customer bids her a fond farewell, promising to bring the children all in on Saturday morning, and Miss Brown comes forward, still affable, still smiling, and "so sorry to have kept you waiting". Mother assures her that it is "all right", but you groan with exasperation, knowing that it is not all right with your temper, at least,—and you wonder why under the sun Mother is so forgiving.

Questions as to what you would like follow. You brighten up at once, and discuss in the most glowing colors the creation you have in mind.

Miss Brown studies you a moment with as much care as if she had not studied you every spring and fall from the time you wore your hair in a pig-tail down your back. Miss Brown prides herself on being very artistic, and she assures you that the color scheme you speak of would not blend at all well, and suggests that you let her try a few of her own models. You smile your assent rather weakly, and your heart sinks. You begin to see your own visions fading into the background, as they always have done. Yet what can you do? What is there to be said under the circumstances? And so you consent. You submit to the pins and the scrutiny and the comments; you twist and turn before the mirror for fully half an hour.

One hat goes up and out too much in the back, and gives the effect of battling with the wind. This was what Father particularly objected to. It is therefore out of the question, and though Miss Brown assures you that it is decidedly "the thing", you pass it by. Another acts in front in a manner

which magnifies and attracts attention to your already conspicuous nose. Still a third seems to bring out every freckle on your face. The fourth makes you look too old, the fifth too young. Despair has assumed a dual nature—despair of a hat, despair of your face. You had always realized that you were plain, you realize now that the word “ugly” is appropriate.

Your desires and dreams do not matter now; anything would be acceptable, could you only get something, and then be permitted to run away home. You will take the shape to suit Father, the color that Mother wanted, and the bow and feather which please Miss Brown.

The struggle is over, the end accomplished! Mother is contented, Miss Brown happy. At last you have gotten *your* new hat, and you leave the store with a smile, almost of joy, on your wan face.

MARIAN EDMANDS '07.

WITH APOLOGIES TO LEWIS CARROLL

The Juniors come to English 12,
Running with all their might;
They know the utmost will be done
To make them all seem bright,
And this is odd, because each one
Is not a shining light.

The seats are full as full can be,
The girls just stare and stare,
Watching each student as she speaks
And lays her secrets bare,
And words are flying overhead,
And no one knows just where.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand,
They wept like anything because
They didn't understand.
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it would be grand.”

“If seven maids with seven tongues
Talked for a half a year
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“This is the place,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things,
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings.”

A soulful student then spoke out,
 Telling all she had read,
 And when they hoped that she would stop
 She merely shook her head,
 Meaning to say she did not choose
 To leave a word unsaid.

Then four more students flurried up,
 All eager for the fray,
 Their words were rushed, their faces flushed,
 They always talk that way,
 And this is odd, because you know
 They haven't much to say.

Four other students followed them,
 And yet another four,
 And thick and fast they came at last,
 And more, and more, and more,
 And when at length the hour was up
 They scrambled for the door.

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
 "To play them such a trick,
 After she's drawn them out so far
 And let them talk so quick."
 The Carpenter said nothing but
 "They spread it on too thick."

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

On Sunday, October 7, Rev. Elizabeth Padgham addressed College Vespers. In the words of President Seelye's introduction, "Although Smith College has welcomed back many alumnæ, workers in noble fields, never before has she been honored by one who is ordained the minister of a Christian church." Miss Padgham spoke clearly, directly, holding the attention of her audience throughout. Her personality expressed strength, dignity, sincerity. Her theme was "Practical Religion", and she brought its meaning home to us by showing that the vesper service is not merely an opportunity for enjoying soul rest and inspiration, but that its spirit should realize itself further in noble living. Rev. Elizabeth Padgham was graduated from Smith in 1898; she prepared for the ministry at the Meadville Theological School from 1899 to 1901. From Meadville, she was called to Perry, Iowa, and she is now pastor of the Church of Our Father (Unitarian) in Rutherford, New Jersey.

Sunday, October 21, Miss Vida Dutton Scudder, Associate Professor of English Literature at Wellesley, spoke at Vespers. Miss Scudder is a Smith alumna of the class of 1884, and has also studied at Oxford and at the University of Paris. She was one of the founders of our college settlements in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and she has maintained an active

interest in them. These college settlements were the subject of Miss Scudder's address. She spoke with the intention of interesting the college more vitally in the settlements; of making it realize that the settlements belong to it and that it should feel a "parental obligation" toward them.

On Tuesday evening, October 30, the members of the college and a large number of townspeople enjoyed an unusually fine concert given by the Kneisel Quartet. The quartet, in A major (R. Glière), unfamiliar to most of us, was especially fine, and will hereafter be one of the favorites of the appreciative hearers. "Preludium", in ancient church style, by Gazounoff, was played as an encore to the Raff scherzo. The program was as follows:—

Quartet in A major, Op. 2 (new),.....R. Glière
 Allegro, Allegro. Tema con Variazioni, Finale (allegro)
 Lento from Quartet in C minor,.....Rubinstein
 "Air" for Violin Solo and Strings,.....Bach
 Scherzo from Quartet in D minor,.....Raff
 Quartet in A major, Op. 41, No. 3,.....Schumann
 Andante espressivo—Allegro molto moderato, Assai agitato
 Adagio molto, Finale (Allegro molto vivace)

New Books

AMERICAN ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION PUBLICATIONS

Howe, Iron, Steel and Other Alloys.
 Pfeffer, Osmotische Untersuchungen.
 Breasted, Ancient Records of Egypt.
 Macdonald, Jacksonian Democracy.
 Fernaux, Histoire de la terreur, 1792-94, 8 v.
 Poole, Illustrations of the History of Medieval Thought.
 Story, Commentaries on the Constitution.
 Doniol, La révolution française et la féodalité.
 Pierre, La deportation ecclésiastique sous le directoire.
 Robinet, Le mouvement religieux à Paris pendant la révolution, 1789-1801, 2 v.
 Mann, The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.
 Lay, W. A., Experimentelle Didaktik.
 Schteiermacher, On Religion.
 Philpot, Mrs. J. H., The Sacred Tree.
 Lewis, Early Roman History, 2 v.
 Ryle, ed., Psalms of the Pharisees.
 Gore, Epistles to the Romans, 2 v.
 British Museum, List of Biographical Works in Reading Room of British Museum.
 Walker, Three Centuries of Scottish Literature.
 Shakespeare Soc. Publications, 48 v.
 Shakespeare Soc. Papers, 4 v.
 Jacobs, Celtic Fairy Tales.
 Bose, Plant Response.
 Dickinson, Meaning of Good.

Pollock & Maitland, History of English Law.
 Modern Language Assoc. Publications, 1902-05.
 Bower, F. O., Studies in the Morphology of Spore-Producing Members.
 Matthaei, G. L. C., On the Effect of Temperature on Carbon-Dioxide
 Assimilation.
 Westermarch, Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas.
 Mueller, Contributions to the Science of Mythology.
 Greenwood, Empire and Papacy in the Middle Ages.
 Hopkins, Experimental Electro-Chemistry.
 Stevens, Hildebrand and His Times.
 London, Edinburgh and Dublin Philosophical Magazine.
 Broderick, History of England.
 France, Commission des archives diplomatiques.
 Flammermont, Remontrances du parlement de Paris.
 Walch, La declaration des droits.
 Brette, Recueil de documents relatifs a la convocation des états généraux
 de 1789, 3 v.
 Brette, Le serment du few de Paume.

The senior class wishes to announce the following elections :

Stage Manager, Rebecca McDougall
 Toastmistress, Laura C. Geddes
 Historian, Marian Edmands

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

ALPHA

President, Ethel Baine
 Vice-President, Clara Meier
 Secretary, Elizabeth Gates
 Treasurer, Malleville Emerson
 Editor, Helen Maxcy.

PHI KAPPA PSI

President, Isabel Lindsay
 Vice-President, May Kissock
 Secretary, Mary Smith
 Treasurer, Sophia Oppen
 Editor, Laura Geddes

PHILOSOPHICAL

President, Helen M. Dean
 Vice-President, Agatha E. Gruber
 Secretary, Elizabeth Ballard
 Treasurer, Katherine Roura
 Executive, Katherine Frankenstein

IN MEMORIAM

Mademoiselle Delphine Duval, for nineteen years instructor in the French Department of Smith College, died in Northampton, Massachusetts, October 22, 1906.

CALENDAR

- November 7. Lecture under the Auspices of the Department of German, by Prof. Eugen Kuehnemann of the University of Breslau. Subject: Ibsen.
- “ 10. Wallace House Dance.
- “ 14. Open Meeting of La Société Française. Conférence de Monsieur Anatole Le Braz.
- “ 16. Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society. Lecture by Prof. Caldwell of McGill University. Subject: Schopenhauer: His Message.
- “ 21. Piano Recital by Lhevinne.
- “ 24. Hatfield-Dewey House Play.
- “ 28-30. Thanksgiving Recess.
- December 8. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 12. MacDowell Benefit Concert.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

MARION SAVAGE,	
MARION CODDING CARR,	VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN,
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DECEMBER, 1906.

No. 3

SHAKESPEARE'S SUBSTITUTES FOR SCENERY

The structure of Shakespeare's stage is one of the problems connected with the great poet. Of the various conflicting theories, that held by the Elizabethan Stage Society seems to have the greatest support of scholars. According to this theory the Shakespearean play-house was marked for its simplicity. The stage, protruding well into the pit, was visible from three sides to the spectators; the usual furnishings of a cave stage—front curtain, wings and flies—were therefore not needed. There was a curtain, however, about midway on the stage; it hung between two columns and could be drawn aside or closed. This simple arrangement made possible continuous action. Shakespeare's stage was poor in scenic machinery as compared with ours. "Of movable scenery," says Dowden, "there was none."¹ Their cities were "wholly undeceptive,"² as Mable puts it; their rocks, trees, gardens, hardly less so, if we accept the testimony of Sir Philip Sidney: "Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear of a shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock."³

¹ Dowden, "Shakespeare Primer", p. 9.

² Mable, "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man", p. 111.

³ Sidney, "Apology for Poetry", p. 63.

Shifting placards told the audience whether the scene were a forest, or a ship, or Bohemia, or London, or Venice. Useful, indeed, under the circumstances, was the balcony which overlooked the stage at the rear; "in a certain measure," says Brandes, "it supplies the place of the scenic apparatus of later times."¹ It was used for an upper chamber, for battlements, for the play within the play,—in fine, for whatever elevated position was needed in the course of the action.

It is evident that such a stage made a greater demand on the powers of the dramatist than one well-equipped with scenic contrivances. Lacking support from external sources, he had to create the atmosphere of his play as well as the play itself. That the difficulty was far from insuperable, "the mightiest of poetic dramas"² attests abundantly. What Shakespeare thought of scenic devices we may gather from the remark which he puts in the mouth of Theseus: "The best of the kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination mend them."³ Instead of attempting illusive decorations he relied on the ability of his audience to piece out the imperfections with their thoughts.⁴ He wrote for his auditors rather than for his spectators. He compensated richly to the inner eye for the defect of sensuous impression. "It is to the poverty of the old stage," writes Hudson, "that we owe in part the immense riches of the Shakespearean drama."⁵ An inquiry into Shakespeare's substitutes for scenery must needs reveal an interesting phase of his dramaturgy.

The Elizabethan age had in a high degree the love of spectacle and incident inherent in the Teuton; pageants and displays of all kinds delighted them. Shakespeare well knew this taste, but studying his medium with artistic care he saw that such actions transcended its limits. Depending for their effect upon a preëminently decorative background they could not be adequately represented on a non-scenic stage. What Professor Delius says of the royal interview in Picardy, in *Henry VIII.*, that it could not have been "even approximately reproduced on Shakespeare's stage",⁶ is equally true of Bolingbroke's entry

¹ Brandes, "William Shakespeare, a Critical Study", p. 124.

² Corbin's article, *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1906, p. 380.

³ *Midsummer Night's Dream* V., sc. 1, l. 208.

⁴ *King Henry V.*, prologue to Act I.

⁵ Hudson, "Shakespeare: Life, Art, and Character", p. 160.

⁶ Delius, Article in *New Shaks. Society Series*, 1875-76, parts 1 and 2, p. 207; *Henry VIII.*, I sc. 1.

into London,' and of the pageant of Cleopatra's voyage along the river Cydnus.' In all these cases Shakespeare did the only thing he could do in the absence of scenery, he placed the event behind the scenes and had it reported. To one who recalls the conventional messenger scenes of the old plays, the report of an event sounds colorless enough. But there is nothing conventional about Shakespeare's reported scenes. The narrator is interesting on his own account. Frequently he is a vital character in the drama. For example, it is York who reports Bolingbroke's triumph in *Richard II.*¹ Then, too, the reports are not in the least suggestive of recitation; they are brought into the conversation naturally. Moreover, they are colored variously by the personality of the narrator. Thus in *The Winter's Tale* we find the ambassadors to the Delphic oracle describing what they have seen in glowing, dignified dialogue;² and in Act III, scene 3 of the same play we find the naïve but no less graphic account of the shipwreck and of the death of Antigonus, by the Clown.³ These are instances of retrospective narrative; but when in *Othello* the storm at sea is described,⁴ we have another variety of reporting an event that takes place behind the scenes. The actors are supposedly the only beholders of the scene, and they describe it as it is actually present before their eyes. We have a similar report in *Julius Caesar* where Pindarus relates to Cassius an action that covers too wide a field to be enacted.⁵ Again, by anticipation, Shakespeare gives us a picture of what cannot be later represented for lack of scenery. Thus we have the threat of Henry V. :

"If we be hindered
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour."⁶

Again in *Troilus and Cressida* we have a vivid picture given by prophecy,

"Yonder walls . . . yond towers . . .
Must kiss their own feet."

¹ King Richard II, V sc. 2, l. 7.

² Antony and Cleopatra, II sc. 2, l. 192.

³ Richard II, V sc. 2, l. 7.

⁴ Winter's Tale III, sc. 1, l. 1.

⁵ Id. III, sc. 3, l. 82.

⁶ Othello, II sc. 1, l. 2.

⁷ Julius Caesar, V sc. 3, l. 23.

⁸ King Henry V, III sc. 6, l. 151.

By all these varied reports, Shakespeare makes up for the absence of the sight of the event itself. But all of his elaborate actions did not take place behind the scenes. Though he did not attempt the impossible, yet he did not shun the difficult. He used to its utmost extent the license of making his stage represent what he would. Whenever the locality of a scene had no artistic significance he left it unlocalized; innumerable examples of such scenes can be found in Shakespeare's plays, if we but recall that the stage directions are, for the most part, the work of editors.¹

It seems to me that Shakespeare's solicitude in the matter of costumes is due, in part, to his desire to make up for the deficiency of his stage. Deprived as he was of effective furniture for localizing a scene, he could well insist on the use of the conventional costumes of his day as at least suggesting the locality. Even the "four swords and bucklers"² ridiculed by Sidney were of some use to indicate a battlefield. So also merchants' or tradesmen's costumes suggested the market-place.

More suggestive and more truly compensating for the absence of scenery is Shakespeare's use of action. When he leads his audience "to the stately tents of war", he does not follow the model set by Marlowe of placing the actual conflict behind the scenes and having it reported.³ He puts the battle itself on the boards. By shifting the scene rapidly from one part of the field to another, he gives us snatches of action, single encounters, pursuits and escapes, "alarums" and "excursions". Speed and activity give an effect of great vigor. We may pronounce this method artistically inferior to that of Marlowe, but we cannot criticize it on the ground that it lacks atmosphere. The action, with its dramatic rapidity and vigor, presents the scene so clearly that a scenic reproduction of the battle-field would be redundant. Narration is also used in the preparation for the battle and in reports of the movements of the main army, but these appear as adjuncts only; it is chiefly by the action that the scene is set. "In what is perhaps the most splendidly picturesque effort of Shakespeare's genius, *The Tempest*," he again sets the scene by vigorous action. Surely no "sea of arm-tossed canvas" could place the storm so vividly before us as does the agitation and terror reigning aboard the imperiled

¹ Othello, III sc. 2, 4; IV sc. 1; Merchant of Venice, I sc. 1, 2, 3.

² Sir Philip Sidney, "Apology for Poetry", p. 64.

³ Marlowe's "Tamburlaine", Prologue.

ship. The passing to and fro of sailors and courtiers; the impediment to efficient action by the latter; the swift movements of the mariners, are all remarkably vivid substitutes for scenery. Here, as in the battle scenes, description appears as an adjunct, but it is the action that predominates. The absence of a front curtain laid upon Shakespeare a minor obligation,—that of providing, in the action, for the removal of a body from the stage, should a death occur before the closing scene of the play. In part I of *Henry IV*. Falstaff carries away the body of Hotspur,¹ and again, Hamlet is made to conceal the body of Polonius.²

But the greatest part of Shakespeare's scene painting is done in words. His actors usually "tell where they are".³ It was usual for the older dramatists literally to "begin by telling where they were", as prologues were a common way of setting a scene. Shakespeare uses the prologue but seldom. In *Troilus and Cressida* an initial prologue relates the voyage of the Greek fleet to Troy and sets the scene before Priam's "six-gated city".⁴ In *The Winter's Tale* the setting of Act IV in Bohemia is told by "Time, the Chorus", which is really a prologue. *Henry V*. has a prologue before every act, performing the double function of reporting scenes unrepresented and of localizing the scenes that follow. The whole action is of a spectacular kind, and the prologues, far from being a detraction, are an addition to the dramatic effect. Ward says of them: "Never have force and charm of descriptive commentary been employed with more consummate effect".⁵

With the exception of these few instances, Shakespeare's pictorial lines are incorporated within the scene. Does it seem to us a rather bald statement of locality when we read in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "This is Lucentio's house",⁶ or in *The Merchant of Venice*: "This is the pent-house".⁷ We need but recall the really bald localization of the old plays in which the Elizabethan audiences had received their dramatic training, to see excellences where before we spied faults. For the remarks

1 *Henry IV*, V, sc. 4, l. 1-27.

2 *Hamlet*, III, sc. 4, l. 174, 214.

3 Sidney, "Apology for Poetry", p. 63.

4 *Troilus and Cressida*, Prologue, l. 15.

5 Ward, "History of English Dramatic Literature", II, p. 291.

6 *Taming of the Shrew*, V, sc. 1, l. 7.

7 *Merchant of Venice*, II, sc. 6, l. 1.

by which Shakespeare sets his scenes are perfectly natural; they are the usual notices that we give every day when we halt in our walk before our destination, the natural comments on surroundings that are ever on men's tongues. Such is that in *Richard II*:

"These high, wild hills and rough, uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome".¹

In *Cymbeline* we find Imogen commenting on her strange surroundings:

"But what is this?
Here is a path to it; it is some savage hold."²

Oaths were generously scattered through men's speech during the Elizabethan age; Shakespeare frequently uses them as a means of localization. Thus, in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* the oath:

"By this pale queen of night I swear",³

helps to give Act IV scene 2 its out-of-door setting. Likewise, in *Othello*, the oath:

"Now by yond marble heaven",⁴

gives the first hint of the setting which is more clearly defined in Iago's apostrophe:

"Witness yon ever-burning lights above,
Yon elements that clip us round about".⁵

Sometimes an imprecation or a prayer serves also to set the scene; such is the double function of Timon's imprecation:

". . . . O thou wall,
That girdest in those wolves, dive in the earth
And fence not Athens."

Wonderfully effective is the picture of the tempest given in Pericles' invocation to God and his address to the elements, of which Dowden has said: "No poetry of shipwreck and the sea has ever equalled the great scene of Pericles".⁶

Not satisfied with once defining the locality of a scene, Shakespeare emphasizes it by repetition whenever he feels the need of impressing it upon the mind of his auditors. In *Much Ado*

¹ King Richard II, II sc. 3, l. 4.

² Cymbeline, III sc. 6, l. 17.

³ Two Gentlemen of Verona, IV sc. 2, l. 96.

⁴ Othello, III sc. 3, l. 148.

⁵ Othello, III sc. 3, l. 451.

⁶ Dowden, "Shakespeare Primer", p. 145.

About Nothing he anticipates the scene of Beatrice's eavesdropping by special instruction :

" . . . tell her I and Ursula walk in the orchard
 . . . bid her steal into the pleached bower
 Where honeysuckles ripened by the sun
 Forbid the sun to enter",¹

referring to it once more, a little later, as the "woodbine coverture".² In fact, Shakespeare does not fear redundancy, but he keeps calling our attention back to the setting. In *King John* the scene before the gates of Angiers is impressed by repetition,³ as is also the one at Cyprus, in *Othello*.⁴ But for studied localization let us consider Shakespeare's natural scenes. The wood in *Midsummer Night's Dream* is emphasized by no less than forty references to its locality, some of which are anticipatory while others are allusions to the bushes, the briars, the grass and the flowers of the "haunted grove".⁵

The mention of Shakespeare's substitutes for scenery naturally evokes the thought of his descriptions, those "descriptions in which", as Kenney affirms, "he seems to strip the veil from the face of Nature and to lay bare the soul of her grandeur or her loveliness".⁶ Sometimes in a poetic outburst Shakespeare pours forth a word painting amplified and detailed ; such a one is the description of the cliffs of Dover in *Lear*,⁷ of which Kenney has said that "its wild, lonely beauty startles and enchains our spirits even more perhaps than the scene itself". It is seldom that we get a deliberate description for its own sake ; usually the landscape is suggested by mere touches scattered through the dramatic interest. In *As You Like It* suggestions of nature are strewn broadcast through the play. The same is true of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which Hazlitt makes the bold statement: "In *Midsummer Night's Dream* alone, we should imagine, there is more sweetness and beauty of description than in the whole range of French poetry put together". Shall we say that mere touches cannot make a complete picture? Boas points out the rich variety of the

¹ *Much Ado About Nothing*, III sc. 1, l. 4.

² *Much Ado About Nothing*, III sc. 1, l. 30.

³ *King John*, II sc. 1.

⁴ *Othello*, II sc. 1.

⁵ *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III sc. 2, l. 5.

⁶ T. Kenney, "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare", p. 123.

⁷ *Lear*, IV sc. 6, l. 17. T. Kenney, "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare", p. 129.

island landscape, in *The Tempest*, which is painted in this manner: "It has 'hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves', meadows with 'lush and lusty' grass, jungles of 'toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns'".¹ At times Shakespeare compresses a whole picture into a single epithet. Such a one do we get of Shylock's "sober house"² and of the "tawny ground"³ of France. Again, Shakespeare gives us description by the effect produced; in *Hamlet*, Horatio describes the cliff by referring to its influence on the beholder:

"The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath."⁴

The poet's descriptions are never undramatic or obtrusive. In the words of Coleridge: "He does all that the most pictorial artist could do without ever sinking the dramatist in the landscape painter".⁵ His descriptions are never dragged in at the wrong moment; as an example of their timely presentation we have that of the chamber of Imogen in *Cymbeline*,⁶ of which Boas says; "The details of the room's furniture and ornamentation are, with true dramatic instinct, not recorded at this moment of breathless suspense, but are reserved till Iachimo's lying narrative, on his return to Rome".⁷ Romeo's description of the apothecary's shop⁸ has been criticized as too long to be natural at the time when it is spoken. In refutation of this charge we may quote Stopford Brooke's observation: "It is often when passion is most intense that men not only see outward things most sharply and in minute detail, but also, perhaps to relieve the awful strain within, play with the illusive scenery of life".⁹

It were small praise to say that Shakespeare's descriptions are merely not undramatic; they have a positive value in the dramatic structure of the play. They are everywhere colored to the general tones of the dramatic action, and besides merely

¹ Boas, "Shakespeare and His Predecessors", p. 530.

² Merchant of Venice.

³ Henry V, III sc. 6, l. 152.

⁴ Hamlet, I sc. 4, l. 75.

⁵ Coleridge, "Essays and Marginalia", v. II p. 138.

⁶ Cymbeline, II sc. 4, l. 68.

⁷ Boas, "Shakespeare and His Predecessors", p. 511.

⁸ Romeo and Juliet, V sc. 1, l. 42.

⁹ Brooke, "On Ten Plays of Shakespeare", p. 61.

conforming to it, they have a definite function in extending the atmosphere. Shakespeare understood the value of the background in reflecting and reinforcing the dramatic tone of a play. The tone of mystery which wraps the play of *Hamlet* is admirably initiated by the opening scene, of which all the details, the coldness, the darkness, the gloom of the platform of Elsinore, are of a nature to arouse anxiety and foreboding. No small part of the tone of enchantment in *The Tempest* is procured by the setting of the play. The first scene, according to Boas, "transports us into the mystic domain where natural law is shut out".¹ The island scene is loaded "with suggestions of pure external nature, the accepted haunt of the supernatural",² which are gathered into a climax in the Masque,³ that "symphony of all joys of landscape"⁴ which so fittingly ushers in the joyful termination. Sometimes a description is of a shade contrasting with the general tone. The moonlight scene, at the close of *The Merchant of Venice*,⁵ is "a pleasant relief from the heated air of the judgment hall."⁶ A better illustration is found in the celebrated description of Macbeth's castle. Revolving as it does on thoughts of salubrity and hospitality, it is in striking contrast with the character of its owners and the treacherous violations of hospitality for which we are already prepared.

The use of description to give a touch of imagination to a character is common in literature; one example from *Macbeth*, mentioned by Ruggles:⁷

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day"⁸

is interesting as evidencing the careful attention Shakespeare bestows on even so unimportant a character as "the first murderer".

A special use of description to prepare the audience for some significant future event deserves mention: In *Romeo and Juliet* the picture of Friar Laurence's garden given by himself,⁹ in his dissertation on the virtues of plants, anticipates his giving

¹ Boas, "Shakespeare and His Predecessors", p. 530.

² Moulton, "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist", p. 226.

³ *Tempest*, IV sc. 1.

⁴ Moulton, "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist", p. 226.

⁵ *Merchant of Venice*, V sc. 1, l. 1.

⁶ Stopford Brooks, "On Ten Plays of Shakespeare", p. 148.

⁷ Ruggles, "Shakespeare as an Artist", p. 226.

⁸ *Macbeth*, III sc. 3, l. 5.

⁹ *Romeo and Juliet*, II sc. 3, l. 7.

Juliet the sleeping portion later on. Likewise in *Antony and Cleopatra*, a hint dropped in the description of Egypt :

"You've strange serpents there",¹

is a preparation for the "odd worm" which causes Cleopatra's death.

Shakespeare introduced very freely into his plays storms fraught with a deep dramatic significance. In *Julius Caesar* the proper agitation is maintained by the fury of the elements. In *Lear*, the storm is more than a dramatic background ; according to Moulton, "it marks the emotional climax of the play, it is a signal that the gathering passions are to be allowed to vent themselves without check or bound".² Furthermore, it is one of the forces that carry the plot to its climax, for it is one of the causes that bring on Lear's madness. The storm in *Pericles*, also, is one of the complicating agents in the plot, as it brings about the separation of the chief actors in the play.

The Shakespearean commentators have made frequent mention of the contrast between country and city life which is found in many of the master's plays ; but there is more than the value of contrast in this parallel. Nature is made to act as a tonic on those who come under her sway, even in the sunshiny play of *As You Like It* ; while in *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline* its restoring force is so strong that it becomes a resolving agency in the plot. As Moulton observes, "at the exact center of the play of *Cymbeline*, as the first note of the change from complication to resolution, we have the cave of Belarius amid its Welch mountains".³

Whatever be the phase of nature that Shakespeare represents, whatever be the mood of his play, we find that he "moulds and colours his imagery to the circumstances, passion, or character present and foremost in the mind",⁴ thus giving it a dramatic value that the most skillful mechanical reproduction could never have possessed. From the standpoint of certain modern managers, Shakespeare's works considered as plays for the stage have gained but little from his substitutes for scenery. Fortunately, we are not bound to accept as final verdict the valuation that commercialism puts upon works of art.

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, II sc. 7, l. 24.

² *id* V sc. 2, l. 257.

³ Moulton, "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist", p. 214.

⁴ Moulton, "The Moral System of Shakespeare", p. 85.

⁵ Moulton, "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist", p. 48.

From a purely dramatic point of view Shakespeare's plays are fuller and richer for his presentation of locality. They gained in length, in so far as no time allowance had to be made for clearing and refurnishing the stage. This is made evident by the fact that modern adaptations of Shakespeare have to curtail the plays to make up for the time wasted in scene shifting. This brings us to another point of dispute in the estimation of Shakespeare's method, and that is, the frequency of the change of scene in his plays. Critics, as well as stage managers, have objected to this on the ground that it produced a "certain jerkiness of action".¹ But we have Mr. Poel's assertion that the number of scenes did not in the least affect the dramatic structure of a play on an Elizabethan stage. It is no detraction from the merit of Shakespeare's method to say that it is not adaptable to spectacular display. In the first place such display is superfluous, for it does not require the extraordinary imagination, with which Shakespeare's age is credited, to see the visions that the master-painter sets before the intellectual eye. Secondly, even the most prodigal display is inadequate to do justice to his gorgeous creations. In the third instance, if we accept Coleridge's view, scenic assistance is dangerous. "For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where so much is addressed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish".²

If we add to all these considerations that of the expense involved in scenic elaboration, we shall not be inclined to quarrel with Shakespeare for having made his plays so complete in themselves that they can dispense with luxurious accessories.

Diversity of opinion exists concerning the dramatic value of Shakespeare's method, but no question has yet arisen on the merit of his substitutes for scenery, when his works are regarded purely as literature. Readers and students are unanimously thankful that Shakespeare substituted for transitory and external ornament inherent and lasting visions which they can, by opening a book, make

"Flash upon the inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude."

And while stage managers may think that beauties may be cut out of Shakespeare's plays without disturbing their structure,

¹ Brander Matthews, "The Development of the Drama", p. 200.

² Coleridge's Works vol. IV p. 74, foll.

the reader holds that "he who goes to unclasp those golden ornaments finds them grown iron-fast into the texture of the whole".¹ He is more and more willing to accept De Quincey's eulogy that "there can be no too much or too little" in Shakespeare, but that the farther on we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident".

ANNA MARIE FAGNANT.

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TIME'S GIFT

When the mountain-tops are gilded
 With the gold of the morning sun,
 And Apollo's gleaming horses
 O'er the eastern heavens run,
 And the joy of the new born morning
 Is trilled by the birds from the trees,
 The rose buds dance in the garden
 To the tender lilt of the breeze.
 And Youth, like a happy maiden,
 In the hue of the sun-rise drest,
 Dances with joy of the living,
 And knows that the morning is best.

¹ Freytag's "Technique of the Drama".

When the eastern light has faded,
And the songs of the birds are still,
And the noon-tide hush is brooding
Over the meadow and hill,
When the sun is high in the heaven,
And the valley is bathed in its glow,
Now in life's quiet garden
The great, full roses blow.
Rich are the blossoms in fragrance,
By the sunshine and rain caressed,
And they raise their heads to heaven
And whisper that noon-time is best.

When the sun's last rays have painted
The mountains with crimson and gold,
And the pall of the night is descending,
And the shadows, gray and cold,
The roses droop in the garden,
Faded and withered and old.
Age, like a gray, sad woman,
Looks wistfully into the west,
Which glows with a light celestial,
And whispers, "Night time is best."

DOROTHY DONNELL.

SHALL THE LIBRARIAN BE A CENSOR?

A censor, according to the *Century Dictionary*, is "an officer empowered to examine manuscripts, books, etc., intended for publication or public performance, in order to see that they contain nothing heretical, immoral or subversive to the established order of government." A librarian is a "keeper or custodian of a library—one who has charge of the books and other contents of a library." The two offices certainly cannot be merged—a fact, however, which does not seem to have penetrated the minds of a few worthy people who, with a hastily generalized enthusiasm, wish to have a librarian the "keeper" of morals as well as books. In the first place, a librarian, whether in a small or large library, particularly the latter, does not sit around reading the latest novel or doing fancy work when not engaged in waiting upon people. His duties are many and varied and quite sufficient to keep a person busy six days out of seven.

One of his most difficult tasks is the purchase of books. Nearly all the new publications of the chief European countries and of the United States are recorded in the periodical lists compiled either by publishers, as in the United States, France and Germany, or by some government institution, as in Italy. It is usually the business of a national librarian to make as complete a collection of books as possible, and, as the periodical lists are not complete, much difficulty is met in hunting up the books omitted and in deciding whether they are valuable enough to be bought. Another question which perplexes a librarian is the selection of books, periodicals and scientific publications in less well-known languages. Almost no one reads them, but it is necessary to purchase them for the sake of an occasional specialist. Books which are out of print constitute still another problem, for the librarian, since he must rely upon the energy of dealers to bring to his notice copies of books which his library does not contain, will, as a rule, have more catalogues sent him than he has time or inclination to read. Such books have to be seen before being purchased, and to be identified as genuine.

These difficulties are also encountered by librarians in small libraries, though on a lesser scale. The funds, obviously, are not sufficient to permit a complete collection, and much time and thought must therefore be devoted to the judicious selection of what is bought. The general class of readers, especially in places where there is a large foreign element, has to be considered. Standard works are necessary for those who want them; light fiction must be provided for those who scorn heavy reading, and in addition to this periodicals need to be carefully chosen.

The care of books after they are purchased is no small task. It requires much time to catalogue them—half an hour, perhaps, to a book—and if new books are constantly procured this adds another important item to a librarian's list of tasks. Books must be arranged and rearranged; occasionally they have to be "weeded" out and the useless ones disposed of. Finally, they must be kept in repair, for people are notoriously careless of what is not their own property.

Incidentally, books have to be distributed. Anyone who has ever been in a library during a rush hour knows the amount of time and patience necessary on both sides, if a successful issue of the campaign is to be achieved. There is the ambitious

student, wearily but clamorously demanding information concerning the tariff or the Japanese war. There is the dear old lady who cannot decide whether to be guiltily frivolous and read "The House of Mirth" or to take one of Dickens's novels. After much hesitation and consultation, she decides upon "The House of Mirth"—only to find that it is out. And then, being quite at sea as to what she wants next, she asks endless questions and advice. There is the small boy who wants to "go back and look for the book myself" and who "isn't let" to—with complicated results. And there are numerous people who know precisely what they want, are in a tremendous hurry, but are obliged to stand by and wait, in anything but a Christian frame of mind.

The amount of information required of the librarian is enormous, and one often wonders "how one small head" could be expected to hold it all. He must know accurately whatever anybody may wish to learn; if by chance he does not know, he must find out immediately. People do not like to wait, whether they are purchasing groceries or grey matter. In large libraries, to be sure, there are assistants to do all the detailed work, but the librarian-in-chief must necessarily oversee each department, and he is by no means idle in the process.

Just why people should feel that a librarian ought to decide whether a book contains anything "heretical, immoral or subversive of the established order of government", is certainly an enigma, since there are so many other persons seemingly better fitted for the undertaking. Children and young people are supposed to be guided, naturally and primarily, by their parents, and most parents of reading children are quite capable of deciding what they consider fit for them. If said children refuse to be guided, we may, with little hesitancy, assume that they are infant prodigies and, as such, that their ardor should not be dampened—the advisability of infant prodigies not being the subject under discussion. Nobody wishes to deny that many parents are inadequate, but granting this, there still remain teachers and pastors who ought to be able to act as shining lights along the pathway of knowledge of good and evil.

A much greater problem is confronted in the "grown-ups." Many of them do not read anything beyond the newspaper, the occasional magazine and the last historical novel. They are what Dr. Van Dyke calls "simple readers." He rather hopes

that Heaven may help them, for not much else can. I do not know that even pastoral advice would be effective, but these people are not, after all, subjects for the moralist. They are not bad—in fact are usually quite good. They represent the loaf, and without them there would be no particular use for the leaven.

For people desiring “culture”, and a “refined” taste, there are those guides entitled “Choice of Books” *ad infinitum*. Somebody has called them “Cook’s Tours in Literature”. Such people, “intelligent readers”, we scarcely need worry about. I doubt if they would indulge in D’Annuncio—not more than once, anyhow. They might even turn down Bernard Shaw. As to those who read, speaking generally, “everything”—well, there is somewhat to be said on both sides. A few may perhaps be permanently injured, from an orthodox point of view. But man is not essentially bad, let us hope, and the large majority of “gentle readers” do not, to our knowledge, follow the downward path to immorality, atheism or anarchy. Common sense is a comparatively safe guide and should be cultivated. No, we cannot see that a librarian is responsible for any chance evil influence. He is essentially a keeper of books and not of morals, and he might lack sense himself.

Besides these objections there are a few practical ones to any scheme of censorship. The year contains three hundred and sixty-five days, counting Sundays, and thousands of books are published each year. Estimating generously that one might read, by diligent application, one book a day, the most that any librarian could do would be to read three hundred and sixty-five. Just where his official duties would come in is not quite clear, and just what people would do who wanted to read something that had not yet received the seal of the librarian’s approval or disapproval is not accounted for either. We feel for the insane asylums in such a case. Secondly, there is no final authority. Librarians might disagree. While not wishing to insinuate that many of them are fools, we should hate to perjure ourselves by asserting that they are all geniuses or sages, and, as such, worthy to pronounce judgment on whatever is written. There would have to be a Supreme Court and who would constitute it—our spiritual, or temporal rulers? The Pope? President Roosevelt? King Edward? They would scarcely have time.

Supposing that anybody *did* have time, an intelligent psychological censorship is impossible. Even in a small town a librarian cannot know every man, woman or child who wants a book. He cannot study their heredity and environment. He does not have time for heart to heart talks calculated to reveal the nature of the individual. He cannot be expected to hand out books which will counteract every bad influence and strengthen every good influence that has ever been brought to bear upon a person. Even if such knowledge were possible, librarians could not be infallible and one would be shy about intrusting his soul to the best of them.

Lastly, the spirit of civilized people in general and Americans in particular is opposed to any such theory. In England the censorship came to an end in 1775 when *The Present Crisis* was condemned to be burned. People cannot help recognizing how proportionate to increased toleration are the benefits derived from it. In America there never has been a censorship and it is not at all likely that there ever will be. As far as we know, no library ever has been run on such a basis. In many libraries a request for a book signed by six people is sufficient to insure its purchase provided the funds are in a flourishing condition. Usually, too, the purchase has to be approved by a board of trustees. So the librarian is not primarily the buyer.

Books are distributed according to the demand for them, except that very valuable ones are not given to small children and that expensive portfolios cannot be taken out in bad weather. In every case, the purchase and distribution of books seems to be a question of finance and expediency rather than of morality. If it were not, a librarian would be a modern Atlas with a world of human morals on his shoulders, — quite a precarious position for the world — to say nothing of Atlas.

MARY BILLINGS EDDY.

THE MOON-DANCE

When the sunlight fades and the shadows fall
And the moon peeps over the garden wall,
Then one by one and row on row,
The folk of faerie come and go,
 To dance and sing,
 To sway and swing,
On the dew-decked grass of the faery ring.

When the low wind's music sweet and clear
 Is tuned aright to an elf's small ear,
 When the stars light up and the glow-worms shine,
 The elves start out from bush and vine ;

When babies all have gone to rest,
 And each bird sleeps within his nest,
 From rippling brook, from rustling tree,
 The faeries fly with frolic glee ;

Each one with his peakéd cap and shoon,
 All spangled o'er by the silver moon,
 Each with a flower for his crest,—
 They hasten all so gaily dressed.

No mortal eye can ever see,
 No child of men may ever be,
 Where the wee folks hold their gathering,
 When the moon rides high in the early spring.

But a little child may see in dreams
 The fairies' dance in the white moon's beams,
 When its orb is full and the wind croons low,
 And the folk of faerie come and go,
 To dance and sing,
 To sway and swing,
 On the dew-decked grass of the faery ring.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE.

THE CITY OF LOST JOYS

On the further side of heaven,
 Past the shining sea-swept sands,
 In the rosy, reddening sunset,
 A shimmering city stands—
 Ah ! me,
 A city of marble stands.

Its palaces all are builded
 Of rows that have not held true,
 And its streets are paved with the kindly thoughts
 That no voice gave utterance to—
 Ah ! me,
 That faded like morning dew.

And the spirits that walk within it,
Through the sun-flecked thoroughfares,
Are the kisses that never kissed us,
And the pleading, unprayed prayers—
Ah ! me,
The soft, unspoken prayers.

And the friendships we flung aside
Pace proudly as princes there,
With the joys that we might have rendered
As crowns on their sunny hair—
Ah ! me,
As flower-crowns on their hair.

And the king of the shining city
That rises above the sea,
The goal of our hearts' desire,
Is Love as he seemed to be,—
Ah ! me,
Is Love as he ought to be.

We may not reach its breastwork,
But we watch it across the foam
For a sight of some slender tower,
The gleam of some golden dome,—
Ah ! me,
The shadow of some fair home.

And we pray in our weary watches
That at last we may sail the seas,
To dwell forever and ever
With our earth-lost ecstasies,—
Ah, me !
With our might-have-been memories.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE.

J A E L

“But the mother and child are weary,” urged Ezra. “They have come a long journey from Mataréeh in Egypt, and the road to Nazareth is hard, as thou knowest. There is no rest nearer than Bethany.”

He scanned eagerly the relentless face of the woman before him, but there was no yielding in Jael's haughty glance. Even

as he spoke, she saw again the mailed hand of a Roman soldier snatch her baby from his play ; again heard the coarse laughter of the men, " Another of Herod's usurpers !"—and her own wild cry as the sword gleamed for a moment and then fell. And he, the father of her boy, could stand pleading with her to give food and lodging to this Mary for whose son's sake her own baby lay dead ! The fire leaped to her eyes at the thought.

" Life for life !" she cried. If Mary's son rest one night without roof to shelter him, there be many mothers in Bethlehem whose sons lie out in the cold with him. Shall I lay in my little one's bed him for whose sake many cradles in Bethlehem are empty this night ? The heart of a father is not in thee that thou canst ask such a thing ! Already thy little Benjamin is no more to thee than a dream !" Her breath came hard and a sob shook her young shoulders. As she stood in the low doorway with the fire of anger in her eyes and that peerless carriage of the head typical of the water carriers of the East, she looked no unworthy namesake of the Jael of history.

Ezra turned away slowly, and then for the first time Jael's eyes rested on the little group by the roadside. Mary had sunk upon a stone, and every line in her bent head and drooping shoulders told of utter weariness. But Jael's eyes passed quickly from the mother to the child who lay asleep in her arms, his soft curls pressed close against her bosom, and one little hand half holding the edge of a scarf that fell from around his mother's neck.

In the moment that Jael watched them thus, Mary raised her head and finding the woman's eyes fixed on her and thinking that she had spoken, she gathered the sleeping boy up in her arms and came toward the door. Insensibly Jael's hard look softened as it rested on the child. She tried to draw away her eyes, but something in his unconscious beauty compelled her gaze. As Mary shifted his weight, he stirred in his sleep, and the little fingers closed more tightly on the bit of scarf. With a sudden rush of remembrance, Jael felt the touch of a little brown hand on her own neck, and knew the sweet weariness of holding the tired little body. All the mother-love in her, stifled and embittered during the last hard year, welled up pure and masterful again, and with a low cry she stretched out her arms for the little Jesus.

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

TWILIGHT DREAMS

Do you remember the twilight dreams of long ago, when every evening brought its midsummer phantasy, when elves hid under every bush and fairies danced on every leaf? How you hurried through your supper, you and Dick, and ran from the nursery after storing away your jumbles in your pockets, to serve as provisions on your journey! A short run down the path and you found yourself at Betsey's little thatched house. What a wonderful house that was with its tiny, high windows with their morning glory vine curtains, and the worn doorstep with comfortable benches on each side, benches on which you could carve your initials or mystic signs when you wanted to. Sometimes the thatched house was the Dwarf's; sometimes it belonged to the Ogre or the Giant or the Witch. You were sure it had belonged to one or the other or all of them at some time, for it was exactly like the kind of house you read about in fairy tales.

You stop at the lilac bush near the gate and select a whip. Off come the leaves, all but a little tuft at the end. You mount your black charger, flick him gently with your whip, and dash over to the apple tree, where Betsey is waiting for you. You stop and compare tea notes and learn that although she had two whole peaches, she didn't have any cake, and you heroically share your jumble with her. Then Dick, who had stopped to eat his jumble and perhaps wheedle another one from Katy, arrives on his charger and the game begins. You canter around the house and back; you dismount and make a low obeisance to Queen Bess. You ask how you can serve her Royal Highness. You listen breathlessly to her answer, although you have taught it to her yourself. There is a horrible dragon living in a cave in a far corner of her empire. There is also an army approaching to destroy her kingdom, and she calls upon her courtiers to defend it. She herself will knight the two subjects who will free her from both these perils. You gallop away in search of the dragon, for Dick has chosen to fight the army. The dragon's cave is the grape arbor. There you fight

a most terrible battle. You would never have conquered if you had not met an old man on the way who, in return for your kindness in carrying him over a stream, gave you a cap,—it was made of a grape leaf,—which rendered its wearer invisible. You return in triumph, bearing the dragon's head. You lay it at the feet of your queen and modestly await your reward. With what pride you kneel at her command! How majestically you rise after she has laid her scepter on your head when you hear the words, "Rise, Sir Launcelot!" Then it is Dick's turn. He, too, rises, knighted by a scepter, and you, true to your twentieth century training, shake hands with your brother knight. Queen Bess rises majestically. She announces that the time has come for her to choose a prince, and she has decided to give her hand to him who shall bring her the most valuable and useful gift. Away dash the knights in search of the treasure which will win for them the Queen's hand. This is to be a long journey. You leap across the low hedge into the meadow. Away you gallop to the farthest corner, where you meet your fairy godmother, to whom you reveal the object of your search. She tells you that far away in the very center of Merlin's forest is a crystal pool, whose water gives eternal youth to whoever drinks of it. But this pool is guarded by a labyrinth of which only the birds know the key. To find the pool you must know the language of the birds, and for this purpose your kind Godmother gives you a queer jewel,—it is a daisy robbed of its petals,—which you are to hold in your hand. You thank the fairy and hurry on your search. You go through the forest, a group of pine trees on the knoll, meeting giants and ogres on the way, until you come to the stream bounding the meadow. This is the magic pool. You bend over and put some of the precious liquid into a small bottle you keep in your pocket and ride away elated at your success. Your journey has taken you a long time and the twilight is deepening into darkness. As you approach the court you find your rival, Dick, relating his adventures to the Queen. He has brought the wishing ring. He has brought it for three nights in succession, while you have brought a different gift each night, and you feel irritated at his lack of originality. You offer your gift and await the decision. This is the one point on which you have not instructed Betsey. She must be free to choose, for it makes the game more exciting. You hope you

will be chosen, for you feel that your gift is really worthy of reward. But Queen Bess says, "With the wishing ring I can have anything I want and know about," for the power of the ring is not restricted, "and what good will it do me to live forever if I can't have what I want? I give my hand to Sir Gawain." You bow haughtily, for you feel that the game is not quite fair. Sir Gawain has been chosen for three nights in succession, although he always brings the same thing. You withdraw from the court room and mount your charger. Over the hedge you fly in a trice and gallop madly around the meadow. When you are quite out of breath you stop and get another whip, for the leaves you left on your first one have been torn off in your wild ride. Then you remember that there is a princess, living in the forest, who is kept imprisoned by a witch. You will free her and make her your queen. At first this seems a little disloyal to Betsey, but, little by little, the princess of your imagination takes shape and color, the earthly Betsey fades away. The Princess is as beautiful as you can imagine, more beautiful, and she is kind. She understands the game without explanation. In fact, it has ceased to be a game. It is all true, all real. Before, it was all real except Dick and Betsey. You always had to begin explaining to them by "Pretend," but now the Princess knew as soon as you did. How quickly the time went that night and the next and the next! How soon the fireflies lit their fairy lamps to warn you it was bed-time! And how reluctantly you left the "Princess of the Forest" when Nurse called you! But you went obediently, for you were tired and hot, and once in bed the play could begin again. Sometimes the giants and ogres haunted your dreams; sometimes the Princess laid her soft hand on your feverish forehead; and sometimes just the cool, restful darkness, like that which you imagined in the deep forest, settled down upon you until morning.

Years have gone by since those midsummer evenings. The golden age has passed; the scenes have changed. Instead of the fresh daisied meadow, there are the dull brown city streets; instead of gloomy caves, there are dingy offices where worse dragons are to be killed than ever you encountered long ago; and instead of the little thatched house, is a big brown stone one. It is prosaic enough outside, although you thought it

fairyland within until this Queen Bess made her choice and chose the wishing ring. Only the Princess is the same, and although you serve her now with the pen instead of with the sword, she is just as appreciative and kind as in those summer evenings long ago. And why should she not be? You have given her perpetual youth.

LUCY EVELYN ONGLEY.

THE LAND OF SLEEP

Let us away, my dear, my own,
Away to the Land of Sleep,—
Whither wee birds from the nests have flown,
And all the blossoms we love have blown,
Where all little children, save you alone,
Their dream-trysts keep
In the Land of Sleep.

It is not far, my own, my sweet,
To the beautiful Land of Sleep,—
Just close your eyes and you'll see the street,
Up Drowsy Hill, until you meet
The fair dream-princess, with soft-shod feet,
Who'll carry you deep
Through the Land of Sleep.

So hold my hand, my sweet, my dear,
And off to the Land of Sleep,—
The sand man is sitting beside us here,
Waiting for you, so never fear,
But shut your eyes and you'll be there,
Dream-trysts to keep
In the Land of Sleep.

BEATRICE CONANT.

SKETCHES

Who does not know what Santa Claus means when one is six ?
Here and there, however, is a doubting Tom or an unbelieving
Eleanor who asserts that there is no
The Passing of Santa such person.

Amy Dunlap was six. She had turned away from the doubting Tom and stoutly refused to listen to the unbelieving Eleanor. She held to her faith in Santa Claus with a tenacity very like that of her ancestors—those austere Scotch Covenanters. She was a slender little girl with straight brown hair and great eyes that were soft and gray and shining, especially when she sang her dolls to sleep of an evening. She had a large family. There was Sophia May, the oldest,—indeed Sophia May was almost as old as Amy herself ; Elvira, Mary Elizabeth and Florence Ethel, little Tommy, who meant to go to sea when he grew up and so always wore sailor suits, and tiny Dorothea who was still in long clothes.

All the girl-dolls had some little accomplishment except Elvira. Sophia May could open and shut her eyes ; Mary Elizabeth and Florence Ethel both could say “Mamá” and “Papá,” placing the accent on the last syllable like true aristocrats. Even the baby could cry (rather squeakily, it must be confessed, and only after it had sustained a certain pressure in the abdominal region). But poor Elvira ! No kind fairy had come to her christening. Amy, however, saw a way out of the difficulty. Elvira should become a musician. The minute this inspiration seized her, which happened to be early in November, she printed a little letter to her ever faithful friend, Santa Claus, explaining the need and asking for a piano. Then she spent most of her time expounding to her little family the virtues of the Christmas saint.

About a week before Christmas a strange thing happened. Amy's mother locked up the room next to the nursery. She

firmly refused to give any reason for this action. Then expressmen and delivery boys came as they had never come before. Everything they brought went into the closed room, which fast assumed a mysterious character in the eyes of Amy. But she believed so implicitly in Santa Claus that she never thought of connecting it with the approaching Christmas.

One stormy afternoon, when her curiosity seemed almost unbearable, a daring idea came into her mind. Both the nursery and the secret room faced upon the veranda. If she could only get a window open! Finally she succeeded and in rushed a stream of frosty air and snow-flakes. She climbed out onto the porch roof and crept along, clinging as best she could to the cold brick wall. At last she reached a window of the secret room. What a sight met her eyes! There was a beautiful Christmas-tree, bedecked with candles and colored candies, long peppermint canes and little horses and cows and pigs and rabbits, not to speak of the sparkling tinsel and the countless packages, large and small. And there at the foot of the tree was the dearest little piano.

Amy stood gazing in at the window until her teeth were chattering and she was all numb from the cold. But she little heeded the storm. She was whispering over and over again: "There is no Santa Claus, there is no Santa Claus." Presently she remembered her little family, patiently awaiting her return. What would they — but a sudden determination seized her. Their Christmas, at least, should not be spoiled. Then she crept quietly back to the nursery and told Sophia May what she had seen. "But, Sophia May," she said, "promise not to tell the children just yet. They are so young, poor dears, and I know Elvira would never enjoy playing on her piano if she knew there was no Santa Claus, but only papas and mammas who make up pretty stories so's their children will be good."

But long after Sophia May and Elvira and Mary Elizabeth and Florence Ethel and little Tommy and tiny Dorothea were fast asleep, poor Amy sat in the broad window-seat with her face flattened against the pane, gazing out at the flying snow in the gathering darkness, and great hot tears forced their way down her cheeks.

MARY FRANK KIMBALL.

THE SKY SHIPS

Have you ever seen the ships in the sky,
The little white ships that go sailing by,
Over the far-away, still, blue sea.
The little white ships of mystery?

Sometimes with bellying sails unrolled,
And the swaying masts all tipped with gold,
They flame like points of living fires,
These ships that carry the Heart's Desires.

Sometimes o'er the horizon rim
They slip, all pale and misty-dim,—
Gray ghosts upon a sea green-gray,
The ships that carry dead dreams away.

Sometimes they're black, and hurry by,
Like birds across a wind-swept sky,
Bearing beyond the heavy sea
Spirits of unrest and misery.

But I pray that some day there may come to me
A pearl-gray ship o'er the silver sea,
And the waves shall be still and the wild winds cease,
To welcome the wonderful Ship of Peace.

And the other ships shall sail away,
Out of the glimmering silver bay
Where my Ship of Peace shall anchored be,
My Ship of Peace from over the sea.

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN.

There are some people to whom the term "Aunt" means an occasional letter with a far-distant post-mark, or making a perfunctory visit with an older rela-

The Nature of Aunts tive who seems to derive pleasure from the aunt's society, while we are far more at home in her kitchen, where the food and conversation, at least, are more abundant and pleasing. There are others, more fortunate, who have a vision of blue checked apron and a whiff of ginger cookies and hear a kind, gruff voice asking after their "ma". Then, too, there's a kind of aunt hard to separate from its inevitable accompaniment, uncle, which is usually found in the city, and this suggestion of aunt

will fill some minds with hosts of panoramic memories—"Buffalo Bill" and "Jack and the Beanstalk"—first glimpses of a world unknown. There are the aunts who are hostile to our vigorous climate, and who, at the fall of the first leaf, bury themselves in air-tight retreats behind storm-doors, emerging only in the late spring with the scent of camphor on their garments.

Yes, there are all kinds, yet to one who has had long acquaintance with them, they show certain general characteristics. There is a marked interest in our welfare, and a kind of indulgence along lines not encouraged at home. The idea that bed-time is a variable, and a need for a certain kind of glycerine cough drop during sermon time can usually be traced to some kindly aunt or other. Aunts are not ruled by that rigor of conscience which so strangely affects the action of our fathers and mothers and forces them to the incomprehensible deeds which hurt them while giving us, also, no pleasure. They are an idle class, being at no time too busy to read us stories or to apply wads of damp brown paper to our bumps. They take their pleasures in a most curious way—darning stockings is a constant diversion, and every kind of housework is, to them, a treat. It is very fortunate, too, for in this way we make them happy by merely letting them do what we don't want to do ourselves.

It is necessary to have had experience with aunts to appreciate them; so, if you never have had, I advise you to acquire some. Almost everyone has an aunt or two to spare, at least part of the time; and I am sure you will find the study of them worth while.

We find, too, that of all the aunts in the world, each person has his preference—one in whom all the qualities of generosity, tenderness, fun and goodness seem to be combined. I know one such, and more than I know her. How shall I describe her to those outside the mystic circle of her influence to whom the mere mention of her name brings crowding memories of glad, far-off days? We know. Ah, yes! we happy children know, who have sat at her table, telling our stories unrestrainedly, smiling up into her face and seeing there only the tenderness and never a glimpse of the tears with which it was bought. We saw her somber dress and never guessed its meaning. Oh, she was the gayest of aunts! Her laugh mingled with ours,

and she never tired of seeing us play in every corner of the great house where she lived alone. I think our happy faces must have lingered a while after the front door had slammed behind us on Sunday afternoons, and that all through those long evenings must have come the echo of reminiscent laughter.

And I—how can I tell of the long, quiet days I spent there alone? Right after breakfast we would go into the garden and I would scratch through the bushes at peril of my gingham dress and pick the roses fathest in—wet and cool in the shadow. Meanwhile her soft snip, snip, from the path reminded me that she was there, and sometimes we smiled at each other over the tops of the warm, fragrant blossoms. Oh, those days that went so quickly! They are like the sunsets we used to watch from the hill back of the house,—flaming and gay for a few minutes, then the cold darkness.

Till my bed-time came we would sit in the library and have no light but the heart of the fire, glowing red, and the flashes from the charred logs as they fell apart. That warm, pulsing stillness, a little sleepy and a little sad, will always be with me. The secrets of an older heart, unknown and unrevealed, made then their impression, and come to me now in so tumultuous a throng that my whole being throbs in answer to the longings and disappointments and love shared in those deep silences by an old woman and a little girl. Ah! I cannot tell of these things to one who knows not. They have been, and to me they are. That is all. God pity those who have never known like joy.

MARY BYERS SMITH.

IN THE DAYS O' YOUTH

Stowed away in the fork of a gnarled apple-tree,
Where the wind in the branches roared like the sea,
 You munched a big apple,
 And dreamed a long dream,
 Little lad,—
Sunlight mellowed through leaves turned gold,
Steadily dying ere days grow cold;
Pageant of asters and goldenrod,
Milkweed flying from silken pod!

Hid snug in the depths of a big shock of corn,
 Deep in the dry blades tattered and torn,
 You watched the wee field-mice
 And dreamed a long dream,
 Little lad,—

Sunlight poured o'er the pumpkin heap,
 Ardently kissing each great glossy cheek ;
 Chatter of blackbirds and call of crow,
 Rustling of corn when the west winds blow !

Stretched out in the wood, away down the lane,
 Where the wind shook the nuts loose like the patter of rain,
 You watched the red squirrels
 And dreamed a long dream,
 Little lad,—

Sunlight filtered through violet haze,
 Caressingly falling in autumn days ;
 Sunset woods 'neath a sunset sky,
 Dancing of leaves when the wind is high !

Tucked warm in bed with the candle blown out,
 While the sighing wind drove the dead leaves about,
 You watched the stars blinking
 And dreamed a long dream,
 Little lad,—

Moonlight shed o'er a glaze of frost,
 Daintily whitening the paths that you crossed ;
 Crisp, clear air 'neath a wind-swept sky,
 Dream now, little lad,—dreams pass by and by.

GERTRUDE ELIZA BUSSARD.

Billy Anderson was greatly surprised to discover that "he had a girl." In Bridgeport it was just as much of a disgrace for a boy of thirteen, still in

An Instance of Family Taste knee breeches, to have a girl as it was for him to be with-

out one after he had been promoted to long trousers, and so Billy was very careful to keep his discovery to himself. He was the last person one would expect to be ensnared by woman's wiles. During his entire course in the grammar school, up to this time, he had viewed undismayed the charms of short starched skirts and butterfly bows and he could boast that he had never sent a valentine. And now the mighty had fallen ! To think that only two evenings before, Billy had entered the

Parker's house a free man, and had left it the slave and bondsman of a woman !

The fair one who had unconsciously caused all this disaster in the heart of the once invulnerable Billy was Miss Anne Taylor, Jimmy Parker's cousin, who had come to spend part of her summer vacation in Bridgeport. The fact that Miss Anne had completed her sophomore year at college and that she was six or seven years his senior had not prevented Billy from succumbing at once to her charms. He liked the way she fixed her hair, in a fat brown roll at the back of her neck ; he liked her fluffy, white dress, and he liked her eyes and the way they "made a fellow shiver all over when she looked at him."

Jimmy had not been at home on that eventful evening and Jimmy's enchanting cousin had asked Billy to sit down beside her on the sofa and talk to her. And how they had talked ! Not about stupid grown-up things, but about base-ball and boating, and Billy became more and more at ease until at last he told her about his favorite little creek where "you could catch the bulliest fish." And then the crisis had come, — Miss Anne had asked him to take her fishing on Friday and he had consented.

It was Friday morning. Billy Anderson was supremely happy. With a long, swinging stride, a pretty correct imitation of his father's, he led Anne Taylor along the edge of Cat-fish Creek. Together they had run the gauntlet of Bridgeport Grammar School teasing, which can be appreciated only through experience—though, to be sure, Miss Anne had not seemed to mind it in the least. She surely was the right sort of a girl ! In spite of his resistance, she insisted upon relieving Billy of the lunch-basket, telling him that it would be all he could do to keep the fishing rods from getting tangled in the bushes. When necessity demanded she forded the stream on slippery and unsteady stones as quickly and easily as her companion, and she climbed fences with the agility born of long experience. She was interested in all the queer little bugs and beetles which Billy pointed out to her and she was enthusiastic about everything, from the weather to snake-holes. Billy cast to the winds all thought of the boys at home and of what they would say. He thought only of Miss Anne, of the places where they would go together, and of how, when he grew up, they would be married and live in a log cabin in the depths of the woods.

Anne interrupted his plans for the future by stopping suddenly and exclaiming, "Oh, the dear, lovely little cave—it's so cool and dark! Aren't you crazy about it, Billy?"

Billy surveyed it calmly and critically. "Yes, it's pretty nice," he answered, "only you can't get inside. Tom knows a cave where you can crawl way back in—yards and yards."

"Tom is your brother, isn't he, Billy?"

"Yes'um."

"Doesn't he graduate at Cornell next year?"

"Yes'um. I told him we were goin' out fishin' and he said he was too, and he said if he saw us he'd show us the cave and some other places. But you don't have to go if you don't want to, 'cause I know a lot of nice places."

"Oh, I think it would be a lot of fun to see the cave, Billy." Anne peeped anxiously into the basket. "Do you think there'll be enough lunch for three?"

It was growing dark. As Billy trudged along the homeward road he felt that he was not entirely satisfied with the world. To begin with, he was rather tired. Tom had kept them trotting around such a lot. And then they had caught only a few fish and there hadn't been so much in the basket after all, so he was hungry. Then there were other reasons for his discontent. He wished Tom wouldn't always call him "kid". He wished the path were big enough for three to walk in, or at least that he wouldn't always have to be the one to walk behind. He wished Miss Anne—no, she treated him as well as ever, only, somehow, he wished she wouldn't treat Tom so well too. Any way, he hoped he could be alone with Miss Anne the next time they went fishing.

When the three fishers reached Bridgeport, one of them at least was glad to be back again. After they had left Miss Anne at the Parker's gate, Billy felt a little happier. She had shaken hands with him and thanked him for the "lovely time" he had given her. To be sure she had said almost the same thing to Tom. He decided that it was all right for Miss Anne to be nice to Tom. Tom was his brother.

"Well, Tom, how do you like Miss Anne?" Billy asked cheerfully as they walked up the steps of their own house.

"Oh, she's a peach," answered Tom. After a moment he added, "we're going fishing again Monday and driving to-morrow evening."

Billy sat down on the top step. His knees had suddenly become shaky and he felt queer and dazed.

"Come on, Kid," Tom called as he opened the door, "we're pretty late."

Billy cleared his throat. "Guess I don't want any dinner, Tom, I'm not hungry."

ELEANOR ACHESON LINTON.

DAWN

The moon is set ;
The stars grow pale ;
Then faintly, scarcely heard,
Across the dewy silence calls,
Drowsy and sweet, a bird.

SUNRISE

A little rift within the clouds,
The sun comes peeping through ;
It lights up all the great, dark world,
And day is born anew.

IRENE FITZGERALD.

Yes, it was true. He was in love. He drew the mirror closer and gazed sternly at the face therein.

"Red hair, pale blue eyes, insignificant nose, and name Joshua!" was his somewhat incoherent remark, as he shook his head at the offending mirror.

"Joshua, my son, don't you know any better than to pick out the prettiest girl in town for the object of your devotion? What person with any æsthetic sensibilities could reciprocate?"

But even as he spoke he felt inside his breast-pocket for something, and drew out a crumpled red rose.

"And I didn't even ask for it," he said as he dropped the mirror and idly fingered the flower.

"I think it is her eyes I liked first; no, it was her mouth, or rather, both of them together. It's her whole face—"

"Oh, I say, Josh, aren't you ever coming? Buck up, man, the team's been out this half-hour."

"Coming in a minute," Joshua called after the retreating

figure of his room-mate. He carefully replaced the rose in his pocket, took off his coat, and snatching up a sweater, ran down the corridor, girl and rose forgotten. For Joshua Handy was the captain of the foot-ball team and the great intercollegiate game was coming off in two weeks.

Captain Handy was a very busy man. It is a great responsibility to keep tab on every man in the team and see that the subs don't miss practice. Then, of course, there were lessons to be prepared, although "Chuck" was mighty obliging about translating German; also, the fellows liked to drop in after supper for a chat. So three or four days passed before Joshua was alone and had time to think of Elsie's eyes; or was it her mouth?

"I won't see her till Sunday. Guess I'll write to her. Lucky my new frat. stationery has come," and he drew forth a sheet.

"Dear Elsie," that didn't sound very affectionate. "My darling Elsie." Ye gods! he could feel his hair rise at the very thought!

He pulled open a drawer and took out some of his sister's letters. The first one, "You dear, funny old red-head", would hardly do; he chose one at random. "Josh, my love of a brother", it began. He threw the letters disgustedly into the drawer again, and rubbed the end of his pen. "Elsie, my dear", was too girlish. It would have to be just plain "Dear Elsie."

Suddenly the door opened and a head was thrust in. "Say, Josh, we're going to Holyoke to-night to see Maxine Elliott. Want to go?"

"Sure," said Josh, guiltily putting one hand over the letter.

"Well, get your duds on, the car leaves in twenty minutes."

It certainly seemed as though he couldn't even think of Elsie but some one was bound to interrupt!

"I'll finish it when I come back," he said, and promptly forgot the letter. Two days later he thought of it again. Why, he hadn't written for a whole week! He'd send some violets. That ought to make it right. All girls liked violets. He'd better telephone right over, and have them taken up.

He ran his finger down the telephone book. A-B-C-D-E-*Earle*. Why, he had never thanked that man for the use of his camera. He rang "central" hurriedly. "Double two one, ring four, please. Hello—this you, Earle? Wanted to thank you

for the camera. How's that? Yes—have you? Sure—wait. I'll be over in a jiffy." And—Elsie never saw the violets.

It was the day before the game. Josh and Chuck were walking over to the field for the last practice.

"You're mighty jolly to-day, Chuck. Get some money from home?"

"No, Josh, but the dearest girl in the world said 'yes' last night, and I can't help but be jolly."

"I'm mighty glad for you, old man. Who is she? Do I know her?"

"Yes—Elsie Curtis. What's the trouble, Josh?"

For Josh had stopped short, wide-eyed, open-mouthed with amazement. Gradually a smile found room, and he extended his hand.

"Shake, Chuck!"

Joshua had discovered that his heart was not broken.

MARY SOULE HADLEY.

A TRIOLET

The time I'm not revealing
 When I stole from you that kiss;
 For of course I knew 'twas stealing.
 The time I'm not revealing,
 And the truth I'm still concealing,
 Of that one moment's bliss.
 The time I'm not revealing
 When I stole from you that kiss.

ALICE MAY OTMAN.

A CHILD'S QUESTION

In summer when the dandelion's hair is growing gray
 I love to blow, and blow, and blow, till all has flown away.
 In winter, when the snowflakes come a-dancing through the air,
 Do little angels, do you think, blow dandelions' hair?

CLARA EVA VAN EMDEN.

Prue lay on the floor reading "The Prince and the Pauper." She turned page after page in quick succession while she devoured the story. Her breath came quick

Noblesse Oblige and fast as the Prince was passing through his various vicissitudes and as he stood, a humble subject, before the pauper-king, she gave a half sob. That he should be treated thus! That he should not be able to claim his own! Her father eyed her sharply. He saw the quivering body, the high color, the clenched fist, and said quickly, "Prue!" There was no answer. "Prudence!" But she did not hear. Mr. Hewlitt reached down and took the book gently from her. She looked up, startled.

"Give me my book," she cried, "I'm just finishing, father."

"It is time for you to get dressed for dinner," he said.

"You lie in your throat!" and then, as she realized what she had done, she caught her breath.

"Go to bed, instantly," said her mother, "and stay there until I give you permission to get up to-morrow."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the child, "I didn't mean that, but you had no right to take the book away from me."

"Prudence, obey your mother, and stay in bed until you are in a right frame of mind," was the only rejoinder.

When she had left the room he continued, "I don't see why you let the child read such books, Matilda. It isn't good for her to get so excited over things, and she forgets everything until another story comes. Why don't you give her something that will improve and steady her?"

"My dear," said her mother, "I have tried to, but she takes things in such a queer way. I gave her one story about a foundling, a poor child who was adopted into a respectable family with the most beneficial results. Prue, however, did not take it in the proper spirit, but the idea of adoption seized her fancy, and for a week or more she eyed me with suspicion, asking all kinds of odd questions about her babyhood, under the impression that she was probably adopted. And then," Mrs. Hewlitt went on, with a twinkle in her eye, "do you remember the Elsie Dinsmore period? How she ever got hold of that book I don't know, but she left Bibles lying around open at marked passages for the purpose of converting you."

They both laughed softly.

"I'll wager anything that the child is crying her eyes out,"

said Mr. Hewlitt. "She must learn, though, to control her moods and her dreams. No matter, let her alone. She must reason things out for herself. She has plenty of sense if she does not lose it in her books."

So they left her alone, both aching to comfort their only child, to explain the apparent injustice.

"For it does seem unjust to her, Phil, dear," said Mrs. Hewlitt, plaintively, "I was a great deal like her once."

Meanwhile, upstairs, a very angry little girl was undressing slowly in the dark. She was afraid of the dark and took great care not to stand too near the edge of the bed for fear some one might reach out and grab her legs. But if one must be punished unfairly one may as well be a thorough martyr. It wasn't fair that she should be sent to bed. Father *did* lie, for it wasn't dressing time at all, and she might have finished the book. Here she sobbed aloud. Oh, if she might only know if the Prince came into his own again! She made up several endings, but she couldn't be *sure*, down in her heart, whether any was the right one.

Father had no *right* to take the book from her, and so near the end, too. How she wished that she had had a glove, or rather a gauntlet to fling at his feet as she cast the lie back to him! She didn't know that fathers could be so mean and spiteful and—and—unjust. Yes that was the word, unjust! And mother, too!

She would punish them, she would make them feel sorry for their unfairness. She would *die*. Taking poison and falling dead at their feet, with a wild "Ha, ha!" (just before expiring) was the form which suited her best; but she didn't know where there was any poison for one thing, and then if it shouldn't work and she should have disobeyed in going down-stairs, she would be punished in a worse way.

No,—decidedly the best and quickest at-hand method was to freeze slowly. It was cold to-night. She shivered under the bed clothes. But she hadn't said her prayers! Once she had read of a little boy who went to bed on a cold, windy night without saying his prayers, and he felt so badly that he wrapped a shawl around him and crept out and said them, and while he was doing it a stone fell from the roof *on the very spot where his head had lain!* This story had impressed Prue mightily, and she had never failed to say her prayers since, even on very cold nights like to-night.

So she got out of bed—without the shawl, however. For her purpose the less extra covering the better. When she had finished she gently and sadly laid herself in the exact middle of the bed, outside the covers, and lay there, her hands crossed piously, as she had seen kings lie in pictures of their tombs.

My ! but it was cold, and it was hard to keep in one position. Her body ached to curl itself up in a little ball, but that wouldn't do, and she composed her face for freezing in a wan, sweet smile—and waited.

She could see her mother, with streaming eyes, bending over the cold little form looking reproachfully at her father. The look seemed to say : "You, by your unfairness, killed my child. This is the work of *your* hands." He, for his part, stood by in an agony of grief and with self-reproach on his face. Strong man that he was, he shook with silent sobs.

At this point the picture became so affecting that Prue's face gave up the attempt to freeze as the hot tears traced their way down the fat cheeks. But still she steeled her heart against her father, and still she waited. It grew colder, and even her flannel night dress failed to impart any warmth.

Perhaps, after all, father did not lie. He had only said, "It is time to get dressed for dinner", not "It is dressing time". If that were the case, why, she had been wrong and father could demand his honor to be restored to him.

It grew colder.

How badly poor father would feel when he realized that by a hasty action he had been the cause of her sad martyrdom ! She would never have given him even a chance to make up and that opportunity was but fair. It would be even more noble to forgive him. *He* would never know, but always *she* would have the advantage over him in the realization that she had saved him from a long, miserable life, full of self-reproach. Yes, she would forgive him, after all. That would be the magnanimous course, she decided, as she crawled, shivering, under the bed-clothes.

As she reviewed her conduct while going to sleep she nodded approvingly to herself.

It was "nob—noblesse oblige," she decided sleepily.

LUCY EMMA RAYMOND.

MOTHER'S EYES

I think when mother was little
The angels in the skies
Must have brought little pieces of heaven
And put them in mother's eyes.

For when she tells me the story,
How the first wee violets grew
When the angels pricked holes in the floor of heaven
To let the light shine through ;

How those little pieces of heaven
Changed to violets in the night,
And the holes they left all over the sky
Are the stars with their twinkling light ;

I sit in her lap and watch them,—
Mother's eyes so soft and blue,—
And I think—no, I'm *sure*—I can see the light
Of heaven shining through.

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH WILSON.

It is a well-known superstition that the left hind-foot of a rabbit, caught in a grave-yard in the dark of the moon, is a lucky thing to possess. How much

Matthew J. Radcliffe more lucky, then, should be the whole rabbit! It was on this theory that Matthew J. Radcliffe was given a place in the Hammond family. One Easter morning he had been seen by Molly Hammond eating the tops off the tulips in Trinity cemetery. A desire for conquest seized her, and the chase began. Neither was a respecter of persons, and for nearly an hour Matthew had fled around tombstones and through lots, with Molly close at his heels. The gardener became interested in the hunt and lent his services, until Matthew was completely worn out by such violent exercise and was cornered and borne off in triumph, still feebly kicking.

Molly hoped that its being Easter would compensate for its not being the dark of the moon, and that the luck her capture would bring her would prevent her mother's scolding her for the damage her new Easter clothes had suffered.

Matthew was large, fat and yellow, and of a very pugnacious disposition, hence he was named after a warlike friend of Mr.

Hammond. If anyone tried to deprive Matthew of what he considered his, he fought them, literally, tooth and nail, and many were the scratches Molly received before she learned wisdom. He was unlike most rabbits both in color, disposition, and in the fact that he growled when he fought. A dilapidated doll's head, wigless and blind, served him for an enemy, and many were the campaigns which he conducted against it.

Easter was early that year, so Matthew was allowed a place within doors until it should become warmer. Molly and her brother spent long afternoons spoiling his already evil temper by stealing the doll's head, hooking it up on the end of a cane, and then taking refuge from his wrath by climbing onto chairs.

It was not until he was put out to pasture, metaphorically speaking, that Molly's real troubles began. Matthew was given a home under the back piazza. His first care was to dig himself a dwelling-place with front, back, and side doors. That he might furnish it, Molly gave him a bundle of straw, and he spent the next few days carrying it in one door and out the other. Then he settled down to making trouble. First, he dug a tunnel under the walk so that he could visit the great world beyond. From that time on Molly was obliged to rise at six and catch him, before the neighbors should discover what vandal it was that stole their flowers in the night. Then, she had to keep near the house all day so that Matthew would not come out again; for when anybody was in sight he wisely stayed at home. Molly often hoped that he would run away, but he never went farther than the yards adjoining the Hammonds.

At last, one morning when Molly went out for her daily chase, Matthew was not to be seen. She hunted in the usual places in vain. She took back all the things she had said about his getting lost, for she suddenly discovered that he had fought his way into her heart and had made for himself a place close beside her dog Quinine. With an unaccustomed eagerness she extended her search, and found the runaway three houses distant, doing valiant battle with a cat, and holding his own in the engagement. He had backed into a corner and was growling as if he hoped to deceive the cat into thinking him a dog, and thus to terrify her. He was not a little astonished at this new enemy who fought back, contrary to the precedent long since established by the doll's head. One of his ears hung limp and wrecked, but the joy of battle was still in his eye. Molly forgot

the grudges she had been hoarding against him and rushed to the rescue. The cat seemed to feel that she had been delivered as well as the rabbit, and disappeared with all possible speed. Matthew was treated like a prince until he recovered from his wounds, but the ear refused to stand erect.

One day the Hammonds decided that to be truly happy they must return to New York, where, in the economy of space, no allowance is made for live-stock, so Molly, with many tears, bestowed her grave-yard rabbit on one of her play-fellows. He had not the patience with the troublesome little creature that Molly had had, and neither did his mother submit so meekly as Mrs. Hammond to having her rose-bushes gnawed and her pansy beds devastated. Accordingly, Matthew entered upon a new chapter of his life. He was presented to the zoo in Fairmount Park.

It took him some time to accustom himself to his new environments, and he waged many a war before he could be content to live in a state of comparative peace. His growl must have won sovereignty for him, for he soon seemed to be master of the limited realm enclosed by the wire netting through which the children peered at him. There you may still see him, easily suppressing his rebellious subjects, or carrying his straw from one hole to another with anxious precision.

ETHEL OVIATT LEWIS.

EDITORIAL

The students were requested to express their choice in the discussion which has recently occupied the attention of the trustees and the authorities of Smith College. The question was— which of the new buildings proposed shall we have first, the library or the chapel? A vote taken in mass-meeting showed that the students were unanimously agreed that the chapel should receive first and immediate consideration. We wish that our preferences might be further desired or heeded with regard to the *kind* of chapel we are all hoping to have; and since a member of the faculty has suggested that it might not come amiss should the students assert themselves more fully and freely on this subject, we venture to set forth some of the opinions which we have heard expressed with considerable warmth among our own number.

We have wanted a chapel for a long time,—in spite of the ingenuity which has increased, year by year, the capacity of Assembly Hall. It is certainly interesting to observe how neatly the second floor of the building was cut into a hollow square, affording the choir the magnificent command which it has of all quarters of the auditorium—except the speaker's platform; providing those lofty, shelf-like spaces, popularly known as the "running-tracks", where the truly aspiring among the entering class—we refer to the early risers—are initiated into the manners of their Alma Mater, and whence they obtain visions of the glory in store for them exemplified by those superior, evolved types who occupy the chairs on the main floor; giving us, also, "rubber-row", the observatory of radiant sophomores. We all admit that no conditions could be more fortunate for the development of "local color", or more favorable to the furthering of social interests than the idiosyncrasies of Assembly Hall. But imagine introducing such a place and such an atmosphere to the stranger who asks to see our "chapel"!

We do not pretend that Smith boasts architectural beauties, and we are content with our homely, vine-covered, low-porched dwelling-houses. But if architecture, as an art, is a "criticism of life", we would prefer that our spirit should not be judged by the tawny red and yellow, the awkward reaches, the garishness and ill proportion, of Assembly Hall. Again, if our new, so called "chapel" is merely a more commodious copy of its

predecessor, we fear that the ultra-social atmosphere which has won the profound disapproval of those who have recently attempted to institute "chapel reforms", will continue to predominate. On the purely aesthetic side, differences in custom and in temperament make it either essential or incidental to the individual that a place of worship should be conducive to a religious mood. But it is not a question merely of whether the place serves its purpose. We may and *do* worship wherever the eye of the soul is turned to the inner vision. Why have a place of worship at all, were it not that the individual likes to feel himself one of a sympathetic communion. And if we are to come together in a chosen place, it seems but fitting that this should be the harmonious expression of the spirit that dwells there. The proposed amphitheatre destroys our hope of a chapel truly worthy of our vesper spirit and the ideal significance of our morning service. Surely, we do not need to sacrifice so much to practical ends! We can still use the hall for general assemblies—lectures, concerts and such gatherings. What we all want is a place eminently appropriate for religious observances and commencement ceremonies; a place which shall embody for us and for others our divinest life and highest aspirations. The chapel which we so earnestly desire will not suggest the sombre or the mediaeval. It will be a "melodious, mellow-lighted space", "a trap on sunny mornings for clouds of yellow effulgence", with—why not? something like an "Angel Steeple" of our own which shall be a "lantern within, shedding down a flood of radiance." But the quiet splendor of its colors shall receive and reflect this natural glory never garishly but deeply, warmly. We will share with Emerald Uthwart the inspiration of "daring height, the daring severity of the innumerable, long, upward, ruled lines, rigidly bent just at last, in due place, into the reserved grace of the perfect Gothic arch." Or, in the vesper hour, we will gaze upon

" . . . storied windows richly dight,
Shedding a dim, religious light,"

while we hear

" . . . the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high and anthem clear."

All whispers are stilled; all foot-falls hushed. The peace of perfect harmony prevails.

EDITOR'S TABLE

At the Academy of Music, November 12, "Mrs. Temples' Telegram".

The only fitting praise to be given to this very broad kind of farce is that the play is really amusing, and most of the audience seemed to find "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" very funny. Everything about it was absurd — from the story of the Ferris wheel escapade to the redundancy of John Browns, "of Elm Street, Pickleton-on-Thames". Although much of the acting was crude, Harry Conor as Wiggins, the butler, with his reiterated "That was just what I was a-goin' to do", did some very clever acting.

H. M. D.

Betty Wales, Junior, by Margaret Warde. (The Penn. Publishing Co., Philadelphia.)

Betty Wales has finished her junior year, and we find the story of it very entertaining. It is a lively picture of the "doings" of a group of representative college girls of to-day. The humorous incidents and the quality of the repartee come home to us with pleasing force. There is a good deal of familiar local color at "Harding College", and the character of Georgia Ames, although considerably elaborated, leaves us in small doubt as to its original. But the relationship which is supposed to exist between certain members of the "Harding" faculty and the students seems decidedly overdrawn. Also, we insist that by the time girls have reached their junior year, they no longer regard the chafing-dish as an indispensable feature of all social meetings. The book does not pretend to give us anything like a study of a woman's academic life, or to balance or coördinate its various phases. It is a portrayal of the activities of the American girl at college, vividly enough presented to convey an atmosphere very true to our own experience. It is a good book to give to a younger sister who is "coming on". We may relish what is to us amusingly familiar, but it was really written for her.

M. S.

THE LAND OF DREAMS

When you are fast asleep
 And in your trundle bed,
 What are the dreams that come and go
 Within your little head?
 Do you dream of glorious deeds,
 A fame of golden hue?
 The dearest dreams that you can wish
 The Sandman shows to you.

Slumberland, Wonderland,
 Where the Golden Age peeps through,
 Where your fondest dreams are true,
 My Dear,
 Wonderland, Slumberland.

And when you're very old
 And far from childhood's ways,
 You still will have the golden dreams
 As in the yesterdays.
 Nodding in your chair,
 While sitting by the fire,
 On Memory's wings you'll quickly fly
 To your childhood's heart's desire.

Slumberland, Wonderland,
 Where the Golden Age peeps through,
 Where your fondest dreams are true,
 My Dear,
 Wonderland, Slumberland.

Starr G. Cooper in Yale Courant.

QUATRAINS

O grief of Love! not that I love in vain,
 Nor find in eyes an unresponsive glow;
 'Tis that I turn uneager from the fane
 And careless see the holy flame, below.

O grief of Sin! not that fair Holiness
 Is brought from her high hiding place to less;
 But that the foulness proffered on the way
 Seems not so foul as it seemed yesterday.

When thou, O Wind, didst tear my coat from me
 And round my nakedness thy cold arm pressed,
 'Twas no such act of tyrant cruelty
 As when thou drav'st the cloud-hues from the West.
Horace Holley in Williams Literary Magazine.

THANKSGIVING

Yes, Lord, for Summer's wealth of song and flowers,
 For all the care-free vagrant hours ;
 For the vagabond friend and the gypsy fire,
 For the long, long road of my heart's desire.

Yes, Lord, for the tattered coat and the weary way,
 For the prodigal's hope and the prodigal's pay ;
 For the trust and the love and the pain you gave,
 For the hill-land home and the hill-land grave.

A. Frederick Wilson in University of Virginia Magazine.

YE LEFT ME BY THE GARDEN WALK

Ye left me by the garden-walk,
 Ye left me at the style,
 Ye failed me at the trystin'-rock
 And oh ! the weary while !
 Ye jilted me a hundred way
 Till sure I was forlorn,
 Ye scorned me arm on Saturday
 An'—took it Sunday morn.

Ye sent me off the balcony
 An' frowned me off the lawn,
 Ye teased me to the lake with ye—
 An' told me to be gone.
 And of yourself was I bereft
 A hundred time, ye mind,
 But every blessed time, ye left
 A bit o' love behind.

Richard John Walsh in Harvard Monthly.

A POEM

My path lay through the barren dust
 One little hour ago ;
 How came the bliss of bird and flower ?
 I only know
 That my soul, tired of common ways,
 Now sings apart,
 Because one read of shapes that stirred
 Within a dreamer's heart.

H. R. C. in Western Oxford Magazine.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

SONNET TO SUFFERING

O dusky portal ! through whose gates of gloom
We enter into lands of hallowed light
Where deep serenity succeeds the night,
Herald of peace thou art, and not its doom.
Like children, 'midst the meadows' riot bloom,
That chase the butterflies in painted flight,
We chase our joys,—till we are torn in fright,
Trailing dead flowers, to where thy shadows loom.
Ah, if we falter not though spectral Lies
Circle, bat-winged, thy dizzy darkness through,
Still groping blindly, lo ! in glad surprise
We come where shining uplands kiss the blue,
And then we scorn the flowery fields, and seek
Bright, wind-swept skies and gleaming mountain-peak.
ELEANOR ADLER, 1905.

THE VIGIL

[Suggested by the painting of Sir John Peattie.]

Deep grow the shadows round the turrets grim,
The night draws close and silence fills the plain,
The rooks that at the sunset circled low
Now drop like hints of darkness to their nests.
Throughout the castle all is hushed and still,
Alike to king and warrior, slumber sweet
Has brought the often vainly-sought repose,
The whole world seems asleep, content to dream.

And yet within the chapel's dim recess,
Where timid moonbeams hardly durst to prey,
Long weary hours before the altar kneels
A maiden-knight in hushed expectancy.
Behind him lies his wild and reckless youth,—
When just to ride to hounds were life indeed !
When tales of prowess done had roused the fire
Low-smouldering in his soul to do and dare !

But not with this his longing heart is filled,—
Nor this that gives his face its touch of hope.
His eyes look past the gleaming altar, where
The future holds her hand outstretched to him.

Before him on the minster's marble floor,
His helmet and his armor lie beside
The still unbattered shield,—fit emblems, they,
Of his young life, unclouded and untried !
His sword he holds between his folded hands,
The while, his eyes deep filled with awe, he prays
For strength and truth and all that makes a knight.

The passing hours unheeded glide away
Among the shadows of the minster dim,
The candles gleam and fade and gleam again.
The knight prays on, that he at last may see
The vision of his Lord descend upon
The sacred shrine and breathe a benison.

He dreams that in the golden days to come
His fame shall rise above the clash of arms,—
That tourneys without number he shall win,
And take the prize from his fair lady's hand.

But while he waves his trusty lance on high
And hears the tumult of the loud huzzas,
A sudden glory comes upon the shrine.
He sees his Lord ; and seeing, hides his face.
A moment's throbbing silence,—like to that
Which presages the coming of the day,—
And then in accents low the Master spoke :

“ Not thine, oh Knight, the joust and tournament,
Nor yet to ride abroad redressing wrongs.
The Holy Grail from which I drank has oft
Been sought in vain by passion-burdened man !
And so for thee awaits the wilderness
Where thou, poor youth, in lone despair, shalt yearn
To leave the quest and turn thy footsteps home.
The hateful thorns shall tear thy weary limbs,
And fevers suck thy mighty strength away.
But if, through all, thy soul be pure and white,
As now thy knightly robe, I grant to thee
To gaze at last upon the Holy Grail
And count thyself the favored of the Lord.”

The vision faded and a sudden gust
 Of morning air blew all the candles out.
 A fearful trembling seized upon the knight.
 He crossed himself and staggered to his feet.
 A lonely sunbeam rested on his face,
 Grown old and wan within a single night.
 He left the minster, wide open flung the door.
 Day had come,—and he must meet the world.

ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON.

I had never considered myself much of a mountain climber, but I had often looked up at Fuji as she towered alone and majestic to the height of 18,000 feet, and wished that I might stand on her summit.

Ascent of Fuji, At last a party of eight was formed, consisting of
 the Sacred Mountain an elderly gentleman, a friend from Philadelphia
 and his wife, three of the ladies from our school in
 Yokohama, one of our school graduates, and myself.

It is safe to make the ascent during August only, so we decided to start on the ninth, and were favored with a glorious day. We joined forces just outside the old town of Gotemba, each one equipped with picturesque, broad-brimmed hats tied under the chin, dark blue gaiters and straw sandals fastened over shoes or cotton "tabi".

We went on horse-back to the foot of the mountain ten miles away and up the first gentle slope. Five guides carried our clothing and provisions. The road lay through fields gay with flowers and butterflies, and through an occasional stretch of beautiful woods. Now and then we passed a horse bringing down a great load of grass, a veritable walking haystack. Again we passed a company of pilgrims dressed in white, with a jingling bell and a bottle of holy water suspended at the waist, and marked with red stamps, to show that they had already made the ascent.

The first part of the climb was through woods, the undergrowth becoming less and less dense as we proceeded. Gray moss hung in festoons from the branches of the pines and birches along the way. After two miles of delightful shade we came out on a stretch of loose lava, broken here and there by a few hardy shrubs or a patch of blue-gray lichens.

The first station is Jarabo, named for some evil spirit whom the more devout pilgrims seek to pacify that they may be prospered on their journey. Here we each bought an octagonal staff such as is carried by all pilgrims, provided ourselves with a map of the mountain, and then rode on as far as the second station.

The sun was shining when we started to climb, and although the winding ascent over closely packed lava was an easy one, we were glad to rest and cool off when we reached station No. 8.

Our next ascent carried us into the clouds, the air growing cooler and rain beginning to fall. We had purchased from the men who led our horses pieces of straw matting for waterproof, but in spite of them we were quite cold and wet when we drew up at No. 7, where we were to spend the night. The wooden structure was about 60x25 feet. The room looked very attrac-

tive, for though the floor was of rough boards, covered with loose matting, just inside the door was a bright fire burning, and promise of supper and rest.

A white cotton cloth hung across one end of the room and served as a curtain behind which we took refuge while exchanging wet clothes for dry ones,—shawls and golf capes serving as temporary skirts. Our hunger was soon appeased with delicious hot soup, buttered buns, dried beef and cookies. Then, while watched by many curious eyes, we sang "Abide with Me" and had prayers together. Away on that great solitary mountain God seemed very near to the little company of His children.

Preparations for bed did not take long; a thick quilt was spread for each one on the floor, another serving as covering. As there were thirty or more Japanese spending the night at the same house, we considered ourselves fortunate in having one end of the large room to ourselves. After everyone else had lain down the guides still sat around the charcoal fire, talking in low tones while drying our clothes. At length they, too, grew tired and huddled under the two remaining quilts, were soon fast asleep.

The dim light revealing rafters above and sleepers below; the sound of snoring varied by occasional whispering; a strong odor of flea powder and peppermint, complete my memories of a long, strange night.

About two o'clock I got up, and picking my way carefully across the floor, went to the open door and looked out on the night. Far up in the heavens rode the moon, casting a weird, shimmering light on the clouds, which lay like waves far below, while from their depths rose the great black mountain. It was an awe-inspiring sight.

About five, one after another began to stir, and as we had all gone to bed in our clothes, it was not long before we were ready for breakfast. That consisted of hot rice and tea, with such delicacies as our lunch-basket afforded. Two, out of our party of eight, decided not to go on, but the rest set out bravely in spite of clouds and threatening weather. Shortly before reaching the eighth station we had to take refuge from the rain in a little hut built of blocks of lava. The shower soon passed over, and we started on the longest and hardest climb of all, the climb to the ninth station. From this point onward we passed great fields of snow which supply water to people on the mountain. The path here is steep, the lava loose, and the way rocky and uneven. The mountain is strewn with great boulders and balls of red and slaty-blue lava. The air at such a height is so rare that breathing is difficult, and we had to stop every few yards to rest. Hungry and well-nigh exhausted, we reached a little empty shanty where we stopped for some refreshment before pushing on to the top.

Soon after eleven we reached "Silver Spring", where we bought some of the delicious, clear "holy water" sold by the cupful to all tourists. A few more steps brought us to the top, but it was so misty that the view was cut off. We entered a long, low, stone building where a little shrine with candles burning before it invited to worship. Here salesmen offered us fans, pictures, Fuji medals, and red stamps for our sticks, or whatever tokens we wished to show that we had been up the mountain. We found that postals could be mailed at the top, so we bought picture postals and wrote them by the dozen.

About twelve the clouds drifted and we got a view of one end of the immense crater, 200 feet in diameter. Great patches of snow lay in the gullies, and here and there rose great rocks of fantastic shape and color.

There are several different paths down Fuji, but we started back the way we came, and at the seventh station found one of our party and lunch awaiting us. One gentleman had returned to order horses to meet us at the foot. The descent from the seventh station is made by a wide, straight road of deep, loose lava, down which we plunged with great strides, laughing and shouting like children. To feel we had on "seven leagued boots" was quite a novel experience.

Near the foot we saw a long procession of students, one hundred and ten in all, starting up the mountain. We hardly knew whether to envy or to pity them.

At Jarabo we found horses awaiting us, and were soon mounted and on the "home stretch". As we jogged along with leaders in front, who stopped to pick raspberries and pinks for us along the way, we decided that in spite of weariness and the mists which hid the view, our trip had been a great success.

CLARA D. LOOMIS 1900,
Gotemba, Japan.

Peggy was cross,—decidedly cross,—as she swung her strapped books against the wall and waited for her brother. All the round of commonplace events had brought tribulations with them that day; and

Peggy—an Episode Peggy was not a girl who bore her sorrows meekly.

Huh! what did it matter if she *hadn't* loaned her nice clean rubber to Waldo! and why should Betty have some of her very newest pad-paper! They could put their heads together and call her "mean and horrid" if they wanted to. Waldo might ignore her at luncheon time, and "swap" sandwiches with some one else instead. S'pose she cared—huh!

It was a pity, though, that she had failed Miss Houston,—her dear Miss Houston! The question put to the class *had* been difficult, and one after another of the shining lights had fallen before its inscrutable front. Peggy grew hot with blushes at the mere remembrance of how wildly she had waved her hand; and how smilingly Miss Houston had finished with, "I am sorry you cannot answer, Waldo; I see Margaret is very anxious to tell us." Oh! *why* had she answered so proudly, yet in such a way that the smile faded from Miss Houston's face while she shook her head, saying, in surprise, "No, indeed! that is quite wrong!" Peggy had been crushed, and had not looked up to see Waldo's glance of triumph. But oh! she had felt it, and had considered herself disgraced forever.

Bother! why didn't Brother come? His class was always late! Then she heard the tramp of shuffling steps and the children from the primary came down the stairs. A little boy with yellow curls sprang out from the ranks, ran to Peggy, and put up his hot flushed face for the afternoon kiss. She pretended not to notice. "It's very late," she said crossly, took his hand, and hurried him down the street. They walked on for a time, Brother looking wonderingly at her puckered forehead, but trotting along without a word. At last, "Aren't we going to ride, Peggy? I'm awfully tired, and it's so hot,"

he panted, his voice quavering eagerly. "No! we're not; you know what mother said. If we take the car, we'll have to go to walk with Miss Benson in the park, 'nd then I can't play tag and hop-scotch 'cause it isn't lady-like! Horrid thing!" Peggy gave her pigtails a vicious shake and screwed up her nose. "Oh, I hate her!"

There was silence for a time, as the two children walked up the avenue. Brother looked longingly into the windows of the candy stores, through whose forbidden doors he caught glimpses of schoolmates with huge glasses of foaming soda water. But even these sights called forth no envious glances from Peggy to-day. Brother began his daily confidences. "Mary won in spelling, and Miss Kitchel said—" "Oh, *do* be quiet!" snapped his sister, "I don't want to hear about your old Miss Kitchel. I hate school and—everything, and—I am going to play 'Violet', so there!"

Brother gave a gasp of dismay, for "Violet" was a dreadful name to him. It was the one game he and his adored sister did not share in common. The fun was *solitaire*; and when, at rare intervals, the world was black to her and she retired into her shell to play this game, poor little Brother was left quite out in the cold. "Oh, please let's play Fairies instead," he suggested eagerly, but Peggy sniffed with contempt. She dropped her hold on his hand and walked over to the further edge of the sidewalk. "Now don't bother me, don't talk to me, don't even come *near* me!" she commanded, in that imperious manner that long leadership had bred. And Brother obediently, though rather wistfully, walked where he was told, while Peggy forgot her woes and became absorbed in the game.

"My name is Violet," she murmured inwardly, "and I live in a pretty country town. I am more beautiful than the sun and the moon and the stars,—more beautiful than the fairest princess born. When I walk in the street, I blind people's eyes with my loveliness. I am very tall and slender,—graceful as a lily,"—here Peggy gazed skyward so as not to see her own plump and rather stubby little figure,—“my complexion is as fair as the opening rose,”—(“then Uncle Charlie cannot call me Freckles”)—“and all my features are Grecian and absolutely perfect.” (If she only did not need to catch a glimpse of her horrid snub nose!) “My eyes are blue as the violet for which I am named, with wonderful thoughts lying in their liquid depths. And my hair,—oh, my wonderful, gleaming hair, long golden curls hanging down my back and over my shoulders in a rippling stream. They are so many and so heavy”—this was an inspiration of two weeks ago, and her particular point of pride—“that though you lifted up as many curls as you could at a time, and kept on for a whole year, night and day, you could not get through them all!” The question of brushing and keeping such a mass in order had worried her for a time; but she decided at last that this was a minor point, and did not need serious consideration. “I wear the most beautiful trailing robes,”—she bent her knees and tried in vain to touch the ground with her short, belted dress,—“all soft and white and clinging. All the village know about wonderful Violet and are proud of me. When strangers come to town they are always told about Violet, the darling of the village. And they come and talk to me, and look into my deep, serious eyes, and marvel at so thoughtful a face in one so young.” To decide between a laughing, vivacious hero-

ine and a sweetly-serious one, had been difficult. Miss Benson had unconsciously turned the scales. "Peggy, are you never quiet a moment!" she had scolded when the children had been tearing through the house in a boisterous game of "Blind Man's Buff,"—and that had of course, settled the question.

"All the children worship me, and it is a pretty sight to see me come up the village street, while they cluster about me and hang on to my dress, and caress my trailing curls which the sun tinges with gold." ('No one says I order them about, there, anyhow!') "I am so wise that the women of the village bring all their troubles to me, and I settle them beautifully, and they say, 'What would we do without Violet?' I am very modest, and never know that I am beautiful or wise, or that I can write, and paint and draw better than any one else in the world. When I sit before the piano in the evening and sing, the villagers steal softly to the window and listen to the melody of my voice.

I am also very brave. One day I am walking along the road by the railroad track, with my beautiful curls flying in the wind. A little girl from a neighbor's house is playing happily on the track. Suddenly a fearful roar is heard in the distance, a rattle of wheels and a thundering on the heavy iron. The people around stand by terrified and helpless. Without a thought of my own safety, I fling myself toward the child——"

"Oh, Peggy, look out! look out!" Brother's voice breaks in on Peggy's dream and brings her back to earth with a start. They are in the midst of a crowded street, and a team of bays rears before them. With a cry of surprise, she seizes Brother's hand and darts across in front of the horses, reaching the sidewalk in safety. "Now don't say one word, not one word," she warns Brother, excitedly, "I am just in the middle of it!"

"I fling myself toward the child, and with one hand throw her into safety, —the next second the engine is upon me. When the train is backed up they carry my limp form to the ambulance. A stream of blood, from a gash on my temple, reddens my white dress; my eyes are closed; my face is pale as marble. The people gaze sorrowfully upon me, and follow quietly to my home. Day and night they wait to hear of my state; my recovery is at first despaired of. Finally I am declared out of danger, and it is a festive day in the village. Lying weak and weary on my pillow, embowered among flowers, I receive the grateful mother of her whose life I have saved, and my admiring friends. I am more than ever the darling of the village——"

"Are we at home so soon?" sighed Peggy, as they turned the familiar corner. Where were the blues and her bad temper? Entirely gone. She felt quite the heroine, and held her head high, as if afraid that her "long golden curls might sweep the street," and she looked at passers-by as if out of "deep, violet eyes."

She took Brother's hand and ran up the stoop. "Come, let's have our cocoas, and then—then I'll play fairies with you." Brother's eyes shone. Together they went into the hall. "Oh, mumsie," cried Peggy, throwing her arms around a tall lady who came to meet them, "I've had such a lovely time!"

ELEANOR ADLER '05.

During the past few months I have been greatly interested in the articles contributed to *THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY* by the alumnae describing their experiences in settlements, libraries, and in the school-room. These articles have been interesting not only because of the information they contain, but because they so clearly show the great opportunities for continued development to be found after college in the doing of commonplace daily tasks. It is because I believe my own calling—that of the kindergarten—to be peculiarly rich in such opportunities that I am endeavoring to describe its charms in the *MONTHLY*.

Sometimes we hear it said of the college man—and occasionally of the college woman—that college has made him conceited. We do not like to hear the remark, and perhaps openly differ from the statement. Yet in the cases where it is true, is not this because the development of the mind has been greater than the growth of the sympathies—because the head has grasped what the heart has not yet put into practice? For neither the grind nor the society girl has the most wholesome view of life, but that person who can “see life sanely and see it whole”. Kindergarten training is a great help in attaining this attitude, for a true kindergarten has need of both a good mind and a warm heart. Add to this a full measure of common sense and a brimming cupful of humor, and your recipe needs only a bit of natural aptitude to be complete.

Any girl who has read Josephine Daskam Bacon's “The Madness of Philip” already knows the humorous possibilities of life in kindergarten. There are many youngsters eager to be Philips—fortunately few visitors desire to tell stories! It is truly a high art, and worthy indeed of the college graduate, to keep Philip so wholesomely busy that there is no time for mischief. In fact, this is one of Froebel's principles, that children grow through their own activities, and the older person should simply direct their energy into the right channel. Many such principles of the founder of the kindergarten made their way into the educational world long before the kindergarten, as such, was received into favor. If these ideas helped to transform the attitude of educators toward childhood it is of small consequence that Froebel was seldom known as their expounder.

Probably the best way to explain the kindergarten training is to describe the course with which, as a graduate, I am most familiar—the two years' course given at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. This training school believes in the all-round development of the student,—that Froebel's principles should be understood, not as an isolated scheme of education, but in comparison with the ideas of other scholars and philosophers. Accordingly, Dr. MacVannel of Teachers' College has a course in the History of Education and in Psychology, using as a text book James' “Talks to Teachers”. The discussions we used to have in these classes were indeed interesting—“most as good as college”. Lectures on Nature Study and Botany with excursions and class work with a scientist; a weekly visit to the art department of the institute for work in designing, sketching and art criticising, and lectures on a variety of subjects all helped to give a broader, richer background for kindergarten subjects. These include Froebel's educational principles, as explained

in his "Education of Man", and his "Mother Play Book" of pictures and songs for the mother and child; the gifts—or playthings—with practical use of them in kindergarten, and Froebel's theory in his "Pedagogics of the Kindergarten"; also, the occupations—paper folding, weaving and all the so-called "hand work". The songs, marches and kindergarten games, the literature and stories, the meaning of myths and legends, give a delightful variety to the course. Programs showing just how you planned work, essays explaining why you worked by this method, and papers telling how Froebel would have worked, all consume much theme-paper, ink and brains. But she who has survived the papers required in college will surely survive these. The work in the gymnasium should be mentioned, for after a struggle with Froebel's involved sentences, "gym" comes as a great relief.

In order that the students may have practical experience as well as theoretic knowledge early in the course, they visit the kindergartens of the Brooklyn Free Kindergarten Society to observe the work with the children, and later to practice for several months. It is hard work to teach and to study at the same time, yet this actual every-day experience gives a confidence and power fully worth the effort.

After graduation comes the question, "Where shall my kindergarten be? Shall I have a private kindergarten of my own, shall I work in a mission school in the slums or in a public school in the country?" The small private kindergarten is delightful, but it may disappear if measles or chicken-pox become popular. The public school means more work yet more pay. The mission kindergarten means hard work, yet great opportunities for helpfulness. Often our families help us in deciding such questions,—not so much by what they say as by what they do not say! Then, too, different kinds of children appeal to different kinds of kindergartners. Some prefer the wide-awake American child whose home-life has taught him many things; others prefer the little foreigner who, while ignorant of many things, blossoms forth marvelously in kindergarten. This is what makes work with the Italians and other foreigners so interesting—to see the improvement in the children and in the homes. For there is no mother—however poor or degraded or ignorant of English—but understands the friendly smile with which the kindergartner greets the baby. Among such families the only limit upon the kindergartner's power of helpfulness is her own physical strength.

Yet it really matters but little where the kindergartner chooses to work, for wherever she may be, the children cannot fail to enrich and gladden her life. Because of the children she becomes more sensible, more sympathetic than before. In keeping the abundant kindergarten material in order she learns to be a good housekeeper. Her mother is delighted to see this reflected in the condition of her top bureau-drawer.

As the months or years pass the true kindergartner finds her view growing broader, for the flexibility of her work presents new possibilities and attractive opportunities for study and discussion. She is a better woman because she is a kindergartner. Is not such a profession worth the consideration of the college girl?

FLORENCE REEVES ex-'01.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, 20 Belmont Avenue.

The Biological Society wishes to recover the book of minutes prior to September, 1898. Will anyone who can give information in regard to it kindly notify the secretary of the society, Carrie B. Woodward, 41 Elm Street.

All Alumnæ wishing rooms in the college houses for Commencement are requested to apply through their class secretaries.

All alumnæ who wish to secure tickets for SENIOR DRAMATICS should send their names to the Business Manager, Elizabeth B. Ballard, 30 Green Street, stating whether they prefer Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnæ for Saturday night. Each alumna is allowed only one seat on her own name.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since last issue is as follows :

'06.	Harriette Berry,	Oct.	25
'06.	Margaret Stone,	"	25
'06.	Caroline B. Hinman,	"	26
'06.	Anna Marble,	"	26
'08.	Elizabeth Irwin,	Nov.	1
'08.	Elizabeth Westwood,	"	1
'08.	Grace Fuller,	"	2
'08.	Alice Fessenden,	"	2-5
'06.	Elsie Damon,	"	2-9
'97.	Elizabeth Mills,	"	3-5
'97.	Margaret Rand,	"	3-5
'97.	Anna Woodruff,	"	3-5
'06.	Theo Sibley,	"	5
'06.	Ruth Bangs,	"	9
'06.	Carrie McKay,	"	9
'06.	Marion Ellis,	"	11
'04.	Mary Van Kleeck,	"	13-14
'00.	Maude Randall,	"	18
'06.	Mary Denton,	"	23

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont avenue.

'93. Carolyn Shipman Whipple has made a revision and translation of Le Roux de Lincy's *Recherches sur Jean Grolier*, to be printed by the Grolier Club of New York on their twentieth anniversary.

'94. Eleanor H. Johnson is spending the winter in New York, at the Women's University Club.

- '97. Grace Edith Breckenridge was married to Mr. Joseph Baker Fish, Jr., at Toledo, Ohio, September 12.
- '00. Anna Jaffray Smith was married to Mr. Maurice P. Gould, June 12. Her address is 50 Morningside Drive West, New York City.
 Marian H. Smith was married to Mr. Ernest Lynwood Smith of New York, October 9. Address, 211 West 101st Street, New York.
 Mabel Stevenson is in New York for the winter. Address, Whittier Hall, 1230 Amsterdam Avenue.
- '01. Alice L. Batchelder is State Secretary of the Texas Y. M. C. A.
 Ethel Gates is teaching in Miss Mulhally's School for Girls, San Antonio, Texas.
 Jennie Shipman is teaching English and Latin in the High School at Joliet, Illinois.
- ex-'01. Florence Reeves is the director of a public school kindergarten in Montclair, New Jersey.
- '02. Beatrice Montgomery is teaching English in the College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas.
- '03. Alice Bookwalter was married to Mr. Arthur Allen Ward, October 16. at Westerville, Ohio. Address after Janurry 1, Bongalore, India.
 Mary Dorothea Burbank was married to Dr. William Pond, June 27. Address, Rutland, Vermont.
 Sara Louise Gesner was married to Mr. Louis Leland Robbins, October 2. Address, 72 Highland Avenue, Nyack, New York.
 Alice Crane Haskins was married to Mr. Deane B. Swingle, July 29, at Washington, D. C. Address, Bozeman, Montana.
 Rose Adele Kinsman was married to Mr. Arthur F. Bassett in September. Address, 90 Westminster Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.
 Beulah Josephine Potts was married to Mr. Thomas M. Montgomery, September 12, at Columbus, Ohio. Address, 1281 Bryden Road, Columbus, Ohio.
 Eleanor Chester Putnam was married to Mr. John Knox Bodell, August 29, at Salt Lake City, Utah. Address, Box 776, Montrose, Colorado.
 Lois Mitchell Shattuck was married to Mr. Harry L. Allen, at Norwood, Massachusetts, October 2. Address, 33 Winslow Avenue, Norwood, Massachusetts.
- Margaret N. Thacher sails November 17, and expects to spend the winter in Egypt.
- Florence Louise Tullock was married to Mr. Frederick D. Bolman, October 29, at Leavenworth, Kansas. Address, Leavenworth, Kansas.
- '04. Leslie Crawford was married to Dr. John Gale Hun of Princeton University, June 26.
 Elsie M. Harris was married to Harvey Randolph Durbin, October 16. Address, 105 Dement Avenue, Dixon, Illinois.

- '05. Ruth Nancy Bullis has announced her engagement to Mr. Gilbert Greene Dickerman of Duluth, Minnesota.
- Mary Wilhelmina Hastings will be abroad for a year. Her address is Brown, Shipley & Co., 123 Pall Mall, London, England.
- Alice Lawlor was married to Mr. John P. Kirby, Harvard '97, at Kansas City, Missouri, September 12. Address, 84 Casino Avenue, Chicopee, Massachusetts.
- Alice Wheeler is teaching History in the State Normal School at Plattsburg, New York.
- '06. Addie M. Newhall is teaching Mathematics, History, Latin and Drawing in the High School, Swanton, Vermont.

BIRTHS

- '95. Mrs. Henry Ewing Hale (Frances Ward), a son, Henry Ewing Hale, 8d. born October 12.
- '99. Mrs. Frank Preston Bascom (Lucy R. Tufts), a son, Nathan Tufts, born November 1.
- Mrs. Henry S. Hitchcock (Emilie C. Tomlinson), a son, Stedman Tomlinson, born July 9.
- '00. Mrs. Evan (Ruth Albright Hollister), a daughter, Mary, born in Buffalo, New York, August 25.
- '01. Mrs. Gardner Whitman Pearson (Alice France Duckworth), a son, Whitman, born July 8.
- '03. Mrs. James G. Covey (Katherine Knox), a son, John Knox, born August 25.
- '04. Mrs. Jonas Hambuyer (Amy E. Stein) a daughter, Elizabeth S. Hambuyer, born July 7.
- Mrs. Sanford Wales Sawin, Sr. (Nell B. Quigley), a son, Sanford Wales Sawin, Jr., born September 22, in Roanoke, Virginia.

DEATHS

- '92. Martha Celina Parsons died October 25, 1905.
- '08. Margaret Holmes Clark died at Ware, Massachusetts, September 11.

ABOUT COLLEGE

"MONDAY MORNING"

She stands—the cynosure of laughing eyes,
Tense, motionless, quite taken by surprise;
While nimble fingers pin the emblem on
Her mind stops blank nor blindly gropes beyond.
A swaying, waiting crowd of girls outside
Surround the door and gaze on her with pride;
While some—at half-past eight—demand her dress,
And others say—"We knew she'd never guess."
Her hat is found, her handkerchief, her cloak,
She's bundled up with loving pat and poke;
What matter if her hair is coming down,
Her hat awry, unbuttoned, too, her gown!
The freshmen think she never looked so fine,
The Sophomores always thought she was divine;
While everybody says—"Oh, anyway,
We knew they'd take Peoria in to-day!"

LUCY RICE '09.

"BUSY"

A busy sign is not at all
What it's supposed to be.
It is a very useless thing
So far as one can see.

There comes a knock upon your door.
"Oh, I'll not stay at all,
I just came in to ask you if
You have a tennis ball."

Another knock, and some one says,
"Oh, aren't you nearly through?
We want some fudge, but we can't make
It half so well as you."

A heavy step comes down the hall
And stops right by your door.
A head pops in and says to you,
"What is that sign up for?"

You'd think when people see a sign
 They'd tiptoe right away.
 But no! Sometimes they just come in
 And stay and stay and stay!

A busy sign in theory
 May be quite fine, you see,
 But practically it is best
 To have a lock and key.

MARY P. PARSONS '08.

IN FRENCH CLASS

Did your head ever ache
 As if it would split,
 And nothing you did
 Seemed to help it a bit?

You sit watching the girls
 Playing round on the grass,
 And hear nothing at all
 Of what's doing in class.

If you haven't, just try it
 In French some fine day;
 Gaze out of the window
 And Mam'zelle will say:

"Votre leçon n'est pas
 Sous les arbres au dehors;
 Ecoute que je dise
 Ou vous aurez rémors."

MYRTLE SMITH '08.

October 12.—To-day was one of the great days of my life. I have seen Her! This morning, in chapel, I was sitting in the front row and looking at Myrtis Basset opposite and thinking how "The Diary of a Goose-Girl" pretty she was. It seems a long time ago now! I can't see *why* I thought Myrtis was pretty, because she is not a Senior with glorious golden hair and blue, *blue* eyes! Myrtis is only a Freshman like me!

Well, just then I happened to look down into the Senior row and there I saw Her! She was sitting on the front row of seats and She had on a lovely white sweater with 1907 on it. She is perfectly beautiful and my heart jumped right into my mouth when I saw Her!

I do think white sweaters are so pretty—that is, on some people. Now, Myrtis has a sweater, but she looks perfectly dowdy in it. Myrtis hasn't lovely pink cheeks and wavy golden hair.

She has the most glorious hair I ever saw in my life. I used to be sorry because mine was light and wish I had dark hair (Myrtis' hair is black), but now I see that I was wrong. No hair is so beautiful as wavy golden hair. I wonder if I could do mine up the way she does. I think I will try.

When we were coming out of chapel I asked Myrtis if she knew who *She* was, and what do you suppose she said?

"Oh, that's Cora Lawrence—that one with the mussy yellow hair, you mean? She lives at Hubbard House, I think."

Now, wasn't that simply horrid of her? "Mussed up yellow hair" indeed! I don't think much of that Myrtis Basset, and never did.

October 13.—To-night I walked by Hubbard House and looked at the lights and wondered which room was *Hers*. Somebody was playing the banjo—I wonder if it was *She*?

I have bought a white sweater.

October 15.—Oh—oh! I am so excited I can hardly write this! I have met *Her*! I have actually spoken to *Her*! She smiled at me! Oh, I am so happy and excited, I don't know what to do!

It was at the sophomore reception last night. (I wore my pink silk dress, and I think I looked rather nice.) I was standing by the doorway with my sophomore and looking around to see if I could see *Her* when, all at once, my sophomore cried out, "Why, there's Cora Lawrence over by the stairs. Come and I'll introduce you to her. She's rather a pretty girl, I think."

And then, I don't remember exactly how, I found myself actually standing before *Her* and bowing. She had on a kind of misty blue gauze with silver spangles on it, and *She* looked just *glorious* with *Her* lovely yellow hair all around her face! She had on a bunch of white carnations, and afterwards I found one broken off on the floor. I have it now and I shall treasure it as long as I live, because *She* wore it! She bowed to me and smiled just as sweetly (it makes my heart jump to think of it now). I don't exactly remember what *She* said, but I think *She* asked me if I liked college, and I said, oh, I *adored* college! Anyway, I adore *Her*!

October 20.—I have just seen *Her* going by to chapel with Jessie Smith, who is a senior from down home. I don't see why she goes with Jessie Smith. I think Jessie is very homely myself.

She had on a perfectly sweet red hat to-day. I was going to buy a black hat for this winter, but I wonder if red wouldn't be prettier, after all?

I *do* wish I could get my hair to wave like *Her's*. I've tried *every* way I ever heard of to make it, but it just *won't* do it? Jessie Smith's hair doesn't wave at all, either,—but then, Jessie is a senior,—oh dear, I wish *I* were a senior too!

If I could only do something for *Her* perhaps she'd like me, even if I am a freshman. If Hubbard House should get on fire in the night I would rush bravely into the flames and rescue *Her*, or if *She* should tumble into the river I would dash after *Her* and bring *Her* safely to the shore and then *She* would—but what' the use! Nothing will ever happen.

It is about time for chapel to be over, and I think I'll walk over towards College Hall. Perhaps I will meet *Her*!

October 25.—To-morrow night is the Senior Hop, and *She* is going. How I would love to see it—but of course I can't.

I am going to send Her some flowers for the Hop—a dozen red American Beauty Roses. Of course, it will cost quite a good deal, but nothing is too good for Her! Just think! She will wear *my* roses!

I will look down from the gallery and see Her sitting in the senior seats to-morrow morning and wearing red roses, and who knows, maybe She will look up into the gallery and smile and nod!!

I bought a red hat this afternoon, and I look quite well in it, I think.

October 27.—I am broken-hearted! I never expect to smile again in this life—never! I shall merely exist and grow thin and pale and pine away—perhaps She will be sorry then!

How can I write it? This morning I met Her going into chapel and She never looked at me at all! She had roses on Her dress, but they were *Pink* Roses!!!

My heart is broken. I never shall have any faith in human beings again—*never*.

I tried on my hat again to-day, and I look like a perfect fright in it! Red does not suit light hair like mine. I wish mine were dark!

October 27, Evening—Myrtis Bassett has just been in and brought me a plate of fudge. I never expected to eat *fudge* again, but it was awfully good. She boils it twenty minutes and puts in lots of butter. We ate it all up between us.

I think Myrtis is quite a pretty girl. Of course she hasn't yellow hair and all that—but I'm not certain but that I like dark hair better.

(I never was very fond of yellow hair, anyway!)

We are going to play tennis to-morrow morning. Myrtis is certainly awfully nice, and I always liked her so much, you know!

DOROTHY DONNELL '09.

HELLO!

We're not "hello-girls": those who are
Addressed as "Central"—no,
And yet when people speak to us
We always say, "Hello!"

We meet our classmates in the street
When passing to and fro—
"Good-day's" an ancient greeting now:
We always say "Hello!"

At eight A. M. or so we join
The breakfast-table row—
"Good-morning's" too much bother, so
We always say, "Hello!"

Upon occasion, suitors call—
Perchance an Amherst beau—
"How do you do?" is formal, stiff;
We always say, "Hello!"

But oh, alas, the greeting glib
 Perchance may work us woe ;
 We mean to bow to Faculty, but—
 We sometimes say "Hello!"

GRACE KELLOGG '08.

THE LIBRARY

In freshman year at college, when we went to Seelye Hall—
 It was the morning study hours that were the best of all—
 We looked about us, saw our friends and sat by seniors grand.
 We did not study then ; our work for 5 A. M. we'd planned.
 But then, oh dear, but then, alas !—we did not understand !

In senior year at college, when we go to Seelye Hall,
 Our talk and play of former years right sadly we recall.
 In vain we wish for quiet, but we sit by freshmen grand,
 We cannot study, and besides, for morning sleep we've planned.
 For now, oh dear,—for now at least we've learned, we understand !

ELIZABETH BISHOP BALLARD.

MY SAD TALE

Of all the questions that ere clouded brow
 Of who, and what, and wherefore,—why and how,
 By this am I most worried and perplexed—
 For 13— what to write or think of next?

There's naught so puts the soul of me on fire,
 Not European wars, nor ethics problems dire,
 As quest forever through the livelong day
 For something no one else has said, to say.

I daren't submit a theme that long since has been dated,
 I dare not prate of nature lest my style should seem inflated.
 I dare not—and the very thought makes all my life seem duller—
 But I dare not write of college life for fear of local color.

I will not deal in sentiment or do a soul-unveiling.
 If I set out to be a wit the point is ever failing ;
 A love yarn and a suicide are both beyond my ken,
 And if I write of children they are sure to talk like men.

For symbolic allegories I can't frame my words aright.
 A classic poem I am sure would be beyond me quite.
 Divine afflatus does not come, nor is my muse afire,—
 So what to do I do not see—unless a proxy hire.

HELEN MARGERY DEAN.

THE EVOLUTION OF A FRESHMAN

Rosamond de Vincy,
 Heaven-born elect,
 Purged from human nature's tiniest defect;
 Devotee of Browning,
 Ancestors galore,
 Came in all her cultured pride to Alma Mater's door.

Susy Jane Maria
 Roomed across the hall,
 Susy Jane was mighty in the realm of basket-ball.
 And while classic Rosa
 Struggled with her soul
 Susy Jane Maria was jumping for the goal.

One day Susy, wounded,
 Went to Sunnyside,
 Rosamond was asked to "sub", and just for fun she tried.
 Life has just such crises;
 Rosamond played well,
 Quite forgot she had a soul, or lost it in the yell:

"My, but she's a ripper!
 Ain't Lucile a peach!"
 Where is Mr. Henry James to "question of her speech"?
 "Put 'em on the bum-bum!"
 Drag 'em in the dirt!"
 Shades of Robert Louis! How these words do hurt!

Rosamond de Vincy
 Now is on the team;
 Don't you hear them calling her with a mighty scream?
 Devotee of Browning,
 Heaven-born elect!
 "College makes the all-round girl". What more can you expect?
 VIRGINIA CRAVEN '10.

On Wednesday evening, November 7, Professor Kuehnemann of Breslav University, who is now Exchange Professor at Harvard, lectured on Ibsen before an open meeting of the German Club.

Professor Kuehnemann gave first a vivid picture of Ibsen, presenting him as the aged man with whose portraits we are all more or less familiar, a man with dome-like forehead, pure white hair and powerful frame.

Professor Kuehnemann knew Ibsen in Munich, and in portraying him as he knew him there he presented to us a man marked by an abstracted air, and a deep absorption in his art.

He then touched briefly on the facts of Ibsen's life, emphasizing particularly the fact that the greater part of his work was done outside of his native

land. Professor Kuehnemann then gave an enumeration of Ibsen's works, dividing them into three periods, first the period of apprenticeship, then that of his most powerful work, and lastly, that of exceptionally severe and merciless self-criticism. Ibsen, Professor Kuehnemann said, was a great poet, but not one of the greatest. He will continue, however, to influence rising dramatists for some time to come.

On Wednesday evening, November 14, at the open meeting of la Société Française, M. Anatole Le Braz delivered a lecture on Brittany. It was a great pleasure for those who heard him last year to have that privilege again, and everyone was impressed by the enthusiastic and poetic treatment of his subject.

M. Le Braz began by speaking of the unique originality of his country. Many writers, among them Michelet, have sought their inspiration in this land of the past. Its remarkable primitiveness is caused by the geographical and economic conditions of the country, and the peculiar type of mind of the people. Arthur is not only the legendary but also the symbolic hero of this race which has preserved a high and aristocratic pride in its origin. Imagination and a sincere and poetic feeling for nature, so great that they gave new life to the abstract literature of the seventeenth century; idealism and intense subjectivity,—those are the chief characteristics of the people, as of their poetry. All these are shown in Chateaubriand, the first to have the true feeling for history, and who is called the "father of French poetry".

In conclusion M. Le Braz admitted that certain conditions in Brittany could be improved. The extreme individualism which renders their poetry so beautifully lyrical makes the people anti-social, and is largely responsible for the inferiority of their economic condition. The march of industrial civilization will doubtless soon overtake Brittany and bring about many changes there, but it is to be hoped that it will not sweep away their idealism and will leave the Bretons—as it found them—a noble and incorruptible race. Perhaps some day we will be glad to relight "le divin flambeau d'art au foyer des Bretons".

E. H. C.

On Friday evening, November 16, Professor William Caldwell of McGill University, Montreal, addressed an open meeting of the Philosophical Society. His theme was "Schopenhauer: His Message." Professor Caldwell presented in detail the circumstances and events of Schopenhauer's life, showing the influences which from childhood had contributed to his peculiar philosophical temperament and had determined his conception of life as embodied in his theory of "The World as Will and Idea." Professor Caldwell set forth the doctrines of the system, emphasizing the freedom and immutability of the human will, which would seem to make the practical issue of Schopenhauer's theory optimistic, even while his metaphysics maintains that the will itself is ultimately evil. Because of the time being limited, the conclusion of the lecture was hurried and in some points confusing. But all who heard Professor Caldwell went away with a vivid sense of the personality of Schopenhauer and of the dominant characteristics of his philosophy.

Saturday evening, November 24, the Dewey and Hatfield houses gave "The Little God and Dickey," by Josephine D. Daskam Bacon, Smith '98, dramatized by May R. Davidson. "The Shoes that Danced," by Anna Hempstead Branch, Smith '97, preceded it as a curtain-raiser. The latter was a charming play, well presented. Mary Smith sustained the difficult part of "Watteau" very creditably; "Columbine" was remarkably well interpreted by Harriet Smith. The minor characters were well done. Helen Hills was good as the weak, beautiful "Lancret"; the dancers were pretty and graceful. The attractive setting of the play added a great deal to its general effect. "The Little God and Dickey" did not seem such a finished production. The ending was rather abrupt and unexpected, and there was not enough lively by-play among the children to make the dancing-school scene realistic. Harriet Webber underwent all the bashful agonies of a real boy; Louise Edgar was good as the monitory elder sister; Dickey's mother was charming; while the dancing-teacher, the patronesses, the mothers and the children all looked their parts to perfection. An interesting fact to Monthly readers is that the authors of these two plays were successive Editors-in-chief of The Monthly for the years '97 and '98.

In Assembly Hall, Wednesday evening, November 21, Josef Lhévinne, the Russian pianist, gave the finest concert we have heard this year.

The first number on the program, the Brahms Sonata in F minor, was characterized by a thoughtful, scholarly interpretation. The Chopin Etudes and the Polonaise in F sharp minor, as well as the waltz in A flat played for an encore, were executed with more than the required amount of speed, and demonstrated Lhévinne's marvellous technical ability, as well as fascinating delicacy and sweetness of expression. The Nocturne by Scriabine, written for the left hand, was interesting as an exhibition of technique. The last number on the program was a transcription of Strauss' Blue Danube waltz, followed by a second Nocturne for the left hand by Scriabine.

New Books

Brette, Le serment du Jew de Paume.

Forneron, Histoire générale des émigrés pendant la révolution française.

Alarcon, Diario de me testigo de la guerra de Africa, 2 v.

" El escandalo.

" El final de norma.

" El niño de la bola.

" El sombrero de tres picos.

Suckenbach, Abbildungen zur alten geschichtē.

" Olympia and Delphin.

Bunbury, History of Ancient Geography.

Berlin, Koenigliche Museum, Ausgerätkte griechische terrakotten in anti-quarium.

Judeich, Topographie von Athen.

Hutton, Greek Terracotta Statuettes.

Duff, Old Testament Theology.

- Aitken, Book of Job.
 Strachan, Hebrew Ideals.
 Longinus, On the Sublime.
 Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society, 5 v.
 Æsopus, Fables, 2 v.
 Zola, The Experimental Novel.
 Gray, Fables, 2 v.
 Putnam, Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages, 2 v.
 Lea, Inquisition in Spain.
 Lavissee, Histoire de France.
 Aulard, La révolution française et les congrégations.
 Campardon, Le Tribunal révolutionnaire de Paris.
 Bonnal, Carnot.
 Claretie, Camille Desmoulins.
 Esmein, Cours élémentaire d'histoire du droit français.
 Lambert, La vie à Paris pendant une année de la révolution, 1791-1792.
 Jefferson, Writings, 20 v.
 Cahen, Condorcet et la révolution française.
 Harnack, Monasticism.
 Masson, Les diplomates de la révolution.
 Müller, ed. German Classics.
 Johnston, Nervous System of Vertebrates.
 Lapparent, Traité de Géologie.
 Bernard, Elements de paleontologie.
 Laing, Plants of New Zealand.
 Müller, Egyptological Researches.
 Harper, Prophetic Elements in Old Testament.
 Harper, Priestly Elements in Old Testament.
 Benton, Some Principles of Literary Criticism and Application to Synoptic Problems.
 Piepenbring, Theology of Old Testament.
 Lechat, Au musée de l'Acropole d'Athènes.
 " La sculpture attique avant Phidias.
 Friederichs, Die Gipsabgüsse antiker Bildeverke.
 Overbeck, Geschichte der griechischen plastik.
 Rayet and Collignow, Histoire de la céramique grecque.
 Bulle, Der Schöne mensch in alterum.
 Stillingflut, A Rational Account of the Grounds of Protestant Religion.
 Foucart, Le culte de Dionysos en Attique.
 Sandys, History of Classical Scholarship.
 Reinach, Cultes, myths and religions, 2 v.

CALENDAR

December 15. Christmas Concert.

Albright House Play.

“ 19. Beginning of the Christmas Vacation.

January 3. Opening of the Winter Term.

“ 12. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

“ 16. Concert by the Schubert String Quartette.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

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No. 4

The Editors of the MONTHLY wish to say that the poem, "The Land of Sleep," in the December issue, has been attributed by mistake to the wrong author. It was written by Carrie Gertrude Hilliard 1907.

mind an executive who would practically serve for life. The one offered by Randolph on May 29, 1781, contained no specification concerning the limits of the time during which the executive should serve; while Alexander Hamilton's, as offered for the first time, stated definitely that the president should hold office during good behavior.

But these were the only plans which suggested that the executive should serve more than a short and definite period of time. Three other schemes were proposed before the Resolutions, and were referred to the Committee of Detail on July 26; in all these the executive was to be ineligible for even a second term, to say nothing of a third. These three plans as offered by Pinckney, Patterson and Hamilton in a modified form, evidently embodied the sentiments of the convention, for the Resolutions submitted to the Committee of Detail for drafting the Constitution stated that the president was to serve for seven years, and be ineligible for a second term.

On August 6, the Committee of Detail submitted a draft of the Constitution to the Convention, which stated, as the Resolutions handed to the Committee had done, that the president should hold office for seven years and be ineligible for a second term, but on September 4 the Committee of Ten suggested that the presidential term be limited to four years. This suggestion was favorably received, and when the Constitution itself was finally accepted, it was with a clause limiting the presidential term to four years, and no mention was made of reëligibility.

Apparently the framers of the Constitution had no intention of keeping the chief executive in office for a long time. From the very first they appear to have felt that a brief term of office would be more in keeping with the republican form of government that the country was to have, and also more capable of meeting the needs of the young government. In recognizing that a strong hand would be needed for the first turbulent years, they yet were not blind to the fact that if this were to become a government by the people, they must from the outset be taught to take the responsibility on their own shoulders, not shift it to the shoulders of a ruler and let it rest there indefinitely without troubling themselves further about it. They had very evidently discarded the idea of a despot, benevolent or otherwise, as entirely foreign to the needs and purposes of the new state, where men were to learn to profit by the past and find real freedom in wise self-government.

It was, however, quite natural that Washington should have been chosen for a second term, for the country could hardly fail to recognize the inestimable benefits which it was deriving from his wise administration. But when his second term came to an end, it was evident to everyone that a third term would be the

first step away from republican institutions, and no one felt this more keenly than Washington himself. It was, in fact, not until 1874 that public opinion had so changed that a third term was declared to be not only perfectly compatible with republican institutions, but even quite the best course to be pursued.

In 1874, the New York *Herald* printed an article stating that Grant would not be averse to a third term, and at once a cry of "Grantism", "Third-termism", and "Cæsarism" spread over the country. There appears to have been some truth in the *Herald's* declaration, for Grant made the following statement: "I do not want a third term any more than I did the first; but the Constitution does not limit the presidency to two terms, and sometimes it may be wiser to retain in office a president who has already served two terms. I would only accept the nomination under circumstances making it a positive duty."

Of course there were plenty of Grant's followers to assure him that it was his "positive duty". They represented to him and to the public that to dismiss from office so gifted a man, and one so admired, would be a rash and foolish act; for they said that they were in a critical period of the nation's history, and that consequently a minor matter, like the third-term question, should be disregarded for the good of the nation. But although those who held this view might in time have persuaded Grant that it was his "positive duty" to accept a third term, public opinion was not ready to take this point of view. Americans, as a whole, felt then, as they had in the days of the framing of the Constitution, that a long term of office would be subversive to a republican form of government, and this feeling found expression in the Republican Convention in Pennsylvania in 1875, and also in the national House of Representatives, both of which bodies passed resolutions strongly condemning the idea of a third term.

Some years ago the followers of Grover Cleveland tried to secure his nomination for a third term. This time the question assumed a somewhat new form, as it was urged that as the three terms were not consecutive they would not be really establishing a precedent for lengthening the president's tenure of office. But public opinion saw through this disguise the same tendency away from a government by the people which they had recognized in Grant's day, and the opposition of the nation proved sufficient to prevent Cleveland's nomination.

It seems, therefore, to have been definitely recognized by Americans that a third term would be subversive to the ends which our government has in view. There certainly is a great deal to be said in support of this position. History has established quite conclusively, in the persons of Cæsar and Napoleon, that the lengthening of a ruler's term of office leads rapidly and surely away from democratic to autocratic government. The great body of Americans have always felt this tendency, whether or not they could point to history to prove their position, so the third-term idea has been put down as often as it has arisen.

There may be those who see no reason for frowning down a third term merely because it would lead away from our republican institutions. In fact, the opinion is very largely held outside of the United States that this country would be infinitely better governed if its republican institutions were discarded. It is urged that by the establishment of a less democratic government we should escape countless evils which now beset us, or are still in store for us; and that a good man with power enough and time enough would remedy all the evils from which we suffer, and give us a better government.

But be he good, bad or indifferent, we do not want a despot. We are not aiming so much at a perfectly smooth-running machine of government as we are aiming at one which will educate the individual man and make of him the best citizen that he is able to become. We do not wish to subordinate the individual to the interests of the government, but so to mould the government that it will serve the best interests of the individual, and educate him to a higher level as a man and a citizen.

This end cannot be attained by permitting the voter to go to sleep while some man, elected substantially for life, attends to the citizen's patriotic business for him. Four years is a sufficiently long time to permit the average man to forget that he has a country for whose welfare he must think and act, and if this period be expanded to eight years, the utmost limit has been reached. The best government, according to American ideas, is the one that keeps the individual, plain man conscious all the time of his civic duties, and so trains him to think and act for the good of his fellow citizens and himself. He will become but a dull thinker if he knows that some one is in the White House who will attend to all this for him, and that the conduct of the nation's business is not his affair, anyway. No;

men must be forced to think and act for themselves if they are to amount to anything ; and this holds as true of men as citizens of a state as it does of men in other aspects. The faculties that suffer continued disuse soon deteriorate and finally are lost altogether. That body of citizens which ceases to think and act for itself soon loses the power to be anything better than a flock of sheep, driven whither the shepherd pleases, and although this may be very comfortable for the sheep, it hardly tends toward their highest development.

Although the Constitution says nothing distinctly prohibitory on the subject of a third term, yet there is no provision which would counteract the strong public opinion that a third term would be subversive to the government founded upon that document. Consequently, it would be necessary to secure the definite enactment of some addition to the Constitution providing for the possibility of a second reelection of the chief executive. This would necessitate an appeal to the country, and when one considers what public opinion has always been on this subject, it appears extremely doubtful that such an appeal would be successful. Americans seem to realize that a republican form of government is the best for them, and that a third term would be the first step away from republican institutions. Accordingly, it appears most probable, for the present at least, that two terms will remain the limit for the president of the United States.

AGATHA ELIZABETH GRUBER.

NOCTURNE

Night ;
The stars
Silent, shine
On the birch
And the pine.
Not a stir ;
All is still.
E'en the fir
On the hill
Is muffled
In dark,
As the grass
And the rill.

From the wood
Comes a sigh ;
Hark ! 'tis here !
'Tis so nigh
That it seems
To caress,
Ere it die.

From the heart of the night
It is borne on the breeze,
It wakes all as it comes
Meadow, brook, grasses, trees,
As the autumn wind blows
On the sad forest keys.

Hark ! still stronger it blows
And the tree-tops 'gin sway,
The murmuring grows
As it meets on the way
Each echoing leaf,
The autumn wind's prey.

And now the trees rock to the wind's mighty roar ;
The forest's alive with a passion of sound,
The pine and the beech, the oak, knarled and hoar,
Throb to the music and bend to the ground,
While the night and the spaces of Heaven above
Listen, spell-bound.

Now, spent with delight,
The night wind's away,—
Back to the night,
Where he dreams through the day,
While regretful leaves murmur
Strains of his lay.

And now the last sigh
Fades away from the wood.
The echoes all die,
The last of the brood
Of the children of music,—
Waifs from its flood.

Night ;
The stars,
Silent, shine
On the birch
And the pine.
Not a stir ;
All is still.
E'en the fir
On the hill
Is muffled
In dark,
As the grass
And the rill.

LUCY EVELYN ONGLEY.

HOMER IN THE ORIGINAL

When, with bated breath, we first listened to the story of Troy, how unreservedly we admired Hector, Achilles, Diomedé—all the Greek and Trojan heroes. Hector we accepted without question as the noblest of all knights. Achilles seemed to us the most wonderful hero that ever lived, for was he not the mighty fighter, whose very name filled his enemies with deadly fear, whose rage was terrible to behold, and whose all consuming prowess had sent countless warriors to the land of the shades? What girl of us did not long with all her heart to be as fair as Helen of Troy, "the most beautiful woman in the world"? But that was some years ago, when we still delighted in fairy tales and laboriously spelled out the magic words of Hawthorne's "Wonder Book".

Meanwhile, we have attained to the dignity of reading Homer, in the original. We find it a far greater task than we ever expected, for long after we have become tolerably familiar with the dialect and the idioms in which the Iliad unfortunately abounds, we remain puzzled and perplexed over the apparent contradictions in the characters of our heroes. We see in them, for the first time, faults which we never dreamed were there. Sometimes we long, though we are careful to conceal the weakness, to lapse once more into our old irresponsible way of admiring extravagantly any person we chose to, for no definite set of reasons, only "just because" we did.

When we turn for help to the multitude of critics who have studied and written about the Homeric heroes, we are still more bewildered because of the diversity of opinions they set forth. We find this a much vexed discussion which may be summed up in the question, Are the heroes of Homer really heroes at all? Some writers endeavor to prove that they are *not*; some assert that they are, and both cite instances equally convincing. Others tell us that "Homer mirrors the world's young manhood", and that Achilles, being merely a boy hero of boys, is excusable for occasional childish actions. This explanation is far from satisfying to us, and so we wander on in a maze of doubt and uncertainty until the inevitable day when we meet with the exponent of direct comparison. This critic bears the standard of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. We agree with him that this is a good standard by which to measure anyone. Surely, their rule of life, "Live pure, speak truth, right the wrong, follow the King, else wherefore born", expresses the highest we can imagine. So in all good faith we attach ourselves to this critic.

First, he tells us not to be blinded by the picturesque epithets which Homer applies to his favorite characters, such as "Hector of the waving plume", "the swift-footed Achilles, bulwark of the Acheans", "Agamemnon, king of men", "Helen, fairest of women". Then he calls our attention to the spectacle of Achilles weeping by the strand of the "loud roaring sea", in full view of the whole Argive host. The cause of his grief is a petty quarrel in which he has been worsted. Endeavor as we may, we cannot picture Arthur in tears, not even in that bitter hour when he rode out through the night from Almesbury to take up again the hopeless wars in which he had lost all heart. After a brief but telling pause our critic proceeds, "does not Achilles' 'sulking in his tents' seem unreasonable to you? His cause of resentment undoubtedly was just, but was he therefore entitled to 'cause myriads of Greeks to perish by their fleets' in order to gratify his personal grudge? And in the end, see how foolishly he punishes himself, 'brooding o'er his wrath,

"He came not to war, but
Suffered idleness
To eat his heart away; for well he loved
Clamor and combat!"

Our critic goes on to find fault with his inhuman treatment of Hector's body, with his awful passion for revenge that could find expression in such words as these :

"I would my fierceness of revenge were such
That I could carve and eat thee
To whose arms
Such griefs I owe!"

Mentioning these and many more instances which seemed clearly to reveal Achilles a selfish, cruel, boastful, hot-tempered, petulant character, our friend opens our eyes in time to a revelation which, though we can hardly call it a sudden shock, is nevertheless a severe one. We can offer no valid excuse for our hero's failings, and so in all reason must cease to admire him. However reluctant, we feel we must now join with those who speak condescendingly about the childishness of Achilles.

Now our critic turns his piercing glance upon Helen of Troy, but upon her he wastes little time or thought. He can discover no extenuation for her base desertion of Menelaus and Hermione. To be sure, he drops a few words of pity in passing. But pity is destructive to idols.

Next, he turns relentlessly to Hector. He grants that Hector is marked by nobility of purpose; he recognizes his devotion to his wife Andromache and his pride in his little son Astyanax, his patient treatment of Paris, his chivalry toward Helen, and acknowledges that these are admirable qualities. But, while he regards this hero as more in sympathy with modern ideas than any other of the Greek or Trojan warriors, he adds, "How disappointing is Hector's conduct when he meets Achilles in single combat!"

"From Ida's summits and the towers of Troy
Now see him flying, to his fears resigned
And fate and fierce Achilles close behind."

Indeed, it does seem almost impossible to imagine Hector, "the hope of Troy, the bravest and best beloved defender of Ilium", flying thrice around the walls of Troy—his father, his mother, and his countrymen watching the inglorious sight from the walls. Our friend now quotes an eminent authority, who says, "Had Homer been read in the Middle Ages there is little doubt that most of Book XXII would have been 'excised' by critical knights and minstrels. Nor can most men of Northern blood and with the traditions of knightly honor in

their minds read it without shame as well as sorrow." To this our critic adds, "What one of the least of Arthur's knights would not rather have died a thousand times than sink to such cowardice?" So he concludes that, without doubt, by this one act Hector put a blot upon his name which no after bravery could ever redeem. For this again we have no arguments in reply; we now see clearly the error of our former conceptions, and with what Miss Repplier calls "the invincible gravity of youth" we prepare to accept the inevitable. Meanwhile, we bid adieu to our kind friend, the critic, with the best dignity we can command. We return to the old forty lines advance. But with the discovery that our heroes are really not heroes at all, our enthusiasm has suffered a blow from which it seems likely never to recover.

Fortunately for us, however, Homer remains simple, unaffected, and above all sincere. Without bombast or ostentation, he says to us as he has said to all men alike for many centuries, "My heroes are brave, they are noble, they deserve your praise." It is perhaps because of this very unobtrusiveness of Homer's personality that at first we paid no attention to his statements. Then, too, we were still deeply involved in the mere constructions of the language, and later our minds were sorely taxed by the unwonted burden of outside criticism which they endeavored to carry. But gradually, though we feel sure that our views on the subject have become firmly established and, of course, can never be changed, we begin to wonder what it is in them which he so admires. We find ourselves conjecturing what it would have been like to be a Greek or Trojan soldier, and imagining what we would have thought about the heroes of the Iliad if we had really been among them.

And so, in order to gratify our idle curiosity, we *translate* ourselves into the Troy of 1300 B. C. There a strange experience comes to us. Though we do not realize it at the time, it is the passing of our twentieth century point of view. We now forget our Anglo-Saxon traditions, our cold Northern blood, and if we are Scotch, our stern Scotch reserve. We expect, we demand a free expression of emotion. And so we stand among the Argive soldiers, at a very respectful distance, and watch with sympathetic indignation the grief of Achilles by the sea. There is something of reverence in our attitude, for Achilles is goddess-born and we look at any mo-

ment to see his mother, Thetis, rise from the waves to aid him. In his quarrel with Agamemnon and his subsequent withdrawal from the fighting, we now should scorn him if he were so weak as to yield his just claim after such insolent treatment. Any other course than the one he adopts would declare him utterly unworthy to bear arms at all. Of course if we were back in the twentieth century, we should expect more self-restraint and some sacrifice of personal claims. But self-restraint and self-sacrifice, except for one's country or one's friend, are distinctly Christian virtues and now we are Greek soldiers and we have never heard of Christianity. Instead, we extend our hands as suppliants to Zeus, the "far thunderer", and to Apollo, "bearer of the silver bow". These gods teach no curbing of passions, no yielding of individual rights. Now, as we march up under the battlements of Troy, we chant the pæan and raise the fierce war cry to Ares. And so how glorious and inspiring Achilles seems to us as he goes forth, more like a god than a man, to avenge the death of his friend Patroclus. His vengeance upon Hector's body is his religious duty to the soul of his departed friend, whose welfare on reaching the river Styx depends upon its execution.

And now, as a Trojan soldier we pass through the Scaean Gates beneath the walls of Troy and on through the broad-streeted city to the house of Paris. Here we find Helen weaving at the loom the wretched wars of which she is the cause, filled with remorse for a fault for which she is not responsible. We remember how the cruel Aphrodite had refused to listen to her prayers and had thrown her into the deep trance that made Paris' actions possible. Yet she always bears the curse which the gods have placed upon her with the dignity of a queen, and as we follow her into the Assembly of the Trojan elders, we hear those venerable men say to one another, "We cannot blame the Trojans and the well-greaved Achæans that they have endured death-bringing woes so many years for the sake of such a one."

When we turn to Hector we do not now discuss his flight as an act of cowardice. For we are among the Trojan soldiers when the dread Achilles first appears upon the plain, clad in his gleaming armour new-forged by Vulcan. We are not ashamed that his presence sent all our vast host flying to our ramparts. Borne on by his tremendous strength and fierceness of revenge,

he seems to us "a lion, not a man", and within the city we thrill with admiration and wonder as we see Hector prepare to go forth as single champion for Troy. We hear him resist the entreaties of his fellow soldiers, of his aged father and of his queen-mother. At the very last we hear him say the final word to his wife and son. We watch him take off his helmet and lay it down because his gilded horse-hair plume seems to the small Astyanax to nod so terribly from on high. We listen as he says to the weeping Andromache, who vainly seeks to detain him :

"All this I bear in mind, dear wife, but I should stand
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
The conflict, coward-like."

Then we see him standing forth alone, unguarded, awaiting the Greek's "terrible advance". Hector has now attained to the highest degree of bravery possible for a man. With the gods who dwell upon the summits of Olympus rests the issue. And now,

"Zeus lifts the golden balances that show
The fate of mortal men and things below.
Here each contending hero's lot he tries
And weighs with equal hand their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate
Heavy with death it sinks."

And then the gods send upon him sudden and unnatural fears. Hector flies! And all Troy watching on the walls, "sends forth one universal groan" of despair and grief, but never of reproach to Hector. Even the gods themselves cannot long endure the shameful sight, and Zeus saying,

"Why this is Hector—
Hector whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain
Still on our shrine his grateful offerings lie",

removes the spell. At once Hector turns and calmly meets his death in a manner worthy the noblest son of Ilium.

When reluctantly we leave the battles and dangers and excitements of Troy and return to our dictionaries and translations, we find that our childhood's heroes have come back to us glori-

fied. If we were poets we might say as did Keats when he first felt the spirit of the Iliad,

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

As it is, we feel dimly that we have made a great world discovery, and not unnaturally, we are eager to proclaim it. While still holding to the one highest standard for our own age, we have at least learned the folly of setting up these measurements like modern Procrustes and of trying to make all races and classes of men in all ages of the world conform to them. Our enthusiasm subsides somewhat when we find that, though for some inexplicable reason we never noted it before, not a few persons considerably older and wiser than we have made the same discovery long before ourselves.

But after all, nothing can really take away from our satisfaction in finding that if we can once gain Homer's point of view, and read his characters as we endeavor to read his hexameters, *in the original*, we can honestly agree with Mr. Andrew Lang when he says, "With the Bible and Shakespeare, the Homeric poems are the best training for life. There is no good quality that they lack; manliness, courage, reverence for old age and for the hospitable hearth, justice, piety, a brave attitude toward life and death—all are conspicuous in Homer."

MARY FRANK KIMBALL.

THE EXCESS OF DRAMATICS

What is meant by "dramatics" at college? Dramatics is the one word used as a synonym for every kind of play. It is well to keep in mind the sharp line of distinction between plays at college and plays as they are outside the amateur atmosphere of the college world. "Dramatics" in college differs even from amateur work outside of college, for the latter is usually given with some definite aim or purpose, perhaps to earn money for some charitable institution. Naturally, the plays given must be worth while or tickets would not be sold. The choice of the play is made with great care; the training is usually by some professional or expert; the scenic effects are carefully planned and artistic; the costuming is appropriate. At college, plays are given,

with one or two exceptions, merely to amuse the audiences, for the most part composed of college students. Therefore, a somewhat slipshod preparation is made; the training is entirely in the hands of the students; the scenery and costumes are inadequate and very often not in harmony with the play. When two or three months are spent in preparing theatricals outside of college, two or three weeks is the greatest amount of time ever spent on a play at college. One cannot expect to gain a clear insight into the lines or into the right interpretation of the part with so short a time for preparation. In preparation for some of the parts which we aspire to play, a finished actor, such as Nat Goodwin or Mansfield, would spend three or four months. To secure results of such serious work we need closer application, more earnest application, fewer plays, more time spent on each, a larger acting public to choose from, and better training.

Under the general head of "dramatics" is included Senior Dramatics, in which seniors alone take part and which represents the best of our college dramatics. Society plays, which rank next to Senior Dramatics, have some good qualities. House plays go a step lower in the scale of good acting; then come language plays given by the department clubs, such as French and German; small weekly plays by various houses and groups, which are an absolute waste of time and energy, and lastly, any kind of "take off", for a girl clever at parody is considered as having great dramatic ability. I have seen girls crowd around a girl who has taken off Sarah Bernhardt and congratulate her as though she were the divine actress herself. All this is "dramatics", indeed, a large and varied field with ample room for good and also for poor work.

There are many people who doubtless think that as an intellectual force, "dramatics" exerts great influence. First, they may say that it trains the mind, by sharpening and strengthening the memory. But does it? I should say decidedly, No, for it is not a lasting power which it gives the memory. It merely sets a bad example to the memory, for we learn things for the moment only and get so much in the habit of doing this that we learn other things besides the parts, superficially. We learn parts, and after the play is over we say, "That is over, we'll never have to look at that again", and put the neatly written pages on the shelf. How many of us would know that part after six months? Very few indeed. It is a thing of the past to be speedily forgotten.

Then, too, some students will say that plays broaden the scope of our literary horizon. Again I ask these to think of our college "dramatics" and think in what way the plays given here broaden our horizon. The plays are not chosen for their literary or artistic value—that is a minor thought. The chief thing is to get a play that will satisfy a college audience, funny and with a great deal of action, with simple costuming, and as little change of scene as possible. Will such a play give us higher literary standards? It seems to me that the question is already answered.

But we hear people say that "dramatics" gives self-confidence and poise, and improves one's bearing generally. I cannot see that it does, for we do not seek out the girls who are timid and without poise to take parts in plays. We seek those who already have self-confidence and poise and use these girls over and over again, until they become so self-confident that the charm of their acting is gone. We have yet to drag some girls out and give them self-confidence on the college stage.

Language plays, it has been urged, give the girl who has a part in them greater fluency. Here again we see in the large annual plays the same girls taking the large parts year after year, and in the small plays given at the regular meetings, little attention is paid to pronunciation, for as a rule the students running the plays know little more how words should be pronounced than those who take part. There are perhaps three or four rehearsals for these last plays, and the chief thing is to get the parts learned and the play over. Does one note a marked improvement in fluency after these plays? I hardly think anyone has sufficient will and brain power to gain fluency in three or four hours.

"Dramatics" does not give the girl who is going to make acting her profession a good foundation, for when she finds herself at a school of acting she is surprised at the difference in treating the work. Hours, days are spent on a single passage, the same passage on which she may have spent ten minutes while at college. The significance of each word is thought of, the place of every line, the position of each paragraph in the development of the theme or character is weighed. The part is not learned as a part by itself, but as the expression of some purpose, be it great or small, of the author or of the persons in the play. A revelation must follow, and the small bit of work

done at college must be regarded as more or less a pastime of childhood days, which has done more harm in leading us astray than good in helping us toward the goal of all true acting.

Considering plays as an element of social life, they are said to be an attractive expression of college spirit. Outsiders enjoy them. Yes, outsiders do enjoy them, but why? It is not the good acting nor the good staging that strikes them, but it is the novelty of the situation that attracts. If an outsider came, say three times, to a college performance, this novelty would wear off. Flaws in the acting, defect in the scenery, the mixture of costumes would be noticed and the enjoyment would be gone.

Is there any variety in the dramatic work at college? Yes, as far as the plays go. That is, we do not repeat the same play. But something besides variety in the choice of plays is needed,—variety in the acting, and this, like everything repeated by the same people or by different people in the same way, becomes stereotyped so that one can see the same rules of acting applied to every play here. For instance, we are all told to “walk to and fro when in anger”; “sit in front of the fireplace when in deep thought”; “take both hands when saying good-bye”. Little individuality is seen, little distinct personification in the parts, only one general stream of acting, and the person who gets this best is the star actress of our college world. But “dramatics” brings out hidden talent. In other words, we search for the hidden talent? Ah, no indeed, it is the bright, shining talent of the girl who has acted before, who has acted all her life, which is seized upon when she enters college, and from that moment she is a marked person. She will get a large part in this or that play and is just the person to take such and such a part. What about the slumbering talent? It is forgotten before the dazzling light of the genius who shines time after time before the foot-lights, while her poor friend with perhaps as much talent sits in the audience gazing with longing eyes at this wonder. Thus we are not taught by our plays about those whose gifts are hidden by a timid exterior. There are other things that those in favor of the present system of “dramatics” might bring up, but I think that these which I have enumerated are the essential benefits.

The entire process of giving a play at college takes more time than is spent on the preparation of the presentation alone; that

is, a great deal of energy is expended on the trials, then on the management of the tickets. A certain portion of these go to the faculty, another portion to the committees, some to the cast, and finally others to the rest of the house or society which is giving the play. The rehearsals, of course, take up a large part of the time for three weeks, and toward the last there are usually two rehearsals a day, each lasting from two to three hours. The learning of parts, whether long or short, requires time,—the short part, because one must sit and wait for the few lines which one has to say, and although these parts are only superficially learned, the words must be grasped, and this cannot be done in the space of a few minutes. The scenery must be planned for, and made out of nothing; it must be fixed and refixed, set up and taken down. The students do all this, as the money allowed us for scenery is hardly adequate to pay for the paper, tacks, paste, curtains and furniture. In the average play we are given about twenty dollars for the scenery. It would be to the better advantage of all concerned to give this money to the scholarship or the improvement fund, for although in itself it is little, it would amount to a good sum if saved from several performances. But if the money is to be used for "dramatics" it ought to be put into a "dramatics" fund, and then there will be a sufficient sum for a few good plays. In the same way time is expended on costumes, for which we are allowed another paltry sum. The costumes are not, as a rule, appropriate or in harmony with the time and setting. "They have to do, whether they go with the rest or not", we hear weary costume committees say, and so they are used. Now, why spend all this time on many worthless plays, instead of keeping it for a few good ones where the combined efforts of the whole college would be seen in a display of good finished acting, of well staged and costumed plays?

Our plays are also injurious to the health. In the first place, when we are engaged with dramatics we have no time for exercise. We are kept in all day learning, rehearsing, planning, and that is not what we are at college for. If we insist on limiting ourselves thus, there are better pursuits in whose interest we might profitably spend our time, but college stands for moderation—a sufficient amount of study, a sufficient amount of exercise and play. The result of spending whole days on dramatics is that we are obliged to keep late hours in order

not to get behind in our work, which, in the end, taxes our strength more than anything else can. Any conscientious girl will stay up late to keep up with her work, for she realizes that if, while she is deep in "dramatics" her work goes down, she may be the cause, or a goodly part of the cause, of abolishing "dramatics", for "The faculty does not approve of dramatics if it be substituted for good work." It does not seem wise to me to concentrate one's mind for days at a time on one subject. It wears one out mentally and therefore physically, for when the brain is tired out the whole nervous system is similarly affected. Then it is that a girl says, "I am so nervous, I cannot stand it much longer." It is not the ordinary college routine that has made her "nervous", but the multiplicity of things she tries to do.

If we take the opinion of different people in regard to the present system of "dramatics", it will be found that the average opinion is that a change should be made. First, then, the faculty feels that time is wasted on the plays which are carried to such an excess that the interest in them is lost; that they tire the girls and make them unfit for the regular academic work. All say a change is necessary and must come speedily.

If we speak to girls who have had much to do with dramatics and ask for their judgment, the answer is invariably, "We have so many plays which amount to nothing that some at least ought to be done away with. We are, for the most part, bored with the average play."

Ask a girl who has little to do with "dramatics" whether she approves or disapproves of the present state of affairs. Most of these, after having been here a year or two, when the novelty has worn off, say, "Fewer plays and better plays are what we need." Lastly, consult the parents of the girls. When their daughters come home, nervously exhausted, naturally they ask the reason, and when the answer is, "I have been in so many plays, I'm worn out", it is small wonder that they say that there are too many plays at college and that they wish they could be done away with. Many parents enjoy dramatics and approve, up to a certain point, but feel that without great loss the number could be lessened.

The great question then is to find a remedy, and to my mind the simplest one is the following: Let us have two large plays a year, one each semester, and let the whole college, with the

exception of freshmen, try for these. This will give every student a chance to display any talent she may have. Then let us have Senior Dramatics, and by that time students will have shown what talent they have and the best can be chosen from among them. If judged best by the department clubs, let the German and French clubs alternate every year. With these four plays a year, we could attain a higher standard of work, a higher standard of acting, and the results to the college as a whole would be far more beneficial than those of the present system.

HORTENSE LUCILLE MAYER.

ROSES OF YESTERDAY

Last night, as I sat all alone with my books,
And the fire on the hearth had burned low,
I picked up a volume of poems I love well,
And read much in the dear long ago.

And between the worn pages a rosebud I found ;
It was wrinkled and faded and dried,
But the delicate fragrance by Nature bestowed
Had been kept by the leaves safe inside.

Ah, that rosebud ! What visions of youth it recalls,
Of that time when all life seemed so fair !
In the moonlight before me a garden I see,
And a girl with a rose in her hair.

Another rose rests on her dainty white breast,
And it rises and falls with her breath,
While her eyes are upraised—the young lad at her side
Speaks of love that is stronger than death.

And a church-yard I see, where a simple white stone
Marks the grave where lies all I hold dear.
Ah, the time seems so short since they buried her there !
Yet, in truth, it is many a year.

And sometimes, when I sit here alone by my fire,
And all life seems so empty and vain,
Then the form of my love seems to come to my side,
And she lightens and eases my pain.

And I feel the light touch of her hand on my brow,
And I almost can feel her warm breath.
Ah, thank God that the words which the boy spoke are true,
There is love that is stronger than death.

CLARA EVA VAN EMDEN.

THE BUSINESS WOMAN

In thinking it over, Baermeister had no idea how the subject had come up. She was the last girl in the world with whom he would have expected to discuss the business woman. Not that she was frivolous in either aspect or demeanor—not at all! But from the crown of her floppy pink hat to the toe of her pink canvas boot she was feminine. The cut of her linen suit, the elaborate simplicity of her linen parasol, the piquant grace with which she pulled off her long gloves as she lay back in the big cane chair, all betokened her the one girl of all others with whom one would *not* be required to discuss the business woman. Baermeister tried to conjure up her face, but failed. He had a hazy idea that she was pretty, but whether this was the effect of her face, or of her pose and dress, he was not sure. In that achievement, too, she had been essentially womanly.

What was her name, by the way? Maxwell—Marsden—By Jove, he had forgotten! He might have managed to look her up sometime. He could not remember when he had found such an interesting girl! She was so full of fun and good fellowship, and yet he had perceived in her something earnest, thoughtful, and daringly original. Possibly she was a college girl. That might explain it. Baermeister was a very busy young man, and his limited acquaintance lay wholly among society girls, of whom he approved highly. Woman's sphere, he had informed Lillian Maxon, was to be decorative.

"Dear me!" she had retorted, pulling down one corner of her mouth, "how far out of our sphere most of us are forced to be!"

"Certainly, going into business doesn't help them to be decorative!" he had persisted.

"No, still you must admit that being useful is next best to being ornamental!"

They both laughed, and then returned to their argument. His point was that a business career makes a woman unwom-

any. Required to define womanliness, well, he thought possibly it might be defined as a compound of weakness—

Lillian Maxon's eyebrows went up comically as she asked, "Physical, mental or moral?"

Baermeister flushed slightly. "Weakness is not my word. Let us say dependence."

"That is," interpreted Miss Maxon, "the womanly woman just *couldn't* check her own trunk or get off a street car without assistance."

"Certainly not—not so long as there was a man around," protested Baermeister.

"But there so frequently isn't a man around," murmured Miss Maxon.

"Of course I shouldn't want her to be absolutely helpless," explained Baermeister, "only gracefully dependent."

"When dependence is quite convenient," smiled the girl.

"Exactly," admitted Baermeister, laughing. "I guess you're right. Dependence is rather an attractive attribute than an essential. Let's start again. Womanliness is—well, I guess when you get it all boiled down—womanliness is what results from instincts for wifehood and home-making."

Miss Maxon applauded silently, and he noticed a delightful dimple in the wrist nearest him.

"Upon this definition," he proceeded didactically, "I maintain that a business career makes a woman unwomanly. It kills these instincts."

"How kills?" objected Miss Maxon.

"By starvation. A woman cannot go into business and make a home at the same time; and gradually, by disuse, the instinct for so doing dies out."

"Oh, then it's not business life but the lack of married life that makes her unwomanly?" suggested Miss Maxon slyly.

"Indirectly, the business life, because that keeps her from marrying."

"Oh, I can hardly believe that. Don't you think that's putting the cart before the horse? Isn't an unmarried condition really responsible for most women's being in business?"

"Then how do you account for the fact that so many more women now than formerly voluntarily remain unmarried?" he asked.

"Because formerly there was nothing else to do."

"Then—"

"No, wait. Formerly, she didn't want to marry and had to; now she doesn't want to marry and doesn't have to."

"And the effect upon her womanliness in the latter case—You have proved my point," he observed, smiling.

"No," returned the girl, shaking her head, "for I believe that a marriage of that sort frequently robs a woman of all true womanliness. So even if I granted a business career makes her unwomanly, one's no worse than the other. But I don't grant that. I think that the instincts of womanhood lie too deep to be so easily destroyed. Of course there are some women who haven't any womanliness anyway, and perhaps many of those who go into business life are of this type. But the life isn't responsible for that. Business life makes a woman for the time being *business-like*, just as it does a man; but if she is womanly by nature, her womanliness is all underneath, ready to come to the surface at the proper time."

They had discussed the subject at great length and in all its bearings, but they had come to no decision. Miss Maxon, however, had had the last word. "Sit up and take notice, Mr. Baermeister," she had said, "and see what you'll see."

Obediently, Baermeister, several days later, proceeded to "sit up and take notice", and he saw disconcerting things. Once it was the woman in the office next his, who, noticing a pair of discarded portières placed where the janitor would remove them, had said to him, "Mr. Baermeister, if you're going to throw those curtains away, I should like them. They'd help make my mother's and my rooms look more homelike." Frequently it was only a chance word or look that revealed to him that the womanliness was, as Miss Maxon had said, "all underneath, ready to come to the surface at the proper time." Then for a long while Baermeister forgot to take notice. Five months passed with the subject entirely out of his mind.

At last, one day, his stenographer announced that she was to be married and must leave him. It was a blow to Baermeister. He had employed her for years. She was a little Irish woman, sharp-featured, but as "smart" as a whip, as faithful and reliable, Baermeister would have said, "as a man"; and she knew her business "down to the ground". To Baermeister she was a keenly intelligent automaton, to be well treated, and, in return, to be absolutely relied upon under all circumstances. This was

the first time she had ever failed him. Get along without her! Baermeister was aghast.

"Why, Mary," he said, "what's the matter? Aren't the wages satisfactory? Don't you like the work?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mary straightforwardly, "I love the work, but, you see, sir, I care more for—him."

Baermeister began at once to advertise for another stenographer. Out of the one hundred and fifty or so replies which came on the next mail, he selected a half-dozen applicants for a personal interview. Of these he finally engaged a Lillian Maxon. The name had a vaguely familiar ring, and when the girl appeared at the office he fancied that she looked at him as if she had seen him before, but he did not recall ever having seen her, and he did not think twice upon the subject.

He watched his new stenographer carefully for a week, and at the end of that time he decided that she was a treasure. She effaced all her personality entirely, concentrated her intelligence and attention on her task, never talked unnecessarily, answered quietly, and was not curious. Above all, she took a keen and steady interest in her work.

"I should say," mused Baermeister, "that she works for the love of it."

For the rest, Baermeister knew nothing about her except her address, which conveyed no information. She arrived every morning at eight o'clock, and at half-past five she covered the type-writer, put on her black coat, gloves and furs and a most becoming black hat with a bunch of violets tucked under the brim, said good-night to Baermeister, and vanished. It sometimes occurred to him that she looked well groomed, but he was not the kind of a man to pry into his stenographer's affairs.

Thus the two remaining months of the winter passed, and spring came, freshening the air in the city streets, and making even a business man wonder whether he needed a tonic. The dinners at the club became dull and tiresome; gradually Baermeister fell into the habit of leaving his cigar half-finished and sauntering discontentedly home to his rooms, which he found intolerable. He began to feel that they lacked a certain home-like atmosphere which even his office came nearer to possessing. So he took to calling on a girl of his acquaintance out on the Boulevard. After three calls he did not go any more, and began to wonder if to be decorative were woman's highest vocation, after all.

Finally, he began to spend his evenings in his rooms with dressing-gown and pipe and an open fire in the grate. Sometimes he pulled up another chair before the fire, and that really made it seem quite home-like. One of his friends found him so one evening and laughed.

"*'Cherchez la femme!'*" he said, slapping Baermeister on the shoulder. "*'Cherchez la femme!'* You have all the symptoms, old man."

"*La femme*" appeared in the office next morning, promptly as usual, just as the half-hour struck. She had discarded the black suit and the hat with the violets, and appeared clad in a slate-gray tailor suit with a small black tilted sailor trimmed on one side with white roses. It occurred to Baermeister that he had seen a simple hat like that in the window of a very expensive shop a few days before. He began to fear lest his model stenographer squandered her money, and yet, what nice-looking girl doesn't like good clothes? But a business woman?

"Bah!" retorted his new-found conviction, "a woman's a woman, wherever you put her."

There was something strange in Miss Maxon's demeanor this particular morning. She seemed a trifle constrained. No, her attitude was scarcely personal enough for constraint, but there was an indefinable something wrong. It worried Baermeister and he made several stupid blunders in his dictation. He could not seem to concentrate his attention. Just why should a slate-gray skirt and a plain lawn waist make a girl look like a countess?

He fidgeted about, and then applied himself desperately for a few moments to drawing up a contract. He awoke to find himself miles away from the contract, and sat listening for a while to the even click-click of the Remington. Then he drummed softly on his desk with impatient finger-tips; went to the window and stood looking down on the Common, turned back, started to say something, stopped abruptly, took down his light coat and derby, and announced, "Miss Maxon, I am going out of town for the day. Finish those papers, please, get that letter off to Harris, and take the rest of the day off. Good morning."

"Good morning," replied Miss Maxon.

Baermeister walked rapidly down-stairs, too impatient to wait for the elevator, and then paused irresolutely on the sidewalk. He looked down; nothing but paving-stones. He looked up;

the bluest of April skies. That second glance decided him. He would get out into the country and take a day's rest. That would make a new man of him. He dived into the subway, caught a Chestnut Hill car, and in less than an hour found himself on the empty piazza of the Country Club, overlooking the golf links. The air was more chilly than he had thought, so he turned up his coat collar, sauntered through the clubhouse, and ordered a hot drink. After that he went out and stood watching the early enthusiasts on the tennis courts. Then he found himself again on the piazza, looking out over the deserted links.

Up the winding road that skirted them, an electric runabout was approaching. Baermeister feared it might contain someone whom he knew, and some way he didn't care about seeing people, so he vaulted the railing and struck off across the links. The ground was soft and spongy, and the fresh, earthy smell made him feel rejuvenated and exhilarated. Nevertheless, the dampness was oozing into his shoes, and he felt it the part of wisdom to turn back.

The runabout had stopped behind the club house. A girl in a dark suit and a small dark hat stepped out and went up the steps to the piazza. Baermeister was so far away that he could not see her at all distinctly, but for some reason he watched her as he approached. She moved slowly along the piazza, close to the railing, and when she came to the big cane chair sank down in it and drew off her gloves.

Baermeister started. The girl on the piazza was his stenographer. At the same moment he had a sudden vision of a girl in pink, sinking into that same chair and drawing off her long gloves with that same charming motion. He stopped short. What was the name of the girl in pink? What—? Lillian—Lillian—why, *Lillian Mazon*. And they had talked about—the business woman. Oh, it all came to him in a flash; the familiar sound of his stenographer's name when he first heard it; the recognition in her eyes when she first saw him. Had she remembered, then?

Baermeister started for the club house. He had not taken three steps in that direction when the girl rose hurriedly and went in. A few minutes later he went through the whole house and, not finding her there, looked out of an upper window to see if by any chance she had returned to the piazza. The elec-

tric runabout was just vanishing down the road. It looked suspiciously like flight—and yet, what cause was there for flight? unless, indeed, Miss Maxon wished to avoid bringing the personal element into their business relation.

On the chance of this, Baermeister resolved to get his cue from Miss Maxon before betraying the fact that he had recognized her. The cue came when she entered the office the following day, and with her usual quiet, impersonal “good-morning”, slipped off her hat and gloves and jacket, and sat down to the type-writer. Baermeister was dissatisfied. At the same time he felt ridiculously light-hearted and happy. He rolled off his work with amazing ease and rapidity and found several leisure moments in which to sit back and watch her as she tapped off the contract on the machine. He observed once more the fascinating dimple in the wrist nearest him. His eyes followed the dainty line of her hair along the nape of her neck. Jove! what lovely hair it was,—so soft and fair. He thought he should like to touch it. Then it occurred to him that it would be delightful to take her out to luncheon somewhere. He wondered whether he ought to ask her. She was of his class; they had met in orthodox fashion through mutual acquaintances; whatever came of it, there could be no harm. Why not ask her?

Accordingly, as he took down his hat, he inquired with an effort at nonchalance, “Will you go to luncheon with me to-day, Miss Maxon?”

The girl hesitated for just a second. Then she said quietly, “I should be pleased to, Mr. Baermeister.”

They found a cozy little table far back in the Tea Room, and they had a delightful luncheon. He was exhilarated by the novel experience of sitting across the little table from her, and she seemed to be enjoying herself unreservedly. Once or twice he endeavored to lead the conversation in a personal direction, but she was more than a match for him, and kept it flowing in a safe channel of interesting nonsense.

“Will you come again with me, sometime?” he asked anxiously as he put her into her coat.

“Sometime, after a long, long while—if you ask me,” she replied.

“If you come the next time I ask you—” he began eagerly.

“Oh, I didn’t say that!” she interrupted, smiling up at him over her shoulder.

Nevertheless, the "long, long while" was no more than two days. This second luncheon even excelled the first. It was followed in two days more by a third which surpassed the second, and Baermeister went about walking on air. The following day, however, Miss Maxon announced that she should have to leave the office at once. She was very sorry to have to give such short notice, but an aunt of hers was going South, and——"

"You have decided to leave?" interrupted Baermeister in a low tone, wheeling in his chair and fixing his eyes upon her.

"I am sorry, but ——"

Her flushed cheeks and downcast eyes told Baermeister more than her words.

"You are never to leave me. I love you," he said.

She did not move. He waited. The rumbling of carts and the cries of newsboys came up from the street. It was very still in the office.

"Ah," he said at last, "are you, after all, much of a business woman?"

She lifted her eyes suddenly to his. "Too much of a business woman to——?"

The flush on his cheek deepened, but he answered steadily,—
"To stay and love me; to spoil your career."

She rose hastily. "Oh," breathlessly, "that was not why I was going away. I was a business woman but ——"

"Was?" He crossed the room in three strides.

"Since you want me to stay, I shall not go away. I have been a business-woman, but—oh, I love you!"

GRACE KELLOGG.

SKETCHES

ON THE TRAIN

My mother brought me to the train
And there we slept all night,
And now that I'm awake again
I see a funny sight.

The fences, trees and houses, too,
Are rushing madly past.
How strange it is I never knew
That they could run so fast!

I'm glad I'm not at home to-day
When things are acting so,
For if our house should run away
I don't know where I'd go!

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.

Elizabeth Jeannette Evans' mother always maintained that her child was the prettiest and the best dressed on the block.

There were some who had disputed this
A Spoiled Child and declared that Elizabeth Jeannette's nose was "snub" and that she "toed in" unmistakably; but no one could deny that her complexion was a perfect pink and white and that she wore the biggest bow on her "Dutch-cut" hair and the shortest and stiffest skirts of any of her small neighbors. The world had used Elizabeth Jeannette well up to her fifth year. At home her supremacy was unquestioned and abroad it was silently endured. But with her fifth birthday came a new experience. Her mother decided to take a much needed rest, and Elizabeth Jeannette was sent to spend a week in the country with her great-aunt.

Now, a week really isn't very long but it may hold several surprises. The first surprise for Elizabeth Jeannette came when

her mother hurried her out of the train at a little country station, kissed her and hastily boarded it again, leaving her alone with a strange man. A long-drawn howl failed to mend matters. Her mother thrust her head out of a window and admonished her to "be a good child and not to be homesick"—then the train moved on. Saddened and astonished, Elizabeth Jeannette sat on the wagon where the strange man had placed her, with her short legs sticking out before her and her stiff blue skirts spread like a fan. She examined the toe of her shoe meditatively, her under lip pouted out till it nearly met her chin. Presently she began to watch the strange man from the corner of her eye. Finding that he looked reasonably amiable she volunteered to drive. After that, matters progressed. She found that the strange man was Uncle John, and that Aunt Sarah was waiting for her at the farm with a batch of cookies. There were two cats and five dogs that she could play with, and the apples were ripe and she could help make hay. Really, the country seemed made to amuse Elizabeth Jeannette Evans.

By the time she had heard all these plans arranged to her satisfaction they had reached the farm. It was nearly supper time, but Elizabeth Jeannette found time to sample several cookies, to get two long scratches from an offended cat and to secure the ill-favor of Shep, the young dog. During supper she decided that it was a fine thing to be company. Aunt Sarah, with a keen anxiety to forestall homesickness, heaped her plate with the choicest bits. But by and by, Uncle John went out to feed the horses and Aunt Sarah went to wash her dishes. A little gray mist began to rise from the meadows and another gray mist came down from the sky to meet it. The crickets commenced to chirp and the frogs to croak, and Elizabeth Jeannette Evans, sitting by the open door, was homesick.

After she had sat there many hours, as it seemed to her, Uncle John came back. Elizabeth Jeannette wondered if the crickets and the frogs would make that funny little stiffness come into his throat, too. But no, Uncle John seemed quite cheerful.

"What makes you look so solemn?" said he to Elizabeth Jeannette.

After a pause the reply came, "I ain't solemn." Then she got up and leaned against the door-frame with her back to Uncle John so that he couldn't see two great tears which were trickling down her face on their way to her mouth.

"Well, well," said Uncle John, "I'm glad you're feeling good. Here's an apple that I found on the way from the barn," and he put a big red apple in the small hands clasped tightly behind Elizabeth Jeannette's back. After a while there came a faintly murmured "thank you." Uncle John seated himself comfortably just inside the door in an arm-chair with the remark that it was expressly built for two, and when Aunt Sarah came in she found them both in it. Elizabeth Jeannette took her apple to bed with her. Aunt Sarah thought that the window-sill would be a good place for it to spend the night, but Elizabeth Jeannette asserted herself very positively on that point, for it is a great comfort to have something to hold on to when one is in a strange place at night. So it reposed beneath her pillow, and twice she woke and felt for it and was comforted.

With the first twitter of the birds in the morning Elizabeth Jeannette awoke. All the loneliness of the night before had vanished. Before her lay an unexplored realm and she was to be supreme ruler in it. As she jumped from the bed the big red apple fell to the floor and rolled under the bed unnoticed. When Elizabeth Jeannette saw it next, a few days later, Aunt Sarah was carrying it down-stairs on a dustpan and its rosy color had changed to a dark brown. Aunt Sarah disposed of it with the remark that the house was not the place for spoiled fruit.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth Jeannette had eaten her breakfast and was beginning to explore the farm. She found that Rover, the old dog, would stand the teasing which Shep refused to endure. She tipped over a pail of new milk in an endeavor to catch a wild kitten and screamed and kicked violently when Timothy, the hired man, gently but firmly, set her outside the barn door. What she enjoyed most of all was driving the big hay-rack down to the field. Tim rather objected to this at first, for the road was rough and uncertain, but he soon decided that he preferred the danger of being tipped over in the ditch to the howls of the small person at his side.

By supper-time Aunt Sarah had decided that there was no further danger of homesickness and that too much jam is not good for anyone. This went entirely against Elizabeth Jeannette's principles. She demanded jam for the third time, and found that it was not forthcoming. "Then," said Elizabeth Jeannette, "I will hold my *bref!*" Aunt Sarah and Uncle John had probably never been in the habit of "holding their

bref", so they watched their niece with a sort of fascination as she forced her feet against the table, stiffened her body and slowly grew red in the face. By the time she had reached a purple stage Aunt Sarah had collected herself sufficiently to act. She seized the water pitcher and emptied its contents upon her niece. With a gasp and a sputter Elizabeth Jeannette came back to life, a surprised and chastened child. She was carried off to bed in such a mild humor that it could only be equalled by her first night in the house.

It was some days later that Elizabeth Jeannette stole softly down the stairs and past the open door which led out onto the veranda where Aunt Sarah was entertaining a caller. She wished to reach the cookie-jar with as little ostentation as possible, but as she passed the door she heard her own name.

"Elizabeth Jeannette," her aunt was saying, "has had her own way too much. I fear the child is spoiled."

Elizabeth Jeannette paused in her flight toward the cookie-jar. What were they saying about her? "The child is spoiled." What did that mean? Something else had been spoiled too. O yes, her apple! She remembered its dark brown color and how Aunt Sarah had thrown it away in disgust. Was she turning brown like her apple? What would they do with her if she was! With fear in her heart she turned and fled up the stairs again to her room. Breathlessly she dragged a chair in front of a tall chest of drawers and climbed up to look in the mirror above it. She leaned forward eagerly. It might be a mistake. At first only a face with a pair of round blue eyes, a snub nose and a mouth like a button stared back at her, then, as she bent nearer, she distinguished a small brown spot on the bridge of her nose, then another and another. It was true, after all! Elizabeth Jeannette nearly fell backwards off the chair. It was true and it was coming out in spots! After a moment she sat down to consider the matter. She was spoiling, slowly it was true, but inevitably. Presently they would cast her from their midst and she would travel the same road as her apple had before her. She wondered if it hurt to be spoiled. There was a sick feeling inside her already. After a long, long time somebody called. Dinner was ready, but for once in her life Elizabeth Jeannette didn't want any dinner. She went down stairs very slowly, and ate so little that Uncle John looked at her curiously. "Aren't homesick, are you?" he asked. No,

she was not homesick. Was she feeling well? O yes, she felt well. Uncle John looked puzzled. After dinner he asked casually whether she was going to drive down to the hay-field with Timothy. But she shook her head and studied the wall dejectedly.

All the afternoon she clung to Aunt Sarah. There was a queer, heavy feeling inside her and she felt better curled up in a chair near her aunt. Aunt Sarah glanced at her anxiously now and then. Once Elizabeth Jeannette plucked up courage to ask :

"When things are spoiled what becomes of them?"

"They are thrown away," was the answer.

"Why are they thrown away?"

"Because nobody wants them around."

"Why don't they want them around?"

"Because it's slovenly, child." Aunt Sarah was becoming weary of the catechism. Elizabeth Jeannette debated on this a moment, then she asked :

"Is a person ever slovenly, Aunt Sarah?"

"Goodness, child, what a lot of questions you ask. Why, yes, lots of people are slovenly."

"Are you slovenly, Aunt Sarah?"

"No, I am not," replied Aunt Sarah impatiently.

Elizabeth Jeannette sighed. It was no use, after all. The signs of her spoiled condition were evident and Aunt Sarah would never stoop to such a degree of slovenliness as to have a spoiled child on her hands. But then, there was her mother. Perhaps her mother was slovenly. She put the question timidly :

"Is my mother slovenly?"

"Land, no!" cried Aunt Sarah, "and I hope a niece of mine never will be."

The last hope was gone now. Elizabeth Jeannette felt very miserable and forlorn. She wanted to cry, but that might bring matters to a crisis, so she bit her lip and tried to keep the tears back. She was so quiet and clung to Aunt Sarah so hard when she put her to bed that night that the good woman was alarmed and declared the child must be sick.

The shadow hung over Elizabeth Jeannette all the next morning. She sat around on the veranda and did not attempt to tease the cats or to ride horse-back on Rover. When she refused bread and jam Aunt Sarah began to be really worried.

"There must be something the matter, John. She is so quiet and she will hardly stir away from my skirts." Uncle John looked at the child thoughtfully.

"She looks healthy enough," he said. "She's getting as plump as a seal, and I declare," he exclaimed, peering closer, "she's getting freckled."

Elizabeth Jeannette looked interested. "What's freckled?" she asked.

"Why, all those little brown spots on your face," he answered laughing.

Elizabeth Jeannette felt a cold wave go up and down her spine. Then he had noticed it, too! It was the beginning of the end. She looked at her uncle with round, frightened eyes.

"Why, the child looks frightened to death!" cried Aunt Sarah. "Freckles won't hurt you, Elizabeth Jeannette."

The child blinked at her uncertainly. "Won't they?" she faltered.

Her uncle and aunt both laughed. "Bless you, no," said Uncle John. "I'll be glad to send you back to your mother looking so plump and healthy."

Elizabeth Jeannette Evans stepped out onto the veranda. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and all the world seemed happy again. Elizabeth Jeannette skipped joyously down the steps and ran toward the barn, stopping long enough to snatch up a luckless kitten and to tread on Rover's tail. A few minutes later Aunt Sarah, doing the dishes, heard a shrill, determined voice saying, "Timothy, I *will* drive down to the hay-field."

Peering out of the window, she saw Elizabeth Jeannette already enthroned upon the high seat of the wagon. The good woman shook her head.

"That child certainly is spoiled," she sighed.

MARY CATHERINE FARMAN.

Kenneth sat disconsolately on the front steps and shied stones at the hitching post. His ordinarily round, good-natured face was discontented and scowling—with

When Errors Cancel good reason. The first of his grievances lay in the fact that Jim Simpson, his boon friend and companion, was the victim of relentless

mumps; the second was connected with the last ball game, since which neither he nor Jim had been on speaking terms with any of the other "fellers" on the hill. Kenneth could hear them now, playing "relevé" down the street. He listened a bit eagerly, not that he would play with *them*. It was only the game he was envying.

As he realized how hopeless and irreparable was his isolation, he shied pebbles with renewed violence; one hit the post fair and square, and at the report it made, Kenneth suddenly remembered the air-rifle Jack Spaulding had promised him. Jack was a friend of his sister Pauline, and, to use Kenneth's own phrase, "a bully good fellow". Kenneth decided he would speak to him that very evening about the rifle. He wouldn't mind being alone if he had that. And then, paradoxically enough, he reflected on "how the other fellers' eyes would stand out when they saw it". Come to think of it, though, Jack hadn't been to the house this week. What did it mean? Kenneth thought and thought for a clue to such unprecedented behavior, and finally remembered a dainty handkerchief he had found lying on the piazza floor. He had picked it up and slipped it into Jack's overcoat pocket, thinking it would be a good joke on Pauline. And then, the next morning, Ruth James had been inquiring if a handkerchief had been found on the piazza. "It was marked with my name," she had said. And Pauline had replied that that was lucky, for she claimed all unmarked ones for her own. If she found it she would send it over by Ken. Ken reflected; perhaps she *had* found it, but not just where she had expected! He sat and wondered what had happened. Suddenly Pauline's voice, calling him, broke in upon his reflections. He strolled slowly in. He wondered if he ought to tell her. And while he wondered she pressed two notes into his hands.

"Here, Ken, deliver these for me, will you?"

"Sure," said he. "But say, Pauline, Jack said he'd give me an air-rifle. When—"

Here Pauline interrupted most decidedly. "Never mind about air-rifles now, Ken. I want those notes delivered at once. Run along, now. Here," handing him a dime, "you may buy some peanuts on the way back."

Thus silenced, Kenneth left the house. He felt a bit uncomfortable, to tell the truth. He looked at the notes. One was

addressed "Mr. J. P. Spaulding", the other was simply "Ruth". Well, things were evidently still happening. Kenneth decided to tell Jack of his share in the affair. Somehow it was easier than to tell Pauline, and then, Jack would understand how he had done it, and girls were queer about jokes. Lest he should repent of his good resolution, he proceeded to explain almost before he got inside the gate. Jack leaned on the lawn-mower and listened. Kenneth congratulated himself on his choice of a confessor, for Jack merely said quietly, "Oh, that's how it was", and then took him to see the rifle. They spent over an hour testing it, and Kenneth completely forgot about the note until he was nearly outside the gate. He extracted it from his pocket with some difficulty and handed it to Jack with a grin. After leaving Ruth's note he felt quite free to contemplate his new treasure. He fished in his pockets for something to shine the barrel with, and found only some paper. On examination it proved to be the outside wrapping of the notes, which, for lack of something better, Ken used.

He spent all the afternoon in rifle practice. He even insisted on having the rifle on the side-board during supper, "so he could see it". After supper he shot until dark, and his father had a hard time getting him in. As he went up-stairs to bed he heard voices on the front piazza. He stopped and listened. It was Jack, yes, and Pauline. Kenneth, supposing he had quite atoned for any mischief on his part, went to bed, sleepy and contented.

Outside, Pauline stood stiffly by the hammock, looking fixedly at an obviously perplexed young man.

"You received my note?"

"Yes," said Jack, "and I need not say, Pauline, that the note, together with Ken's confession, made me very happy."

It was Pauline's turn to look perplexed. "Ken's confession? And may I ask what was in the note to make you happy? And as for the handkerchief, I thought we had settled that."

"Well," said Jack, still at a loss, "all I can say is that in reply to my note asking you to take my word about the handkerchief and allow me to come over to-night, this is what I received." He handed her the note. She read:

"Dearest: I am so sorry. It really makes no difference. Come over to-night.
P."

For a moment she was angry. "Jack," she cried, "that wasn't *your* note!"

A smile flashed across his face. "Then that young brother of yours has made another blunder," he said. "It's a case where two wrongs *have* made a right—it's a simple problem in cancellation, Pauline."

And the note?

Jack still insists that it was really his.

ETHEL ADELAIDE WILLARD.

ON THE LAKE

Silent and still in the radiant air
Lies the mystic lake, its waves at rest;
While deep in its bosom, mirrored fair,
Are the crimson clouds of the glowing west.
On the glassy flood we gently row,
With a world above and a world below.

The stately trees upon the banks
Point downward to a deeper sky,
And the mossy rocks, in serried ranks,
Far down in double beauty lie,—
While, in a circling fringe between,
Bloom lilies white, in beds of green.

Silent and still! Save the evening call
Of the whip-poor-will, hid in the island brake;
The splash of an oar, or a paddle's fall,
Or the loon's weird cry, far up the lake.

The sky grows grey, the shadows creep
And darken around the lonely shore,
A chill steals o'er our hearts where deep,
Fond memories linger forevermore,
And shadowy forms of the loved draw near,
While we listen for voices we never can hear.

Silent and still! The gloom of the night
Trails its black mantle o'er valley and hill;
On high, through a thousand windows bright,
The lights of heaven are shining still!

EDITH FRANCES LIBBY.

"Dare I?" What a puzzling situation it was to be sure. Mother had told me never again to go out into the pasture alone and I had seemed to acquiesce by

At the Pasture Bars what was really an ominous silence.

I knew that it would be quite impossible for me to give up my visits to that fairyland, so why waste words on the subject? And as for taking some one *with* me! Why, half the fun was in going *alone*.

Well, mother was taking her nap that afternoon, and I had gone as far as the pasture fence when the probable penalty of the disobedience began to dawn on me. I stopped and considered. "Dare I?"

Just on the other side of those bars lay the pasture, glorified in its sunlit "coat of many colors". There was the rusty yellow of the hickory tree, the warm red of the oak, the soft brown of the sycamore, and nestling at their foot was the crimson of the sumach and the blood-red of the blackberry bush. Through this splendor I could see the winding gray path that led to the delicate pink and yellow of the dogwood trees in the first hollow. How I longed to follow it! How I longed to rush like some wild, free thing down that wooded slope!

There in the great oak tree's glow a provident squirrel was busy with his hoarding, and in a hickory near by perched a prying bluejay with one eye bent suspiciously on me while the other peered down among the low-lying bushes for some bright berry. Between the sober tree-trunks I caught glimpses of the grass-covered, rounded backs of hills which rose and fell until the last faint outline was lost in the haze of Indian Summer.

"It's worth it," said I, and over the fence I clambered.

BEE SEYMOUR HOILES.

A SUGGESTION

One night as I lay sleeping with a heavy woe to bear,
The queen of faerie came from far upon the white moon-glare,
To soothe the pain that burnt my brow and ease my heart of care;
And her hands were like white violets,
So soft and small and fair,
The little, sweet, wind violets,
Adrift on my hair.

And when in peace I rested, she left me dreaming there,
 Yea, left me smiling in my sleep, and sadly unaware
 Of how she looked, and how she smiled, and what her queenly air;
 But her hands were like white violets,
 So soft and small and fair,
 The little, sweet, wind violets,
 Adrift on my hair.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE

The 4:30 express on the New York, New Haven and Hartford was unusually crowded, and Miss Natalie Stearns blessed the foresight that had made her reach the station Golden-Rod fifteen minutes ahead of time. She arranged her bags and bundles to her satisfaction, tucked up her veil, and leaned comfortably back to watch the stream of people over the top of the last *Munsey*.

Suddenly she gave a little start. A tall, athletic looking fellow swung along the aisle, glanced at her swiftly, passed on and through to the next car.

"Well!" she remarked to herself in a hurt and angry tone. "Of all the caddish things to do! He looked straight at me and never spoke. After all that happened, too! I never would have believed it of Dick Carson. I don't care if I did tell him I never wanted to see him again"—this last in response to a surprised twinge of conscience. "It was all his fault."

The logic of this did not seem quite convincing and she hastily turned to the storiettes. They were not very interesting. The pages were badly printed. Spots, suspiciously like a man's broad shoulders, seemed to dance over them. When a jolly, good-natured face with twinkly gray eyes began to dance around, too, she closed the magazine with a bang and watched the landscape in gloomy silence. It was too dark to read.

Half an hour later she descended from the train at Larchmont and looked about anxiously, fearing for an instant that no one had come to meet her. A groom in brown livery hurried forward.

"How do you do, Miss Natalie?" he said, taking off his hat.

"Oh, how do you do, Peters? I was afraid no one had come. Is Mr. Stearns here?"

"No, ma'am. He sent the runabout down; said you could drive Major home and that there would be a gentleman to come with you. I am to drive the baggage wagon back with the trunks."

"A gentleman to come with me? I don't know of any."

Just then Dick Carson came around the corner of the station. He addressed Peters.

"Can you tell me whether Mr. Stearns sent anybody to meet Mr. Carson?" Then catching sight of Natalie he rushed forward. "Why, Natalie! how good of you to come to meet me. I didn't expect to see you here."

Miss Stearns gazed at him icily. "I didn't come to meet you. I just arrived myself and I find that I am to drive you over. I think you might as well begin to be civil since my company is to be forced upon you. It is six miles out to Cedarhurst."

Carson looked somewhat stunned. "*Begin* to be civil! What do you mean? You couldn't force your company upon me, and," with a sudden roguish twinkle which he carefully suppressed, "I don't mind it's being six miles out to Cedarhurst."

"I do," said Natalie decidedly. "Suppose we start. Will you drive?" She stepped into the runabout before he could assist her. "Peters will look after the trunks."

He took the reins and they drove off in silence. After a quarter of a mile or so Carson ventured a remark.

"Awfully good of Alice and Billy to have a house-party just now, isn't it?"

"Very," said Natalie coolly.

"I think we ought to have a jolly good time this week," continued Carson, ignoring her reply. "There is always plenty to do."

"I am only staying till to-morrow," said Natalie in her haughtiest manner. "I promised Alice to come out for the dance this evening."

"Oh! is there to be a dance? Say, may I see your card when we strike civilization and an electric light?"

"Certainly. But it is filled, so it would not do you any good."

Carson broke out impetuously. "Look here, Nat, what is the matter with you—or with me? What makes you act so queer? Have I done anything?"

"Well, I told you I never wanted to see you again, and you evidently make it a point to cut me whenever it's possible. I saw you on the train."

Dick composed his face. "Seems to me you are blaming me for doing what you wanted me to. However, I don't remember cutting you and I did not see *you* on the train, so now, Miss Stearns."

"Your eyesight must be failing, then. You looked square at me."

"Well, I was thinking about you," replied Carson, suddenly serious. "Possibly that's the reason I did not see you. Anyway, I didn't mean not to see you. I just *didn't*. Please take my word for it."

Natalie said nothing and they drove for some distance further without speaking. Carson again broke the silence.

"Remember the last drive we had, Nat? It was up in the country, in August, and you insisted upon picking golden-rod. Awfully good time we had that summer. Three years ago—quite an age, isn't it? That was the time you said you never wanted to see me again, but you didn't mean it."

"How did you—" began Natalie, suddenly surprised, but checking herself quickly. "That was ages ago, and I was very young," she said with dignity.

"You aren't a Methusaleh yet, are you? If I remember correctly, you ought to be just twenty to-day. My memory's better than my eyesight."

Natalie began to look interested.

"I remember just how you looked that day," continued Dick. "You had on a blue dress and a blue hat with funny white feather things chasing around it. You are prettier than ever, Nat—dear," he said, under his breath.

"Don't jolly," said Natalie, trying to be severe.

"I'm not."

More silence. Then Natalie remarked graciously, "Wouldn't you like to smoke?"

"Shouldn't care if I did. Do you mind fishing in my overcoat pocket for my pipe?"

Natalie complied, found the pipe and then the tobacco pouch. "I'll fill it for you if you want me to."

Carson looked amused. "All right. Go ahead."

Natalie opened the pouch. "Isn't this a funny one? It has two compartments. What is in the little one? Please let me—" as Dick put his hand over it. He rescued the pouch, but just too late. Two or three sprays of withered golden-rod fell out into Natalie's lap. She gasped, "Why! Dick Carson! I didn't think—"

"I did," said Dick, gruffly. He picked up the golden-rod and threw it out of the carriage. "Never mind, Nat. I don't want to bother you if you don't want to be bothered."

Natalie blushed. "Dick."
 "Yes," still more gruffly.
 "I saved some, too."
 Dick's face beamed. "Honest, Nat?"
 "Yes."
 "You mean it?"
 She nodded.
 Richard Carson spoke firmly. "Nat, dear, would you please drive?"

MARY BILLINGS EDDY.

THE LONE ROAD

It's only a step from Here to There.
 I took it yesterday.
 People were talking—I looked away—
 And suddenly everything grew queer,
 Not a thing in sight that looked like Here,
 Yet it's only a step from Here to There.

From There to Here is a long, long way,
 You have to walk it alone.
 It's the weariest road in the world, I own.—
 This strange white road,—not a soul in sight.
 I'm back again, but it took all night.
 Yes, from There to Here is a long, long way.

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS.

Miss Phillipson puzzled the simple people of the village of Crandon sadly, and soon gained the reputation of being a "character". She was undeniably

The Mysterious Lady beautiful, talented, and charming, but undeniably queer. Her coming to the quiet little village caused as great a sensation as though a firecracker had exploded on the 5th of July, for she had planned to visit a friend in Crandon during May; but May passed without her appearing and the town had only just calmed down from the excitement aroused by the expectation of seeing this beauty,—for tales of Miss Phillipson's charms had been assiduously spread abroad by her friends,—and had just recovered from its disappointment at her non-appearance, when early in June, the lady arrived.

The first time that I saw Miss Phillipson was the second evening of her residence in Crandon, when she drove into my uncle's yard with her friend. The visitor had on a sailor blouse without any shield—then a startling innovation—and her two thick braids of red-gold hair, reaching almost to her knees, hung down her back. She had scarcely been introduced when she announced that she had bought a house, known as the Suydam place, and intended to move in the next day, and then repair it at her leisure. This news caused a start of surprise on the part of the residents of the village, for the Suydam house was old and forlorn, far from being an appropriate setting for a society belle. Indeed, its only claims to interest were the facts that George Washington once marched his army past the door, and that the old building was so delapidated as to be picturesque.

But the wonder aroused by Miss Phillipson's purchase of the ramshackle abode was soon overshadowed by interest in her repairs. She purchased the most expensive papers she could find in the neighboring town and ordered the workmen to begin papering immediately. Not infrequently, however, when the men would come from the town six miles away, they would find the doors locked and their knocking and pounding would elicit only the response, in a dreamy tone, "Go away, please, I can't have work done to-day." These methods of transacting business horrified the practical farmers in the gossipy little community as much as Miss Phillipson's housekeeping ways scandalized their wives. Many a time I have gone to see "the beautiful lady"—as my child's mind christened her, for she appealed strongly to my imagination and soon took the place of "Cinderella" and the gentle "Rose-Red" in all my day-dreams,—and have found her swinging lazily to and fro in a hammock which she had swung in the hallway, her masses of hair drifting loose about her shoulders and looking like spun copper against the soft tints of the green brocaded paper on the old walls.

When Miss Phillipson was in one of these indolent moods, I never dared speak, for she was apt to turn angrily toward me, with the quick motion of a sleepy cat, ready to scratch the first disturber of its peace. So I would either quietly steal away or else sit down on the doorstep and watch every movement of the beautiful, languid creature, and make up stories about her, until she was ready to talk to me. Often it was when I least expected her to speak, that I would hear the sound of her dreamy, melo-

dious voice calling me, and when I had seated myself on the floor by her hammock where I could play with her wonderful hair and toy with the rings on her shapely hands, she would tell me of the doings of the gay world she had left,—the great world where she had been a veritable queen by right of birth and beauty. While she told me of the cultured men and women she had met, and narrated stories, more fascinating than any fairy-tales, of the strange lands and people she had visited, her gaze would rest upon a wonderful portrait of herself, painted about ten years before this time. Then, in a sorrowful, tragic tone that hurt my childish heart, although I could not interpret the meaning and only knew that my beautiful lady was suffering in some way, she would say, "That was the way I looked when I was young and happy, before—" But there the stories always ended and I would be sent home, and when my family questioned me as to how I had spent the morning, I never repeated the tales that the lovely lady told, but said she hadn't even made her bed, keeping all romance and mystery to dream about when I was alone in the top of my favorite apple tree.

After a while, strange tales of Miss Phillipson's fondness for solitary night walks about the country lanes, and stories which were hushed whenever I entered the room where my elders were conversing about their eccentric neighbor, led my mother to forbid my visits to the strangely beautiful woman who had so fascinated me.

One day, when a neighbor went to call on Miss Phillipson, she found the doors and blinds of the little house barred, shutting out the sunlight from the kitchen with its satin paper, and the hall with its sea-green tints. On inquiry, the visitor found that Miss Phillipson had left the village in the early morning with all her belongings, of which the most carefully treasured was a large, heavy, flat package, which I promptly decided must be the wonderful portrait of my adored and mysterious lady, painted in the days when she was welcomed by "lords and ladies of high degree"—in the "days when she was happy."

After the sudden departure of Miss Phillipson, many disgraceful rumors were spread abroad as people tried in one way and another to account for the talented and cultivated woman's strange behavior.

Several months passed without any satisfactory explanation being found, and finally, when even the village gossips had

ceased to speculate concerning their temporary neighbor's peculiarities, the true reason was disclosed,—Miss Phillipson was an opium-eater.

MARY ALLERTON KILBOURNE.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

The Dreamer sat in his great arm-chair
And builded castles in the air,
And all his fanciful thoughts took wings
As he mused on the inmost meanings of things;
And he thought of the wondrous works of Fate,
The splendid deeds and labors great,
And he sighed for a noble part in the fight
Of those who carry the Banners of Right.
Oh, wondrous thoughts and fancies fair
Came to the dreamer in his chair!
But his castle was high in the clouds, above
Such simple things as human love,—
So high he could touch the angel's wings,
But he never thought of such lowly things
As the beggar crouching at his feet
Or the cripple who passed him in the street.
And while life's meaning he pondered o'er
Life's sorrowing ones passed by his door,
And dark against the troubled sky
The Cross of Humanity towered high,
While the Dreamer sat in his great arm-chair
And builded castles in the air.

DOROTHY DONNELL.

EDITORIAL

No one calls the student body at Smith College scholarly. A professor in another college says of us that the atmosphere is "charming but childish"; our own professors tell us that we "close the class-room door on the subject"; and when we ourselves attempt to express the meaning of college, we say that we "get the general culture and the privilege of going in deep if we care to"—adding, that for the most part we don't care to. We are accustomed to hearing this disposition at Smith criticized, and while we do not pretend that such an attitude is ideal, we cannot believe that it calls for a complete revolution of our standards and ideals, but rather for a more judicious regulation of comparatively superficial activities.

We earnestly regret that in the growing multiplicity of our interests we should have lost that pervading spirit of scholarship which characterized our college in its early days, although this quality "often appeared in an unlovely form". We are agreeably conscious that there is little that is "unlovely" about our college to-day. Indeed, we seem to inspire an affectionate feeling even in our critics,—this is why the professor called us "charming but childish", and this is why our own instructors say that although we are not scholarly, "it is a joy to teach in Smith College". But while we would not renew what was unbecoming in the past or be in the least degree less "charming", we honestly think that we might accomplish more serious, scholarly work and might temper to our greater credit and truth a singularly social atmosphere.

Smith puts the emphasis upon *action*. We are always doing things together. We care more for people than for abstractions; more for events than for contemplation. We emphasize the interplay of personality. We study *life*. Now while we cannot rid our consciences of a deep, abiding belief that there is more to be gained from living personalities than from books,

there still lurks a regret that our time at college is so little our own. We are grateful to find ourselves useful; gladdest of all to feel that we are indispensable to others; but occasionally we should like to feel free to give ourselves up to some one academic effort. We would like to have time to explore exhaustively a subject which has roused our warmest interest. The laboratory or the library invites us and and it were a joy to sink ourselves deep in uninterrupted research; to undertake and really to complete some chosen task. But the clubs, the committees, the social gatherings and practical religious duties of the institution call as they are always calling. A very small portion of the students who have given the world to understand that they will devote themselves entirely to study, escape these demands; a larger portion are not asked to prove their abilities; the largest number are constantly being called upon, and of these a few are never free from social obligations.

We are glad that the students are voicing their opinions and suggesting plans for reform in the department clubs, for the relief of the overworked committee-girl and for the regulation of college plays. We agree with the faculty that it is a problem of wider distribution of social responsibilities. We do not think it desirable that we should give ourselves entirely to scholarly research. We do not believe in lessening the abundant interests of our college so necessary to a broad, wholesome development. But we agree that social occasions might be more concentrated and at the same time the burden of them more generally distributed. As it is now, the college does not fulfil its promise. Every student does not have "the privilege of going in deep if she cares to." Of course, some persons are born to be students, and others are not. We have both kinds at college and this is as it should be. But, at least every individual should be given the opportunity of trying the full extent of her intellectual powers in an institution primarily for earnest, free growth of mind and spirit. Such a privilege would mean the awakening of latent possibilities, and while the average might not represent a high degree of scholarship, yet we should have reason to be proud of our college as a loaf well leavened, a more truly scholarly body, gaining in serious interests while forfeiting nothing of its practical ability or social opportunities.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Once more the Ghost of New Years Past has been abroad in the land, and has left in his train a beautiful array of freshly concocted resolutions. For weeks, we may have assumed a Scrooge-like attitude towards the approaching event, but habit is strong upon us, and only calloused souls can gaze upon the spectacle of a fresh calendar, unmoved.

Much is being said and written upon the advisability of living one day at a time. The doctrine has many good features, but it would forever relegate New Years' resolutions to the dark ages, when annual house-cleanings were in vogue. Now, no one can deny that even these internal revolutions were productive of many good things, such as lost scissors, and long-forgotten, borrowed books, and for months thereafter the family feet were undoubtedly scraped twice as often upon the family mat.

No one wants to dispense with New Year's resolutions. The idea of a clean page survives from copy-book days, when we wearied of the old, familiar blots and often wrote—laboriously and with much facial contortion—a very pretty line before the next one happened. Suppose that there had been less exercise in turning leaves; suppose that we had never attained unto "Welcome winter's wild winds"—would there be to-day so many legible writers whose minds are stocked with just such priceless alliterations?

There are many reasons why New Years' resolutions should be encouraged. Aside from acting as both stimulent and sedative to run-down and over-wrought morals, they invariably put our neighbors in a new and most agreeable light. Unrecognized virtues become suddenly luminous, and we begin to wonder why cynics persist in their foolish theory that the times are very evil.

Then, too, it would be a pity to see January 1st degenerate into a mere carnival for callers and creditors, because the former

are often stupid, and creditors frequently bereft of all feeling. Think of the groans that arise from numberless breakfast tables when this happy morning's mail is found to consist of gas bills and "services rendered"! Anything that will tend to mitigate the sufferings of a poor, dunned public is worth encouraging. Come down-stairs with mind intent upon the half-dozen virtues that you are about to practice for the first time and matters mundane will become delightfully insignificant.

In addition to these desirable effects, New Year's resolutions have the further advantage of being absolutely harmless. No one has ever been injured in the execution of a vow bearing this particular brand, for—let this be of encouragement to the framer—no New Year's resolution has ever been known to last a twelve month.

"No more livery bills," announces the suddenly virtuous senior, while the wind howls without, but, deep in her heart, she knows that, on the first really green spring day—a week before her allowance falls due—she will surely drive to Little Switzerland. And that freshman you intended to look up last fall because her mother and your mother were school friends—you *will* do something nice for her, right away, before mid-year's? Possibly, but it is more probable that you will meet, unexpectedly, at a house dance, spring term, when the timid child will find, to her joy, that you are not at all awesome, like other seniors, but most get-at-able and—nice!

For resolutions do count along their tangents. The good intentions centered about Jane are transferred to Miranda. Wasted? Not at all. Some one must look out for Miranda! The girl who unscrupulously reopens her account at Warren's will quiet conscience by paying the wash-lady with unfailing regularity. Or these same resolutions may work out through unforeseen channels. Neither you nor the freshman will ever be able to account for that sudden burst of cordiality, but the angel who notes our rash determinations will turn back to one that you had forgotten weeks ago—and smile!

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

Alice Jackson—In Memoriam

If one speaks of the memory of Alice Jackson from the point of view of the members of the faculty who knew her best, it will be only a repetition in another form of what her student friends might say; for she did not have different sides of her nature for different classes of people. She was a very exceptional woman. There was, first, her gloriously strong personality, with which she was dowered by nature. Then there was her tremendous activity. It overflowed into all possible fields. While she was busy with college work, she was also laying plans for mission study in the Christian Endeavor Societies of the churches of Northampton and vicinity. That is only an example of her energy for work. But all this was not done merely for the sake of doing things. She cared primarily about people. Very few persons of her age had and kept more attachments to people of all sorts than she. Even the children of the families of her acquaintance had a remembrance at Christmas. Whether working girls or college graduates, she seemed never to forget anyone with whom she came in contact. There was nothing she would not do to help anyone. She very often came to her friends on the faculty with problems, but they were seldom her own. They were the problems of some one else, whom she wanted to help. But one felt in it all that her entire activity was controlled by one motive, the will to do the will of God. Her religion was very unassuming and anything but self-confident. To those who were officially connected with her secretaryship in the Association she often spoke modestly of the imperfections of her work, as she saw it; but she never spoke despondently. It was a happy religion—just a happy, wholesome, human life, filled with all the fun and work that it could hold, and all of it alike religious. She had her sorrows and her disappointments, and they were very keen, but she never talked of them. She laid aside the things she would gladly have done but could not, and turned with greater energy to what she could do, and did it joyously for Christ's sake. She has shown us how the love of Christ can be translated into a present day human life; and we are the richer for her memory.

IRVING WOOD.

In the passing away of our friend, Alice Jackson, we are bereaved and full of sorrow.

We, who served as cabinet members during the two years of her secretaryship in the Association for Christian Work, desire to express our deep joy in the far-reaching influence of her life. We acknowledge with thankfulness

her great personal helpfulness to each one of us. Her helpfulness was great and her inspiration lasting, because with singleness of purpose she strove to live the life of Christ.

Especially do we desire to express to her family our deep, sincere sympathy. As we are sharers together in the sorrow, so may we rejoice together in the faith of which her life and her words are assurance,—that "death is life" and "God is love".

THE CABINETS OF THE S. C. A. C. W., 1902-3 AND 1903-4.

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Alice Jackson loved Christmas Day. Its spirit is the spirit of her life. For on that day the world is radiant with happiness, and so was she, through all her days. And the radiance is the shining of the Christ-child's face, whose light was her light—in whom she looked upon the face of her Master. In the spirit of a little child, she worshipped.

Well she knew the tragedy of the doubts which darken our age, and the complexity of action and thought in which we lose our way. Fighting the battle which is the common lot to-day, the truth shone out before her eyes that not the mind alone nor the heart alone can find the light, but in the life of discipleship is Christ made real to mind and heart. The hope of the Gospel rests not in argument, nor scattered deeds, but in the lives of those

"Who, to the world, deep joy and gladness bring,
Fulfilling by their daily lives the message
Which on Christmas morn the angels sing."

The words are hers; nor could her own life's ideal be more truly expressed.

So it is that we see in her, not the fitful working of a purpose which, however strong, yet by reason of many other conflicting purposes fails to-morrow when to-day's deed of kindness is done. But we see in her the radiance of a life which cannot be diverted from its path, because it is lived close to God.

It is the beauty of her life that through her our thoughts are lifted to the Master whom she served. To this power, many of those whose lives were strengthened by her two years' service in college bear witness:—

"In every picture of her which comes before my mind she is bringing happiness to some one. With burning intensity to crowd as much as possible into every day, uncertain how many might be granted her, she gave to us all a vision of the radiance of service."

"Her Christ-like simplicity, purity and selflessness have been always my inspiration."

"All who knew her have a sense of joy from contact with a life that lived close to God."

"She was not constantly trying to forget self,—she never remembered self."

"She was always ready to enter into our good times, and to help us."

"To no one did the beautiful side of life appeal more strongly. Yet she met the sordid things in the cities where she worked, with patient sympathy and tender love."

"She always saw the good so strongly that there was no place for the bad."

"As Christmas draws near, many a home will miss her cheery letter. She remembered all her friends."

"At first I could not see how her life could be spared. And then I knew that those who loved her would find in her memory a baptism into Christ-like service."

"She knew all kinds of girls, understood all kinds, loved all kinds. Her energy, her practicality, her unresting urging on of good, the fire of her faith, made her verily an instrument in the hands of God."

"She has left no shadow, but a radiance in the minds and hearts of those whom she helped to a more joyous and clear understanding of the meaning of life. She herself had gained the spirit of the Christ-life and knew how to guide others to share it with her."

The great love which she gave to those whose lives touched hers—the human love which reveals the divine—was the power in all her work. Out of that love came the brave good cheer with which she met the failure of her purpose to go to a foreign field—a service which had seemed to her the most perfect fulfilment of discipleship. Yet, although that purpose failed of accomplishment, it consecrated all the work which took its place.

All this richness of life she brought to her two years' secretaryship in the Christian Association. Tolerant as she was steadfast, sympathetic as she was zealous, untiring as she was patient, she worked and prayed unceasingly that in the college which she loved might come a vision of Christ in whose service she had taken up the task. She regarded the work as a great privilege. It concerned not alone the girls in college, but the faculty, the *alumnæ*, the trustees and all other friends. To them she felt herself responsible as for a trust, fulfilled by bringing them all into touch with the work, carrying from them to us the inspiration of their interest.

She was ever such a messenger, receiving strength from some one who had it for some one who needed it, bringing to those who were sad the happiness of those who were joyous.

Surely she would be willing to have us remember certain words of hers: "So often I feel how utterly unworthy I am of the position that you have asked me to try to fill. You don't know how often I say 'I am but as a child, and I know not how to come in nor go out,' but I am trying to leave it all with God and to trust him to fit me for it. I have been thinking very much of Jesus Christ during these days, of His tenderness and love and simplicity and humility. And the thought that some day we shall be like Him is the most wonderful of all thoughts to me, and one that I don't believe I can ever realize, but which I love."

It is the most perfect season of the year for her to pass into a fuller life, a closer walk with God. With this season we shall always associate her—Christmas, the day of happiness, the birthday of Christ.

MARY VAN KLEEK '04.

We of the class of '98 will never say, "Alice Jackson is dead." True, to-day there are tears in all our hearts, and our voices are unsteady with tenderness when we speak of "our Ajax". But, in thrill of voice and gleam of tear, is more of gladness than of sorrow, for greater than grief is the joy of her beautiful, strong, sweet life.

Since we first came together as a class in the fall of '94, Alice Jackson's

influence has been a most consistently helpful and inspiring one. She lived her class spirit. Her ready, efficient, untiring service spoke her enthusiasm. The soundness of her loyalty was proven by her high standard of class spirit. With her it was not degraded to the selfishness of competition; her work for her class was not to the end that it might be a successful rival, but her sturdy effort showed her desire that we might attain to our own best; that we might arrive at our highest classhood, close and loyal daughterhood to Alma Mater.

Unusually versatile, Alice Jackson entered into almost every phase of our class life, and whatever she touched became beautiful in her doing of it. Whether in work or in play, she reached out always for the underlying ideal, unconscious of herself save as an instrument of service. A member of the basket-ball team, she played a wonderful game, swiftly, quietly, efficiently and fairly, always in the helpful place, never grasping an opportunity for individual glory at the expense of the team work. She grasped the ethics of the game and never even knew that there was a selfish side. At the close of our official sophomore game, as we, crushed, tragic children, were trying to grip the fact bravely that for the first time in our college history the game had gone officially to the freshmen, it was our Ajax who found for us the key to the situation, "It's *fine* for the freshmen."

So in the college honors which as a matter of course came to her lot, in Alpha, Biological Society, Colloquim, editor of the MONTHLY, and as a member of other organizations, religious, social and intellectual, she regarded her election not as a cause for self-gratulation, not as a tribute to her own abilities, but simply as an opportunity for further usefulness. It was in this spirit that she entered into the Shakespeare prize essay contest, not with the desire of winning the prize for herself, but in order to help fill out the necessary number of competitors. When word came to her that the prize had been awarded to her essay, she received the news with a burst of grief and disappointment. "I thought C. would get the prize! She worked so hard."

So she moved and worked and played among us, strong in her simple selflessness. Overwhelmed with work for other people, she was never too tired to be courteous, never too busy to be sympathetic, never too weary to meet new demands, never too engrossed to seek out the lonely or disheartened or homesick to share with them her sweetness and her cheer.

Shall we call that work unfinished which was as exquisite in detail as it was broad and far-reaching in outline, where the big, conspicuous things did not crowd nor mar the daily details, where each minute and unseen part was wrought with the greatest care? Shall we call that sunny day short which has warmed the earth and waked the seeds? Or shall we say that life was short which was full of service, whose influence is of our things Beautiful, that has helped to give us as a class and as individuals the incentive to grow and to do and to be?

True, to-day there are tears in all our hearts and a thrill in our voices as we say, "Our Ajax", for we sorely want her bonny presence. But we do not say, "Ajax is dead", for she has left us her courage and patience and loyalty and Love, and "Love is longer than life and stronger than death."

MRS. L. H. HALL (GEORGIA COYLE '96).

We should never have gone to Tyndaris if we had not read William Sharp's articles on Sicily ;—"Tyndaris! that name of magic to the few who intimately know and love Sicily !—It is almost impossi-

A Trip to Tyndaris ble to avoid rhetoric in speaking of Tyndaris, and the temptation is the greater because it is so little known, so rarely visited. For the many hundreds now familiar with Taormina there are not as many scores who know its northern rival. It is not alone in beauty that Tyndaris is the rival of Taormina ; its Greek theater is larger in extent, though so much more ruinous ; its Roman remains are superb ; and its ancient walls are the most imposing in Sicily. A lovelier view than that from the Madonna del Tindaro it would be difficult to name."

Who would not wish to be counted among the fortunate few, after such a description as that? We were ravished by the beauty of Taormina ; a stay of months would have been all too short ; but it was necessary to push on to Tyndaris. It was not so easy even there, a half-day's journey from it, to find out anything about the place. The site of the ancient city is occupied by a tiny village which clusters around the Sanctuary of the Black Madonna ; the only hope of entertainment is in the sanctuary itself ; what the accommodations might be, and for how long available, were matters of conjecture. Our only information was the reply to a letter of inquiry which the proprietor of the English Tea Room—also fired by Sharp's enthusiasm—had written to the sanctuary shortly before our arrival. The reply was in Italian and conveyed most courteously, so we were told, the pleasure of the superior at the prospect of guests, and also brief directions for engaging a carriage at Patti.

Patti! If Tyndaris is a name of magic, Patti is one of ill-omen and nightmare. Not in all Sicily did we encounter such a villianous looking man as the owner of the omnibus which met the train. We had been riding for two hours along the curves of that lovely northern coast, when suddenly we saw ahead, on a high cliff, jutting far out into the sea, an imposing pile which we knew must be the sanctuary we sought. Nearer and nearer we came, our wonder at its commanding situation only equalled by our speculation as to how we were going to reach it, when it disappeared with startling suddenness as we were whizzed into a tunnel far below it. We looked back at it from the other side, our excitement and impatience growing with the distance that separated us, and when the train slowed up for Patti we were hanging out the window in our anxiety about the carriages, which we had been told we should find waiting. A crowd of men and boys, who eyed us in unfriendly fashion ; an indifferent station-master ; nobody who could speak a word of English ; no carriages—only an omnibus with its particularly unprepossessing driver,—such was the situation that met us. We had come armed with the superior's postal, which we felt would speak for us. The station-master to whom we presented it failed to react to the stimulus as we had expected ; but the black gowns of some theological students caught our eye, and our spirits rose ; probably they were from the sanctuary. Hopefully we offered them the post-card. They read it with no interest, pointed to the towers which dominated the landscape, and went on talking to each other.

By this time the driver had taken in the situation and sent a boy to ask us if we wanted to go to Tyndaris. Cautiously, for we had been in Sicily two

weeks, we inquired the fare. Twelve lire. Scornfully, as experience had taught us, we rejected the idea of such a price; our main reliance in this adventure—the superior's postal—stated that the fare was five lire. Now it is all very well to adopt a lofty attitude and refuse to be "done", when there are drivers many, and cabs many; but this was five o'clock in the afternoon; our bags lay at our feet; the lofty sanctuary was quite unattainable on foot; the station was half a mile from the town of Patti; the crowd was beginning to melt away; we meekly climbed into the omnibus with a few other passengers who were evidently homeward bound.

We did not want to go to Patti; it was not on our way to Tyndaris, and Sharp had warned us especially against the inn there. The appearance of the town as we entered it was enough to make us shudder at the thought of spending the night within its walls,—dirty, dismal, malodorous, inhabited by the most ill-favored, unkindly, piratical-looking people we saw anywhere in that somewhat inhospitable island. We could easily picture their ancestors swarming down to the beach to gloat over shipwrecked travelers cast up on their lonely shores. The omnibus drew up at its destination, and we were surrounded by a grinning mob while the insolent driver reiterated his offer of a carriage. We were exasperated at our helplessness. We knew that we were being robbed; our pride in ourselves as good travelers rose up in arms; but anything to escape from that dreadful town! We ordered a carriage with a "presto!"

When we were really quit of the place and well on our way over the splendid up-hill road, our indignation gave way to relief, to delight, to utter tranquility,—a more glorious view of sea and shore-line, of mountain and plain, I have never seen. And when we reached the gate just at sunset, and were greeted by a burst of music—boys' voices singing the Ave Maria—it was as if Patti and all its odious inhabitants had been left behind in another world; beauty and peace possessed our souls. Behind us sank the sun into the Mediterranean; to the south rose Etna's snow-cap, towering over the other mountains; to the north the Eolian Isles dotted the waters; it was a scene to dream of for a life-time after.

Opposite the gateway, on the other side of the courtyard, was the open door of the church. Not a soul was in sight. We wandered into long, empty corridors and knocked at closed doors. Everything was deserted. For half an hour the service continued; the sun had gone down and the evening shadows were throwing the headlands into sharp relief against the western sky, before the villagers began to troop out of the church and through the gate, like people in a play. Last came a priest, courteous and attentive at the sight of strangers. Did he speak English? No—a little French. Abominable French it was, but it served. No, our special delivery letter sent from Taormina had not come; but we were welcome; they could put us up for the night, and longer. He took us into a bare room with casements looking out over the sea to the north and east, excused himself and vanished.

What a joy that room could have been, furnished as we could picture it, lined with books and lighted by an open fire! A long table, a few straight chairs, and a crucifix on the whitewashed wall were all our fancy had to build on. We watched the evening light on the water until it failed, and only the faintest glimmer of moonshine took its place. We made believe

that we were the lord and lady of an impregnable castle alone in our luxurious apartments ; but the fact was that we were both cold and famished long before we heard the welcome sound of footsteps down the corridor. Footsteps that seemed to start a long way off, and no wonder ; for the kitchen was at the other extreme end of the building, and the humble brother who brought us our food traveled back and forth with each course. We had hoped to dine with the fathers, but our meals were served in solitary state. And such meals ! Tunny fish is the principal meat of the region. Smoking hot, deliciously brown and ruddy, it has much the appearance of beefsteak, and how we welcomed it that first night ! But hungry as we were, we simply could not eat, it was so fat and strong. Neither could we make much headway with the next course, a kind of asparagus bitter as dandelion. We showed so plainly then and there, that tunny fish, which they consider a great delicacy, was wasted on us, that we saw no more of it ; but we were as badly off at lunch next day, for the principal dish was spaghetti cooked in fish oil !

We were given rooms in the far corner of the quadrangle, next the church. They opened on a little balcony on the outer wall. From the balcony one could peer into the organ loft of the church, and the only lights we could see besides our own candles, were the dim ever-burning lamps before the altar of the Madonna. Not a sound broke the stillness but the surf on the beach a thousand feet below. Next day, when we had been all over the place, and had seen how tawdry and shabby it is, and how deceptive in regard to size, we began to feel that familiarity which is far removed from awe. We had supposed it a large establishment, something on the order of a monastery ; but there are only three priests living there, who say mass two or three times a day, keep the lamps burning before the shrine, and teach the dozen orphans who are housed at the gate. The fourth member of the community is a lay brother who is cook, waiter, chambermaid and acolyte. We never had dinner before nine o'clock in the evening because he was not free to begin to prepare it until his duties at the vesper service were over.

Quite properly, the chief business of their lives is the adoration of their black Byzantine Madonna, the object of devout veneration of pilgrims from all over Sicily. She has the reputation of working miracles, and deep is the abasement with which her favor is sought. It was a common thing to see women crawling on their hands and knees from the door to the altar, their heads bowed low, guided by a white cloth which some friend dragged in front of them. To the villagers the sanctuary seems to be the one great interest in their lives. They are wretchedly poor ; we saw no signs of cooking while we were there. Men and women work late in the fields and come home to a cheerless supper of bread and goat's cheese and uncooked vegetables. The barefooted women who were acting as hod-carriers in some building which was going on, worked, we were told, for less than a franc a day, and twelve hours a day at that. But no one seems to work under any pressure ; the women mount the ladders with their baskets of stone or mortar on their heads, and then lean over the wall and smile and chat before they come down for another load. The donkey and the slow-swinging oxen set the pace for the whole community. They are hungry and ragged, but unhurried. The service of their miraculous madonna is not alone a religion ; it is their

main diversion and social opportunity, as well. On Sunday, the peasants come from miles around, some on foot, some on overburdened donkeys; whole families with bundles and babies, to spend the day. It is a chance to display any bits of finery; to wear shoes on unaccustomed feet; to gossip with acquaintances from a distance, and to lie in the sun and look over the water. We speculated a good deal as to whether they had any appreciation of the scene spread out before them. To us it was a wonder and a fresh delight at every turn. The sanctuary stands on the farthest extremity of the headland, a naturally fortified and solitary situation—most impressive and beautiful. We can never cease to rejoice that we went there, though we found it impossible to stay. Our cold rooms, with their flagstone floors without a scrap of carpet; the hard lumpy beds, the smell of lime everywhere, the unpalatable food, the absolute lack of cheer and comfort of every kind, was a great contrast to the natural attractions.

I feel convicted of base ingratitude while I say these things, for we received nothing but the kindest treatment from each and every one of our hosts; from the old superior—undauntedly voluble in spite of our absolute ignorance of his language—to the waiter, whose work our presence must have materially increased. They discovered very quickly that we were not pious pilgrims; but they seemed gratified that we had felt an interest to come at all. We found only three English names in looking over the last five or six years of the visitors' book; so that travelers from America must have gratified their local pride. They put their best at our disposal and refused to take a cent for their hospitality; if we wished to give something to the orphans, that should be as we pleased, but for food and lodging, nothing.

It is with something like shame that I confess that all this goodness to us, aliens as we were,—the wonderful view, the interest of the remarkable Greek and Roman remains,—all were at last outweighed by our craving for a decent meal and a comfortable room. But so it was; we stood it for two days and three nights, and early the third morning started back down hill, our bags tied pannier-fashion on a "sheck", as the Sicilians call a donkey. It was a hot walk we had—that walk with the donkey-boy, but we felt a vindictive satisfaction in getting ahead of the livery man at Patti.

Go to Tyndaris, by all means, dear friends; but go in warm weather; take plenty of sweet chocolate in your bags, and plan to arrive at Patti early in the morning.

GRACE RAND PAGE '91.

The National Association of Collegiate Alumnae was entertained by the Chicago branch November 8, 9 and 10 for its annual meeting, over two hundred members being present. It had been the

The National Association of Collegiate Alumnae intention of the Association to hold this year's meeting at San Francisco, but after the earthquake calamity the California branch reluctantly yielded to the urgings of the executive officers and gave up the hospitality it had planned to offer, allowing Chicago to take its place. This change was not decided upon until June, so that the plans for the meeting had to be carried through with unusual haste. Our friends from outside the

city have assured us that in spite of the somewhat impromptu character of the program, the meeting was one of the pleasantest in years; and since the Chicago members are still congratulating themselves over the delightful memories they have of the meeting, it evidently was a successful one from every point of view.

On Thursday, November 8, the meetings were held in the Fine Arts Building on Michigan Boulevard. After an address of welcome from the president of the Chicago branch, Miss Sarah B. Tunnickliff, and a response by Mrs. Eva Perry Moore, president of the Association, the members were the guests of the Chicago Vassar Association at a reception in the Woman's Club Rooms. In the evening Professor Paul Shorey of the University of Chicago gave an address on "The Social Service of the Alumna", combating the idea, too often held, that social service means college settlements or working girls' clubs, and emphasizing the value of the alumna as a sane and candid woman, a balance wheel for society. Following the paper, a reception was given in the parlors of the Fortnightly Club to the visiting members by the Chicago branch.

Friday was devoted to the attempt to give our guests an idea of Chicago and its university. Parties were formed to visit the Juvenile Court, Hull House, and other places of interest; and in the afternoon and evening the Association enjoyed the hospitality of the University of Chicago. After an address of welcome from Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, acting-president of the University, Miss Jane Adams spoke to the alumnae on "The College Woman and the Industrial Woman". Later in the afternoon Dean Marion Talbot and Miss S. P. Breckinridge received the members at Green Hall, and the buildings of the university were thrown open for inspection. Over two hundred members were the guests of the university at dinner in Nancy Foster Hall; and in the evening five of the sometime fellows of the Association spoke at Mandel Hall on their research work. Miss Ethel D. Puffer, Smith '91, now lecturer in the philosophy departments of Radcliffe and Wellesley, was one of the speakers.

The weather of the first two days was all that could be asked for, but Saturday a steady downpour of rain, which lasted all day, would have dampened the ardor of any but sturdy college women. It was Northwestern University's day, and many preparations had been made to show to the alumnae the beautiful campus and buildings. In spite of the weather there was an attendance of one hundred and ninety at the luncheon given the members by the university. The luncheon was held at Willard Hall, the women's hall of the university, and when the roll of the colleges belonging to the Association was called by the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, Smith '81, twenty-seven responded to the name of Smith College, only Vassar having a larger representation present. The regular meetings of the day were held in Annie May Swift Hall. Addresses of welcome given by President Abram H. Harris and Dean Mary Ross Potter; a paper by Mrs. A. W. Graupner, director of the California branch, and reports of various committees made up an interesting program for the day, which ended delightfully by a reception given by Dean Potter at Willard Hall.

At the business meeting the University of Missouri was admitted to corpo-

rate membership, none but state universities having been considered this year by the committee on membership. The invitation of the Boston branch to celebrate the twenty-fifth birthday of the Association in that city next year was accepted; and San Francisco was decided upon for the 1908 meeting, in response to the urgent request of the California branch.

MARY F. WILLARD '90.

No very definite steps in advance have been made by the Chicago Association during this past year, but through four good meetings much has been accomplished in building up the enthusiasm and interest of the Association as a body. The annual luncheon was held in December, with the usual large attendance. Miss Julia Caverno was the guest of honor, for whom an informal reception was held immediately before the luncheon.

In February a meeting of great interest was called, at the request of a committee appointed by the Executive Board of the General Association, to make expression of points desirable to be taken up by the alumnae trustees to the faculty. The trustees felt that in this way they might coöperate more effectively with the alumnae. Such questions were discussed as whether too much time is given to athletics, the influence of the increasing off-campus senior houses, the effect of the great increase of students on the college, etc. The discussions were free and long, and it was immensely interesting to see the different points of view of the older and more recent graduates, but all were keenly interested to think that even in this small and indirect way they might be a means of changes that would in time benefit the college.

An innovation, for an association, was made at the spring meeting, when the always-present interest in amateur dramatics was allowed to come forth. After the business meeting Olive Higgins' '04 play, "From the West", was given, and as at its former presentation, was a great success. In fact, it was highly approved of. Another play is now being rehearsed to be given after the annual luncheon in December.

The meeting this October was held at the Chicago Commons, a large settlement house, and after the meeting we had two very interesting addresses by Graham Taylor and Miss Amalie Hofer, two philanthropic workers of great prominence in the city.

The question of a university club was again agitated, but the only advance made yet is that our president has appointed a delegate to serve on a committee with delegates from the other college associations in the city to call a mass meeting, at which the question may be more satisfactorily discussed.

The following officers are serving in the Association this year: President, Gertrude Gladwin '00; First Vice-President, Mrs. B. E. Page '91; Second Vice-President, Florence Bartlett '04; Secretary, Genevieve Scofield '05; Treasurer, Bessie Knight '03.

GENEVIEVE SCOFIELD '05.

The annual luncheon of the Chicago Association of Smith Alumnae was held in the Virginia Hotel on December 27. The luncheon was followed by a short play.

Chicago members of the class of 1906 will meet on the last Friday of every month in the tea-room at Marshall Field's at twelve o'clock. Any members of the class who may be in Chicago on such a date are cordially urged to attend. The luncheon was omitted in December, owing to the luncheon of the Chicago Alumnæ Association.

The Chicago Association of Smith Alumnæ gave a recital on December 4 at the new theatre, for the benefit of the Carnegie Fund. The concert was given by Mr. Lawrence Rea of London. The affair was a success socially and financially.

The Biological Society wishes to recover the book of minutes prior to September, 1898. Will anyone who can give information in regard to it kindly notify the secretary of the society, Carrie B. Woodward, 41 Elm Street.

All alumnæ who wish to secure tickets for SENIOR DRAMATICS should send their names to the Business Manager, Elizabeth B. Ballard, 30 Green Street, stating whether they prefer Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnæ for Saturday night. Each alumna is allowed only one seat on her own name.

All Alumnæ wishing rooms in the college houses for Commencement are requested to apply through their class secretaries.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, 20 Belmont Avenue.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since last issue is as follows :

'06.	Marion Ellis,	Nov.	28
'06.	Pauline Sperry,	"	30
'90.	Anna Jenkins,	"	30
'06.	Alice Cary,	Dec.	1
'06.	Gertrude Kuhfuss,	"	2
'05.	Alice Danforth,	"	3
'05.	Marion Rice,	"	4-6
'98.	Georgia Coyle Hall,	"	5-11
'06.	Emilie Piollet,	"	7-16
'06.	Gertrude Cooper,	"	14-17
'05.	Alice Kirby,	"	15
'06.	Edna Wells,	"	15
'92.	Eliza Bridges,	"	15-17
'01.	Alice Batchelder,	"	15-17

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont avenue.

- '01. Ethel D. Puffer represented the Boston branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae at the annual meeting of the Association in Chicago.
- '99. Mary Sterling Hoag was married to Mr. Nelson Kingsland Moody, Cornell '99, in Titusville, Pennsylvania, November 22. Address, Roumania Americano, 12 Strada Lipscani, Bucharest, Roumania.
- '00. Edith Gray Pope was married to Rev Milton Carter Holt, October 2. Address, Natchitoches, Louisiana.
- '01. Maude E. Miner has received the degree of M. A. from Columbia University, and is continuing her studies in Sociology and Social Economy this year. Address, 410 West 20th Street, New York City.
- '02. Sabina Marshall is living in Chicago, as resident at the Chicago Commons.

Lydia Sargent spent the summer in Europe.

- '04. Florence Bartlett has been abroad on an automobile trip, but returned to Chicago before Christmas.

Flora Juliet Bowley has completed a successful two months' engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, as leading lady in "The Lion and the Mouse".

- '05. Helen Bruce was married to Mr. James Lee Loomis of Granby, Connecticut, June 27.
 - '06. Caroline B. Hinman is going to Redlands, California, to visit Margaret Davis '06, and to be a bridesmaid at her wedding in February.
- Anna Wilson has returned from a trip in England and Scotland. She expects to remain in Chicago till February, when she will go to California for the rest of the winter.

BIRTH

- '02. Mrs. Albert Lombard (Marie Pugsley), a son, Albert Lombard, Jr., born November 25.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Over the moist ground and through the swaying fog came the sound of the bell for morning prayers. From all sides appeared blots that darkened the wet yellow, grew into moving human figures and ad-

Our College Sally justed their pace to the rhythm of the ringing or the tolling bell. The call to prayers is no respecter of persons at any time, and a fog is a great revealer of secrets. Through the isolating veil dropped the assertive notes of a student's voice sharing a confidence with her morning's *alter ego*: "Oh! if I get through mid-years, it won't be on any work I've done here. I have no time to study. I shall pass my exams. on what I learned before I came here!"

Two students meeting outside the college gate exchanged greetings: "When did you get back?" "Oh! on time, worse luck, and you?"—"I've just been to the office to hand in my excuse. I got the doctor to sign a "please excuse"—of course there was no real reason but Ella's party—what is one to do? and then the office is such easy fruit that it would be a fearful waste not to avail oneself of the chance."

In Seelye Hall the crowd poured out from a big recitation room. It was only the setting for a shrill, "Well, I'm glad that's over! If I didn't get my home letter regularly off this hour I don't know how I should manage to exist. And that's what counts for a required subject. Regular snap!"

From a current moving in the opposite direction came a plaintive wail. "How does he expect us to read all those impossible things and keep up the recitation and written work too? There's no reason in such requirements, and the best concert of the season and our house play both coming this week, too!"

In the dining-room of a campus house a plate full of slips of paper was held out to each student as she entered. The students dutifully took the slips and looked carefully at the similar papers beside each place at the tables. After the bell for the close of silent grace, a shy-looking girl said to the competent junior by her side, "I'm afraid I've made a mistake—this was the only seat left, but it doesn't correspond with the number on my slip—" She was interrupted by a hand of authority on her arm and a low "Hush, Freshy, of course not, don't be a goose, think it out in math. to-morrow, but keep still now and refresh your innocent soul by the sight of that perfectly congenial group opposite,—in spite of the lot system—"

At a tea, a Superior One was saying to a Simple-minded One: "It's perfectly surprising what things please the faculty. Now you know there was nothing really meritorious in that recitation of mine. I was ashamed to offer it,—perfectly woolly it seemed to me, and quite dreadful, but after you've

been here two or three years you can't help picking up some knowledge of the faculty's likes and dislikes and the way to please them."

After a "warning" a student exclaimed: "The most unfair thing in the world! I did quite as good work as the course deserved and quite as good as half the class. Just because I looked out of the window two or three times when she wants us all to keep our eyes glued to her face and our pens scratching down every old word she says, I get a warning—uh!"

These are some of the words and ways of our college Sally. She is the impish, mischief-making, unworthy self that corresponds to the Chris. B III, otherwise known as Sally, in the dissociated personality of Doctor Morton Prince's Miss Beauchamp. Doctor Prince's interesting account of the various Miss Beauchamps and his estimate of their proper discipline in making a normal character of his patient are not without suggestion for the treatment of our college Sally. The Doctor's patient was unfortunate in inheritance, training and environment. The death of Sally was necessary to the patient's complete recovery; but Sally was certain to live as long as the conditions of the patient's life were essentially unchanged.

Fortunately things look much more hopeful for the demise of College Sally. The college is young, it is sane, it is normal, its inheritance is good, its training is its principal reason for being. Alas! poor sickly Miss Beauchamp could not know Sally, though Sally knew her with destructive thoroughness. The college will is strong enough, the college sight is clear enough to know its Sally. There is the reckless whim, the foolish egotism, the unreal purpose, the unconverted conscience, the unsocial aim, the frivolous activity, the charmless nonsense, the misused influence. But the college is strong, not weak; then with a will, and a will "put together"—death to Sally!

MARY A. JORDAN.

VERSIFYING

Look at the way these poets rhyme!
 Well, so could I if I took time.
 You just pick out some words that match—
 Most anything will do—to catch
 The ear, and then (ah, that was fine!
 Glance back and note my run-on line),
 Then—string them on a long idea,
 In figures not too hard to see—(a
 Most unfortunate word that!
 It made the whole line fall quite flat)
 And when the meter tends to grow
 Monotonous, let system go—
 A bit of a line
 Is fine,
 Combine
 Most anything here,
 No fear!
 The ear
 Is bound to be charmed with a sudden transition.

Stir in plenty of syllables, sprinkle your verse
 With dozens of sibilant s's, or worse,
 A round ream of r's,—Kipling gives us permission,—

Omission

To put in the lilt is by far the worst crime,
 No need, nowadays, that your thought be sublime!
 (I'm sure you have noticed already the ease
 I have gained through momentum.) The trick is to seize
 A couplet that will start you right,
 No matter if the thought is slight.
 In fact, the less its thought, the less
 The danger that you will digress.
 Alas! my difficulty's clear,
 I've kept on saying, "Persevere!"
 For fear my lagging muse would drop,
 Won't *some one* show me how to stop?

THE REVIEWER'S COMPLAINT

I've analyzed a ream of verse
 And criticism, too,
 Exhausted countless adjectives
 In writing my review,
 And now it's done, I really doubt
 If all this stuff is true!

Is Matthew Arnold's sweetness sweet?
And does his light illumine?
 If culture is but anarchy,
 Let Lowe and Bradlaugh fume—
 And as for me, I'll *read* all day,
 But nevermore *consume*!

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS 1907.

Having reached years of discretion—in other words being now a member of the second class—and not wishing longer to hide her light under a bushel, not wishing longer selfishly to acquire, but also to
Susan's Music Class give forth knowledge, Susan betook herself to the Home Culture Club.

The card which she filled out at first indicated that she would teach "anything". Such a statement seemed ambitious perhaps, and the remembrance of a low grade and of tears fitting through her mind, she took up the pencil again and added, "but Solid Geometry". "I will teach anything but Solid Geometry."

And so some days later a postal card told her that her class in *piano* would meet on Thursday, and that her pupils' names were Marguerita McCarthy and Othello Jones.

Thursday came, and with it to the Home Culture Club came Susan, Miss Marguerita McCarthy and her mother, Mrs. McCarthy; also Othello Jones.

Susan led the way in silence to the piano assigned them, noting with satisfaction that the ages of her pupils were not more than twelve and fourteen respectively. She hoped her silence would give an impression of dignity, but somehow she did not feel that such was the case. Mrs. McCarthy and Miss McCarthy seemed to monopolize all of that quality. But Mrs. McCarthy was not fond of long silences. She soon vouchsafed the information that Marguerita was a very bright child and she'd no doubt she'd get on very fast!

Not being able to summon the self-possession which in her visions of herself as teacher Susan always had in abundance, she merely smiled rather weakly and asked Othello if he would kindly get another chair, having failed to note that everyone was by this time seated, including herself.

Mrs. McCarthy's loquaciousness and mother's pride were indeed a boon at this point, for while she was further enumerating the qualities of her precocious child, Susan was gradually regaining her natural color—which had become quite unnatural at the discovery of her mistake—and in some measure her natural self-possession. Mrs. McCarthy produced a book, certain leaves of which fell to the floor every five minutes regularly, and explained that it was a fine method and that she had used it when she took lessons. Susan was sufficiently herself again to reply that she had no doubt it was a good book and an excellent method, but that she preferred her pupils should have the same lessons, as a little competition was beneficial, and that she would procure them each a book which she would bring next time.

Susan must by this time have assumed more of an air of authority than she fully realized herself, for Mrs. McCarthy did not protest, and indeed failed to make any further remarks whatever until she heard Susan—who had found to her great relief that Marguerita knew a few of the notes—say something about an octave. At this the fond parent rose in wrath, and Miss Marguerita gazed reproachfully in Susan's direction with her large, saucer-like eyes, as the fond parent stated quite positively that it was a sin and a shame to make a little child with hands so small and tender as her daughter's attempt to reach an octave! Marguerita had lovely hands and they should not be stretched and ruined! Never!

At this critical point Othello, whose red, freckled face and up-turning nose was suggestive of anything but tragedy, did a very tragic thing. Rather, the results were tragic. He pulled Miss Marguerita McCarthy's hair! Possibly prospective musicians are privileged to be more emotional than ordinary mortals, at any rate Marguerita slapped Othello, and, bursting into tears, took refuge in the maternal arms!

Susan rose and attempted to admonish Othello properly. Mrs. McCarthy tried in vain to comfort her daughter and at the same time to give the offender her candid opinion of him. Of course the lesson was at an end for that day, and telling Othello Jones that she would begin with him next time, she dismissed the class and went home somewhat worn and discouraged.

The next week Othello did not appear at all. Marguerita didn't know the notes which she was to "know perfectly", and worst of all Susan herself had forgotten the new books! She was obliged to admit the fact and bear up under the mild scorn of those large, saucer eyes. But fortunately she had a weapon of defense.

"Why didn't you learn the notes, Marguerita?"

Marguerita replies that she was very busy.

"Very busy? How? Not studying, you are too young!"

"Yes m'm, I have to study *se*—ten home lessons every night!" A pathetic roll of the eyes gives emphasis to this extraordinary statement.

"Marguerita, that's perfectly impossible! You know you don't!"

"Yes m'm, I do: ten—nine, anyway."

The futility of argument being quite clear to Susan, she turns to the piano with a sigh. "Well, come! We'll see what we can do now!"

The rest of the lesson proceeds fairly successfully, and the teacher and pupil part, one promising to bring the book next time and the other promising to practice hard during the coming week.

At the end of that week they meet again, and Othello is with them this time. Marguerita knows her lesson, and the new books are there. But it is dancing school day and Miss McCarthy wants to be excused ten minutes early as long as it's the first time—after this she will only need to be excused five minutes early, her mother says.

On the whole the lesson gets on very well, with the exception of the fact that Othello pays far more attention to the lively music below than to his own rather lame performance, and fairly shoots out of the room and down the stairs when Susan tells him he may go. However, her spirits are better than at any time, and she really begins to believe that the music class will be a success, when, the week following, she is confronted by the appalling news that Marguerita McCarthy isn't going to take any more lessons! And Othello thinks he heard some one say in school that she has brain fever! but he isn't positive. Brain fever! Somehow Susan feels herself responsible. Hadn't she urged that poor child to practice harder?

A young lady, Flora Hooligan by name, takes the vacant chair, but alas! she, too, doesn't come again. She decides that the teacher, though looking old enough, acts young, and probably doesn't know very much. Accordingly, Susan is the recipient of a pink note, which contains the information that Miss Hooligan intends taking her lessons in the evening hereafter, as it's more convenient and she finds there is a teacher whom she can have then.

Still a third girl enters the class. The moment Susan saw her her heart gave a leap of joy as she recognized at once the Teacher's Pet variety. And indeed the success of the class was assured after that. At least the success of one-half the class, for Othello was never known to have his lesson.

Yes, Mary White advanced rapidly, was conscientious, obedient, said "Yes m'm," every time she was spoken to, and at Christmas brought a card to Susan with the proper sentiments most adequately expressed, and a sufficient number of gleaming white angels.

With the other pupil it was different. As has been stated before, he never had his lesson and he cut every third time. Finally, almost at the end of the year, Susan, in a tone of despair, inquired:

"Do you *ever* practice Othello? How much time each day do you spend at the piano?"

"We haven't a piano," said the boy pleasantly.

"No piano! What? Then you don't—you've never—practiced?" gasped his teacher.

"I s'ppose not, mum," replied Othello Jones.

And yet in spite of this extraordinary announcement, in spite of the fact that a winter of music lessons had amounted to naught, Susan didn't feel very blue.

At the last day Othello vowed he wished to take lessons again next year—he guessed he could practice on the next door neighbor's piano if he wanted to—and Mary White brought a large bunch of flowers to her dear teacher; begged to be allowed to write her in the summer, and asserted, almost with tears, as she kissed Susan good-bye, that she could hardly wait for next fall to come.

MARIAN E. EDMANDS.

ON CRITICISMS

"Re-write" and "work this over",
These remarks have grown quite trite,
For I verily do find them
On most everything I write.

"Good enough to be much better"
Is also a "provoker",
It means, although you meant well,
Your results are mediocre.

And "offer to The Monthly"
Is nothing but a joke,
For the Monthly Board ignore it,
And it all goes up in smoke.

Now my ambition is so high
And on so large a scale,
I'm not content unless I have
A big "good"—with a tail.

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK '09.

NINETEEN-TEN

"I'm nineteen-eight," the junior said,
"And now what class are you?"
"Why, I—I haven't counted yet,"
And then the junior knew.

MARY PARSONS '08

It's easy enough to write verses
When life flows along like a song,
But she is a queen
Who can write for 13
When a warning in Math comes along!

VIRGINIA CRAVEN '10.

The annual Christmas concert by the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs, was given on Saturday afternoon, December 15, in Assembly Hall. Though rather long, the program was very well executed, and most of those who also heard last year's concert, pronounced this one better. The clever and particularly apropos words by Miss Maxcy, and the bright rendering of the same by Miss Perkins made the topical song, as usual, one of the most popular numbers. Another much applauded feature was the medley which the Glee Club sang as an encore.

The still air of delightful studies is sometimes in danger of growing stagnant. Academic institutions therefore cordially welcome workers from the stirring world beyond their classrooms. Lectures on

The Point of View the history of art are not infrequently part of college courses of study or are comparatively easy to secure, but it is not easy to impart the atmosphere of productive art. The reports of the looker-on who has seen the most of the game are particularly valuable. Such, in the judgment of Gari Melchers and J. J. Shannon, is the critical work of Mrs. Henrietta Hitchcock, who has had an experience of art and artists and art centers extending over more than twenty years. She has recently lectured with extraordinary success in Baltimore and in Buffalo. Her themes are taken from classic and from modern art. She will lecture here on Saturday evening, February 9, in Chemistry Hall, on French art. Admission twenty-five cents.

On Saturday evening, December 15, in the Students' Building, the Albright House presented "The Birds' Christmas Carol" completely dramatized for the first time, with the permission of the author and publishers, by Grace Kellogg 1908.

Many who went with the expectation of being bored or perhaps mildly entertained by the rehearsal of a familiar story, were surprised to find themselves following the play with vivid interest. This was due chiefly to Miss Kellogg's effective dramatization. Not only did each act embody the essential movement without dwelling on irrelevant details, but a clever interpolation from another of Mrs. Kate Wiggin Riggs' books doubled the interest while it did not destroy the unity. Polly Oliver and her relation to Uncle Jack were skilfully introduced. The threads of the romance were ingeniously interwoven with the original story, and the dialogue was always spontaneous. Throughout the play, the balance between the amusing and the serious was well managed and nowhere was the pathetic note overdrawn.

The cast was well chosen. Every member of the Ruggles family was unique and convulsingly funny. We only regretted that Mrs. Ruggles did not cultivate a brogue. Carol looked and acted her part to perfection. Delicacy and distinction of feature and expression, together with a delightful blending of childish confidence and mature appreciation, bore out the character even to subtle details. Polly Oliver played her part more conventionally and scarcely convinced us of the charms which had captivated Uncle Jack. But we did our best to see her through his eyes; and sympathy was not lacking since Miss Kellogg acted with unusual ease, and her voice, bearing and appearance all contributed to one of the best performances of a male rôle that

we have seen. We could readily believe that Mrs. Bird was the mother of Carol. She united happily the qualities of dignity and tenderness. The glimpse which we had of Mr. Bird showed him a rather uncompromising personality, and not as we had imagined him.

The scenery committee is to be congratulated on the drop-curtain in the first act and on the artistic setting in acts I and III. The costumes should also be commended for their excellence. As a whole, the performance showed originality and taste, and was thoroughly enjoyable. The cast was as follows:

Uncle Jack,.....	Grace Kellogg
Mr. Bird,.....	Myra Thorndike
Peter,.....	Laura Lenhart
Larry,.....	Mary Kern
Peoria,.....	Emily Copp
Kitty,.....	Clara Hughes
Sarah Maude,.....	Emily Kimball
Mrs. Ruggles,.....	Marguerite Barrows
Elfrida,.....	Louise Dunn
Polly Oliver,.....	Mildred Towne
Mrs. Bird,.....	Alta Smith
Carol,.....	Marion Dwight

CALENDAR

- Jan. 9. Lecture by Prof. Richard G. Moulton of the University of Chicago. Subject: Richard the Third, a Study of Nemesis.
- Jan. 12. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
16. Lecture by Prof. Moulton.
Subject: Romeo and Juliet. Accident as Fate.
Concert by the Schubert String Quartette.
19. Washburn-Tenney House Dance.
21. Beginning of Mid-Year Examinations.
23. Lecture by Professor Moulton.
Subject: The Merchant of Venice. The Conflict of Character and Accident.
29. McDowell Benefit Concert.
30. Holiday.
Lecture by Prof. Moulton.
Subject: Macbeth. The Life Without and the Life Within.
31. Beginning of the Second Semester.
Open Meeting of Phi Kappa Psi Society. Lecture by Prof. Phelps of Yale University. Subject: The Modern Novel.
- Feb. 2. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
6. Lecture by Prof. Moulton.
Subject: Henry the Eighth. The Outer and Inner Life as Solution to the Conflict of Character and Accident.
9. Lecture by Mrs. Henrietta Hitchcock. Subject: French Art.
10. Day of Prayer for Colleges.
13. Lecture by Prof. Moulton.
Subject: The Tempest. The Moral Harmony called Providence.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY.

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No. 5

THE INDIAN AGENT AND THE INDIAN

As the direct result of our treaties for land we have the Indian reservation. The natural understanding on the part of the Indian was that by the treaty he created a reservation for the white man, retaining for himself everything with the exception of the defined tract which he had sold. Our idea was quite other than this, and we did not so much secure to the Indian the lands embraced within the lines of his reservation, as we excluded him from that of which we deprived him, this being as much as we deemed prudent to claim at the time when the reservation lines were established. So the Indians, by the gradual occupation of their country, were brought into greater and greater friction with the whites. Because of the constant conflicts it was found necessary to limit the Indians to reservations and it was essential that a majority of those whose means of support had been the buffalo should be temporarily fed in some other way. A definite line had to be drawn for a time between the various Indian tribes and the surrounding people, and for that purpose an Indian agent, a representative of the government, was put on the reservation.

The Indian problem seeks to determine how the Indians shall be brought to a condition of self-support and of equal rights

before the Constitution, so that they will no longer require the special protection and control of the government. The problem, however, has another side. If the Indians are not so instructed, educated and guided that they shall become self-supporting, industrious and law-abiding citizens, they must, on account of their incompetence, inevitably sink to a condition of permanent pauperism and reënforce whatever vicious tendencies already exist in the great communities of the West. There are more than two hundred and fifty thousand Indians. Generally speaking, they have never had what would be considered in any way a fair chance in the case of the German, French or any other nationality in America, and they are liable never to have it, for the race which conquers seems never to be able to treat justly the people who are conquered. Undoubtedly, the Indian problem will not be solved until the business men of the country become interested in it and bring business principles and methods to bear upon it. The Western communities have most at stake, but we must act as a nation. It will take time and money, but will eventually save more than has been expended.

As a necessary consequence of the treaty and reservation systems, we have the agency system also. When we had purchased from the Indian his consent to hold certain sections of territory for our own occupation, and afterwards allowed him to claim certain parts for temporary possession, and when we had secured certain rights for trade, it became necessary to have an officer appointed to look after the advantages which had been secured. In the course of time it was essential that this officer should take up his residence permanently—among those with whom we had relations of friendship. Gradually the business of the agent has become more that of a large disburser of the annuities, with which we have made the Indians pauperized dependents; his power has grown until it has overthrown all self-government, and he is like an irresponsible despot, with no laws to execute for the development of the Indians. Instead, he carries out rules which relate to the Department at Washington, to which he must give explicit obedience to the last tithe of mint, though every weighty matter of civilization be neglected. It is in this manner that the agent represents the government.

A bishop of an Episcopal church recently told of an agent

known to him who "lay drunk upon the ground", exposed to public view—an unfortunate example to Indians who should look to him for protection and guidance, and as a representative of the Great Father. Another agent who violated a United States statute and rendered himself liable to a fine and imprisonment, which was never imposed, was not removed until the government was compelled to do so by request of the Indian Rights Association. From these two instances it can be seen that the Indian often does not find in the agent an uplifting example. On the contrary, instead of establishing law, civil institutions and social order, the representative of the government fences them out and admits only despotism, greed and lawlessness. The reservation line says to all the institutions, methods and instruments of civil life: "Thus far shalt thou come and no further." It encourages idleness and every vice which debauches the savage; and so long as it does not endanger the safety of the white man, evil customs may be carried to any demoralizing excess. This is the condition of things which has been created and maintained by the reservation system. For the agent it is the method which leads to political success—these are his qualifications for being a model to the Redskins.

Some years ago an incident, supposed to be trifling, brought about the complete collapse of the agent's authority at a moment when the excitement of the "Ghost Dance" was at its height at the Pine Ridge Agency. A futile attempt was made to arrest an Indian in front of the agent's building. This was the occasion of momentary excitement, and so alarmed the agent that he deserted his post, fled to the neighboring town and telegraphed for military assistance. He did not return until he had a proper force with him, but the turbulent Indians, wild with fear and rage, thinking they were about to be massacred, had fled to the Bad Lands, destroying the property of the Christian Indians as they went. Thus they were forced to the blood-shed and misery which followed, but had an experienced and resolute man been in charge of Pine Ridge, a man possessing the confidence of the Indians, backed by a strong force of Indian police, blood-shed and depredations would have been averted. The Sioux agencies need men who are prepared for outbreaks and can reason quietly with the Indians. This illustration gives a fair example of the control the agent exerts over the Indians. He can hardly be said to make industrious, self-

reliant and self-supporting citizens of them, for they are forbidden the conditions which make this possible; they can acquire no title to the land they would cultivate unless they abandon their people and their inheritance; we deny to them the rewards of toil, stifle all their ambition to labor, and stimulate to the highest degree the habits which tend to idleness and poverty. The agent, as the guardian of the reservation, has power to shut out all visitors except the officer duly authorized to inspect his work; he has power even of life and death over those under his care, with no restraint upon him except that which fear may exert, with no body of laws to execute, no institutions of government or social order to uphold, with immense facilities for demoralizing those under his power, and the duty of doing so a part of his business, under orders of the Department; the temptation to do so in individual cases, to gain his own private ends, is always upon him, and is accompanied by little dread of detection. Until within the last few years, he had unbounded opportunity to enrich himself at the expense of those who had no protector but himself. There are no inducements to good conduct and a wise use of power for the advancement of his people, since continuance in office does not depend upon this, but upon the permanence in power of the political party to which he belongs, and since he has the assurance that if his wards outgrow the necessity for a guardian his occupation is gone. Consequently he has to make the best of his time. With such a state of affairs his control over the Indian cannot be for the best.

The argument has been advanced that the agency system should not be abolished on the ground that it is necessary where the Indians are treated as a separate class. It is true enough that there is difficulty in changing the system, while the Indians are dependent upon the agent, but simply because the agency system has been established is no valid reason why a change should not be made if a better method can be found. There are four other methods of treating Indian affairs, any one of which would be an improvement upon the present conditions, and could easily be adopted. It is a fact that the position of the Indian agent is subject to confirmation by the Senate and cannot be classified under civil service regulations, but there is nothing to prevent the President from limiting his own choice of appointees to a list of persons who have passed a satisfactory

competitive examination, or from choosing them from ranks of those eligible for the position of superintendent of Indian schools. The first method—the policy of abolishing agencies wherever practicable and of placing a bonded superintendent of Indian schools in charge—is undoubtedly a step in the right direction.

There is no political bias here, and political bickerings can generally be handled satisfactorily, without fear of favoring or offending any factional political interests. Consequently this is a powerful factor in inducing the agent to stand up for the right and for the best interests of the Indians under his charge. A bonded superintendent has never been removed for financial delinquency. When political reasons are not considered, a better class of men are in charge of the Indians. Indian agents are generally men who have failed in business, or ward politicians only in position while the political pull lasts, while bonded superintendents are men of education; they have passed difficult examinations, are experienced in the service, and desire to make it their life work. The difficulty lies in keeping the Indian question out of politics. Out of fifty-seven bonded superintendents in service, thirty-seven have remained for periods ranging from ten to twenty-four years, and the majority were promoted from subordinate positions, after careful trial. Twenty-two agencies have bonded superintendents. The reservation system can be so administered as to prepare the way for its own extinction by guiding the Indians into conditions in which reservations and agents will no longer be necessary.

The administration of Indian affairs at Washington should be concentrated under one authority. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs should have equal powers with the Commissioner of Education and of Agriculture, and his salary should be increased by one-half. Another method is to advocate that a single, responsible head be appointed for the management of Indian affairs and charged with that duty only. He should report directly to the President and be responsible to the country at large, for managing Indian affairs successfully.

The third solution is to have an Indian service wholly free from the interference of partisan politics which shall continue its policy and carry out its educational work undisturbed by changing administrations.

The fourth way is quite different, since it is argued that it

would not be wise to effect the complete transfer of Indian management to the War Department, since all advantages which the advocates of that plan desire could be obtained by detailing able and experienced army officers to serve as Indian agents, without the counterbalancing disadvantages which would result from so radical a change. This suggestion receives special force from the fact that a few army officers have in the past served as Indian agents with excellent results. However, it is for the people of the United States to say whether the folly, the selfishness, the blood-shed, the useless expenditures of money, which have been witnessed on the agencies—especially in the Dakotas—shall continue. These evils will certainly return unless men who, in view of the magnitude of the object to be obtained, can rise above the limitations of political or religious partisanship in the demand for an Indian administration that shall be representative of the intelligence and conscience of the nation.

The Indian, it is true, is not perfect in character nor even on the road toward perfection. Against his generosity as a host must be balanced his expectation that the guest of to-day will entertain him in return to-morrow. His courage in battle is offset by his conviction that any means are fair in outwitting his enemy, and any cruelty permissible in punishing him. This brings out his treacherous nature. He is very ignorant, partly because of the failure of the government to afford him an education and partly because of the sway of savage ideas in the minds of the illiterate Sioux. This latent and fostered hostility to the government made the Indians an easy prey to religious frenzy and suggested violence as a remedy for real or fancied wrongs. They distrust its good faith as long as the government is based on imperfect fulfilment of former promises and delay in carrying out the terms of the agreements. The duty of our civilization is not to uproot their strange Indian traits, but to induce them to modify them; to teach them to recognize the nobility of giving without expectation of return, and to see true chivalry in good faith toward an active foe and mercy for a fallen one. On the whole, one has to make allowance for an Indian's character where a white man's would be condemned.

There are three general reasons for this condition of affairs. First, there is a mixture of aims in the influences brought to bear upon the agent. He wishes to keep the white man his friend.

The pressure of white men wanting Indian land is enormous and no Indian agent from that locality, who expects to serve a short term of about four years, can withstand it. The agent, also, is holding too many positions and has too many ends to accomplish to do the principal one well.

The second reason is the type of man likely to hold these discretionary powers. As has been stated he will be found to be uneducated and inexperienced, a man unsuccessful in business and a ward politician, who holds his office while the pull lasts. The Indian agents furnish the example to which we must look more than to any other influence as a means of changing the habits of the Indians. If the agent is an honest, upright man, with the physical ability to endure hardships, he will work wonders among these wards of the nation.

The powers in the Indian country should be enlarged; the office of agent should be made more important, with better pay, so that it will be practicable for men of high character and ability to enter service on a reservation and to continue in it while they are successful. At present this kind of men will not as a rule deprive themselves and their families of the advantages of civilized society for the pittance now paid to Indian agents. Paying a man as Indian agent about one thousand five hundred dollars and expecting him to perform four thousand dollars' worth of labor is not economy. All visits of inspection to Indian agencies have led to the conclusion that the advancement of Indians is directly in proportion to the efficiency of the agent.

The latter cannot have his salary increased until more than ten thousand dollars has been appropriated for the employee force. This sum alone is needed for the schools and nothing is left for the payment of farmers and their assistants, whose services are of highest value in directing the adult Indians in mechanical employments. Even the employees are appointed by political influence. In one of the Northwestern reservations an incompetent man had been sent out, as a farmer, by the bureau. When questioned about his previous occupation, he said he was engaged in the manufacture of sausage and had secured his present position by "whooping her up" at the last election. An agent, however, must endure such employees, and dares not complain of them, for fear of losing his own position.

The third reason is the lack of fixed tenure of office, as first shown by the spoils system, especially at Pine Ridge Agency. The spoils system, as applied to the management of Indian affairs, has given feeble management at some of the agencies and has prevented continuity in the government's work for the civilization of the Indian. The method of appointment in the management of the Indian service, supplied at the two most critical points in the Sioux country, Pine Ridge and Cheyenne River agencies, is an inadequate management. Serious crises in connection with the Sioux Indians, such as failure by the government to give them the promised territory, starvation at Pine Ridge in 1891, and the "Messiah Craze", might all have been averted, but under the spoils system the President is virtually not the appointing officer, but senators and representatives who discharge their obligations to their henchmen by obliging the executive to give them positions in the Indian service. Thus men are chosen for the worst reason — as a reward for party service. Some good men are thus obtained, but the majority are poor or positively bad.

The records of the Indian Rights Association indicate numerous instances of the appointment of wholly unworthy persons to positions under this system. Moreover, even the good ones are rarely retained in office until their work reaches fruition, because according to the spoils system a change of administration means practically a change of the incumbents of all positions in the Indian service. The folly of adopting this system in the conduct of a service of such peculiar delicacy and responsibility as the Indian service must be manifest to any thinking mind. If the civil service reform is desirable in other branches of government service it is imperative here. The evil is equally serious and deep rooted under the administration of either party, and no greater obstacle exists to its eradication than the tendency of apologists of both parties to claim that the opposite one is responsible for its baneful results.

In one Democratic administration virtually a clean sweep was made in the Indian service. More than fifty out of fifty-eight Indian agents were removed and a general change in minor positions was made. In the following administration the appointment of Indian agents was under the operation of what is termed the "Home Rule". Virtually senators and representatives from states where Indian reservations are located were allowed to

dictate who should be appointed to the various agencies. Thus men wholly indifferent to the welfare of the Indians displaced trusted and experienced officials in numerous instances, and a severe blow was dealt to the cause of Indian civilization. Through the spoils system Pine Ridge Agency became the weakest point in the Sioux country.

Under the last Democratic administration a Republican agent of unusual ability was removed to make way for an inferior appointee of the opposite party, under whom the discipline of the Indian police force and of the agency generally declined. The Democratic Secretary of the Interior was warned of the danger attending this change owing to the power and turbulence of the non-progressive Indians at Pine Ridge, but the warning was unheeded. Under the "Home Rule" system of administration, which was opposed as being "unsound in theory and likely to prove disastrous in practice", the inferior Democratic agent was supplanted by a still poorer Republican one. This is only one of the numerous instances where change in administration makes an undesirable change of agents.

No President has destroyed this vicious system, which is the cause of endless scandal, dishonesty, and incapacity. It is true that occasionally a good man is selected under the spoils system, but it is the exception rather than the rule. It often requires as much effort to have a good agent retained in office as it does to remove a bad one, because the senators of the various states, or politicians of the territories in which the reservations are located, really select the men, and the President confirms their choice, instead of vice-versa. "Senatorial courtesy" usually prevents interference with the desire of a given senator to appoint a party worker. The President of the United States would confer a great benefit upon the Indian and the country by declaring the post of Indian agent not subject to political appointment and that only those who give reasonable evidence of having good character and efficiency shall be nominated for the place.

The inspectors also have a vast amount to do with the lack of fixed tenure of office. Many of the present abuses which prevail might be corrected if they were conscientious and faithful. When an inspector is met by an agent as a long-looked-for friend, is feasted, winned and dined, and when an inspector accepts and becomes a party and victim to that arrangement,

can anyone expect an honest, faithful investigation and report? The position of inspector has usually been treated like that of the agent, as party-spoil. Since he reports to the head of the Interior Department upon the conduct of agents and condition of agencies, and because upon this statement the Secretary of the Interior bases his action, the inspectors, of all persons connected with the Indian service, should be men of highest integrity.

There is an unlimited amount of evidence in favor of reform in this system. Senator Dawes wished the Indians to be given their lands in severalty. The Lake Mohonk Conference and the Indian Rights Association have both greatly benefited the Indians. The former exists, "In behalf of the civilization and legal protection of the Indians of the United States", while the latter is "A non-partisan, non-sectarian organization for promoting the civilization of the Indian and for securing his natural and political rights. To this end it aims to collect and collate facts, principally through the personal investigations of its officers and agents, regarding the Indian's relations with the government and with our own race, concerning his progress in industry and education, his present and future needs. Upon the basis of facts, and of legitimate conclusions drawn from them, the Association appeals to the American people for the maintenance of such a just and wise policy upon the part of the Executive and Congress in dealing with these helpless wards of the nation as may discourage fraud and violence, promote education, obedience to law, and honorable labor, and finally result in the complete absorption of the Indian into the common life of the nation."

VALBORG SOPHIA SMITH.

THE PRINCESS' HOLIDAY

*Loud sings the thristle; the soft wind is bringing
Scent of the roses from fields far away.
Hark to the sound of the merry brook singing,
"Where is a heart filled with sorrow to-day?"*

The princess' head drooped wearily above her dreary task;
[There were so many questions that those gray-haired men might ask.
[Why must she sit and study there the whole long afternoon,
When all the birds were singing sweet, and 'twas the month of June?

And through the open window came the scent of new-mown hay ;
The sunbeams danced across the floor to ask her out to play ;
The little princess closed her books and softly stole away.

She hurried through the gloomy hall, crept quickly down the stair ;
She reached the door, and no one but a drowsy guard was there ;
He never heard her little feet step lightly on the stone,
She scampered through the castle-gate and—found the world—alone.

The garden lay beside her with its roses wondrous fair ;
A little brook ran gleefully from out the forest there ;
The sun smiled down from overhead, a bird piped from a tree,
And every little grass-blade seemed to beckon her with glee.

The bees were humming overhead, the garden's breath was sweet,
The winding paths were surely made for eager childish feet,
And where the sun had kissed the field were strawberries to eat.

The sun was golden in the west, and all the world was still
But for the brook's low murmur and the lonely whip-poor-will,
When toward the great gray castle the little princess came
With happy face and dreamy eyes and wind-kissed cheeks aflame.

*Silver the moon gleams,—the night breeze is bringing
Scent of the roses from fields far away.
Hark to the sound of the drowsy brook singing,
"One little child has been happy to-day."*

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY.

THE CHARACTER OF FRENCH HUMOUR

In order to understand and appreciate the character of French humour we must turn to the character of the French people. There are certain fundamental differences between them and ourselves which affect very strongly the differences between their humour and ours. In the first place the French are an intrinsically social people. Individualism has no place with them. The *relations* between individuals are of far greater importance than the individuals themselves—hence manners and art. "Character counts less than capacity—hence the worship of intelligence." They are far more interested in you than in themselves. They live for the present world, want actuality, "desire passionately to please and are passionately pleased

with admiration". They have no "secrets of the soul", very little personal life; manners mean much to them.

Intelligence plays a great part in the French character. Mr. Brownell says :

"The sensation which France produces on the impressionable foreigner is first of all that of mental exhilaration. Paris, especially, is electric. Touch it at any point and you receive an awakening shock." The kind of intelligence they possess is different from ours. It is quick, clear, straight to the point. The Frenchman's mind is acute rather than ingenious; sure and sound rather than imaginative. "The unvarying centre of the national target is the truth, the fact, the reality. This is the shining disk at which the Frenchman aims,—in criticism as in construction, in art as in science." Clearness and celerity are the distinguishing features of his intelligence.

They have great good sense but little sentiment. They are alert rather than spontaneous. The Frenchman's lack of sentiment often startles us, for with the greatest frankness he will talk of intimate things and ask questions of such indiscretion that we can scarcely conceal our amazement. But we must remember that he does this from a purely impersonal motive,—his interest is quite uncolored by a tinge of sentiment. "His highly developed social instinct, his remarkable intelligence, his good sense, his lack of sentiment, enable him to disport freely and bend gracefully on what appears to us the thinnest of thin ice." Sanity quickly rescues the Frenchman from the sincerest grief. His duty is social—pleasantness to his fellow-man—and there is no place for mourning. This inconstancy does not seem a shameful trait.

Now from these general characteristics much insight into the character of French humour may be gained. Thackeray's definition of humour is "wit and love". We often hear the difference between the English and the French described as the difference between humor and wit. But this is not entirely true. For the French, in having wit and not humour, may lack love, but they have in its place a very fair substitute in "geniality". Mr. Brownell asks, "Where can an Anglo-Saxon laugh as he can at a French theatre?" Miss Elizabeth Lee says, "While humour is always based on temperament and feeling,—wit is a purely intellectual faculty, the product of art and fancy." French wit is a thing apart. The peculiar kind of delight it affords is a

matter of perception and not of argument. Its substance is so delicate and airy that only the words "esprit" and "spirituel" adequately describe it. The literatures of other nations possess nothing that can be compared with its sparkling vivacity and effervescent gaiety. Now witty is a very poor translation of "spirituel". To be spirituel is to be witty in a spiritual way. It necessitates an active mind and a light touch.

For our humour, heartiness on one side and good will on the other, goes far toward creating it out of nothing. The unappreciativeness of the French for our humour comes not so much from the lack of love in the French "esprit", nor from impatience with its heavy touch, its predominance of high spirits over mental alertness, but it comes from the French dislike of anything fantastic, willfully obscure. Thackeray's daughter has described humour as "Thinking in fun, while we feel in earnest". This is opposed to every habit and tradition of the French. The clearness of their intelligence, the quickness with which they come to the point, their lack of sentiment, all combine to make them incapable of sympathy with the quiet, concealed, slow humour of the English.

If we look for serious feeling beneath the fun of French wit, we will learn, after a time, that there is none. "All fables have their morals," says Thoreau, "but the innocent enjoy the story." In this respect the French are innocent. The Frenchman's wit, though it be without seriousness and sparkling as it is, is yet logical. The clearness of their intellect demands it. It is an application of logic at unexpected moments. A good example of this is a little anecdote of Chamfort's :

"For twenty years a man spent every evening at Madame Z——'s. He lost his wife. It was thought he would marry Madame Z——, and his friends advised him to do so. 'I shouldn't know where to spend my evenings,' he replied."

Just as the Frenchman's intellect is clear, so has he made the classification of his literature clear. Wit and philosophy has each its own province. The Frenchman's love for clearness, precision and proportion extend even into this realm. Wit never loses its distinct character of wit by being exaggerated. The French genius for measure dislikes confusion and mysticism as much as the Anglo-Saxon exuberance dislikes being pigeon-holed and labelled. Thus the French wit or "esprit" is bright, genial, scintillating, keen and swift,—as a general rule

logical and to the point. It is produced by a mixture of the Frenchman's characteristics—his adherence to social duty, his clear, quick intelligence, and his great common sense.

I shall not enter into any enumeration of the great host of French literature wherein wit is found. Suffice it to say that wit is found preëminently in French literature. Most eminent critics are unanimously agreed that French literature is greatest on its lighter side, and that no one can surpass the French in telling a tale or in pointing a jest or an epigram. Almost all noted persons in France have some witticism attached to their names. Talleyrand is perhaps more generally remembered as the man who said, "Speech was given us to conceal our thoughts", than as the founder of Napoleon's empire.

For gaiety and cheerfulness the Frenchman has no rival. Even in times of gloom he preserves his gaiety. During the Revolution there appeared in one column of the newspapers a list of victims of the guillotine, and in another a list of "to-night's entertainments". To this gloomy period of the revolution belong two of the most brilliant and famous of French wits—Chamfort and Rivarol. Chamfort said of the old régime that it was an "absolute monarchy, tempered by good sayings".

No French writer is lifted by the suffrage of other nations—the only criterion when sufficient time has elapsed—to the level of Homer, Shakespeare and Dante. The two that invite the general suffrage and come next to the three are Rabelais and Molière. The literature which these men represent is great in all ways, but greatest on its lighter side. The house of mirth is more suited to it than the house of mourning. For one Frenchman who can write admirably in a mournful strain, there are one hundred who can tell the most admirable story, formulate the most pregnant reflection, point the acutest jest. They have really few great tragedies, no great epic, little prose like Milton's or Jeremy Taylor's, little verse like Shelley's or Spencer's. But they have the most delightful short tales, in prose and in verse, that the world has ever seen; the most polished jewelry of reflection that has ever been wrought, songs of incomparable grace; comedies that must make men laugh as long as they are laughing animals; and above all such a body of narrative fiction, old and new, prose and verse, as no other nation can show for art, for originality, for grace of workmanship in him who fashions, and for certainty of delight to him who reads.

KATHARINE DUBLE HINMAN.

SWEETHEART OF LONG AGO

I wonder if you remember
The foot-bridge down by the mill,
And mournful, and sobbing, and tender,
The cry of the whip-poor-will
In the grove on the hill.
I wonder if you remember
The place where the blue flags grow
Down in the reeds by the river,
O sweetheart of long ago !

I wonder if you remember
The pond where the lilies lie,
The pure golden cups of the blossoms
And the gleam of the dragon-fly
As he glimmered by.
I wonder if you remember
The lapping of waters low
And the quiet calm of the sunset,
O sweetheart of long ago !

I wonder if you remember
The radiance of the night
When the harvest moon was at its full,
And the river lay in the glory white
Like a ribbon of light.
I wonder if you remember
The boat that we used to row
Under the drooping willows,
O sweetheart of long ago !

I wonder if you remember
The banks where the violets grew,
And how calm and serene and tender
Was the arch of the heaven's blue
Where the wild geese flew.
I wonder if you remember
The noontide's golden glow
And the valley bathed in the sunlight,
O sweetheart of long ago !

I wonder if you remember
The apple-boughs in the spring,
And the orchard wrapped in a rosy cloud
And the flash of the bluebird's wing
And the love-song the robins sing.
I wonder if you remember
The words that were whispered low
Under the fragrant blossoms,
O sweetheart of long ago !

DOROTHY DONNELL.

DREAMERS OF DREAMS

We often hear it said that the world has need of its dreamers of dreams, and the practical scoffer from time to time denies this. On first considering this subject, a number of confused ideas come to our minds. We see, in imagination, a long and motly train pass before us. An ancient prophet, with haggard face and far-seeing eyes, an ascetic in monastic garb, worn with penances, a sculptor whose face glows with his vision of beauty, an inventor carrying a strange machine. Close at hand, the white robes of a Grecian philosopher contrast with the gorgeous attire of a Chaldean astrologer ; by his side walks an alchemist with threadbare garments and eyes upon the ground. A Roman general, dreaming of universal empire, passes with the clangor of arms. A monarch in the rude costume of the early Saxons moves with meditative air near one with gentle, dreamy eyes who ever reads a scroll, and stumbles now and then as do many of the throng. A man in Spanish dress, who seems to see new lands beyond the horizon, is followed by a maid with sad and wrapt expression, bearing the lilies of France ; and, running wildly through their midst, a woman with disheveled hair, and torn and discolored garments.

Though there is great diversity in this company, yet the life of each was influenced by his dreams. In dealing with this subject, however, we must treat only those who have in some way benefited the world. That the mere creator of beauty, whether in the form of music, sculpture, painting, or poetry, is a benefit to mankind, few will deny. In this matter-of-fact age there are some who will contest this point, still it is generally conceded that whatever tends to civilize and uplift humanity fulfils an important part in satisfying the world's needs.

Many of the world's dreams have had a distinct and material result,—dreams of empire and conquest, of invention and discovery, have been realized, though often in a way contrary to the expectations of their originators. Men have dreamed of new lands and short passages to the Indies, and while they failed, perhaps, in their ostensible aim, yet in their voyages they chanced upon stranger and more valuable results. Ponce de Leon was seeking for the fountain of youth when he discovered Florida, and Cabot's search for a northwest passage was rewarded by the discovery of North America.

Christopher Columbus, the prince of explorers, was essentially a dreamer. His plan for discovering a direct route to the Indies was based upon his theory in regard to the world's shape, upon definite calculations, but also upon a passage in the fourth book of Esdras, an authority which would have no weight with any but a visionary. He dreamed, not of a new and boundless world,—that never occurred to him,—but what appealed more strongly to his imagination, a rich and balmy land of stately cities with busy wharves, where ships were laden with costly merchandise, and where the great Khan held his court on a throne of "barbaric pearl and gold". He was always a visionary and never realized the practical value of his discoveries. When he was approaching Trinidad he thought he was sailing up a slope, at the top of which he expected to find the Garden of Eden. In his later life particularly he was a mystic and thought himself an instrument in the hand of Providence.

In the field of science one great figure stands alone, but even now little known or appreciated. It is that of Roger Bacon, the pioneer of modern thought. At a time when despotism, feudalism and papacy were at their height, he dreamed of an ideal state constructed with the right of deposition in the people; of freedom in religious thought; and of reform in the clergy. It does not seem strange that his contemporaries thought him in league with the evil one, when we consider some of his theories and discoveries. Through his knowledge of mechanics, he predicted that ships would be propelled without sails, carriages without horses, that men would fly with wings, and walk on the bottom of the sea.

It is only by chance that we know of Bacon, and there are countless others, of whose lives we know nothing, but of the fruit of whose labors we make use. We are also indebted to

those deluded dreamers who all their lives pursued an *ignis fatuus*, but who, in their blind gropings, found some real light. The alchemists and seekers for the philosopher's stone often discovered in their vain quests important chemical truths. Those endeavoring to find a drug which would cure every disease, or an elixir of life, came upon really efficacious combinations. The crusades were inspired by visionary men, and though they did much harm, they brought great good to mankind.

But of all dreams of a religious nature, the dream of a poor tinker has done the most for the world. Next to the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has had a wider influence than any other book. No one but an unschooled visionary man could have written it. From his youth he was subject to fits of extreme exaltation and depression, imagining for a time that he was doomed to eternal perdition, and then being uplifted by a vision of divine grace. Out of his own spiritual conflicts he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress", which was of unestimable value in changing the trend of religious thought.

While the practical man in all ages has scoffed at, derided, and often imprisoned the dreamer, yet history shows that to the despised man of visions each century owes its greatest debt. Looking back, we see what Bacon, Dante, Wycliffe, Galileo, Luther, Newton, Watt, Fulton, and numberless others have done for the world, and it is from this that we must estimate what the value of dreamers will be in the future.

In our times we have learned the worth of Marconi and Edison, and science still offers a wide field. Many of the poets have given us inspiring visions of a future without wars, when the brotherhood of man will be a fact and not a theory. Then the social questions, the race problem, and the industrial difficulties will trouble us no longer. Sir Thomas Moore foreshadowed such a time, and Tennyson's dream of "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World", is already beginning to be realized. If we consider, from the earliest times, the advancement made in each century, we find that where there is the least imagination, and where there are the fewest dreamers, progress is proportionately retarded. Wherefore we cannot doubt that the world has need of its dreamers of dreams, "For where there is no vision the people perish".

LOUISE CARTER HILL.

A WALK IN AUTUMN

Out on the hills where the wind blows free,
You for a time are alone with me.
Over our heads hangs the leaden sky ;
Under our feet the grasses lie
Brown as a berry and dead and sere,
Touched by the frost of the whitening year,
Down the long meadow and up the hill,
Slow through the pine woods we wander, until,
Leaving the quiet and cloister-like trees,
We stand in the open, and feel the strong breeze
Come sweeping down with a roar and a cry
Sending the leaves in a whirl to the sky.
Fast beats my heart and my lips form a song,
I am uplifted and happy and strong ;
Thankful for living and glad of this life,
Glad of its pleasure and glad of its strife,
Thankful for kindred, for friends that are true
But, above all, dear, most thankful for you !

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

THE CHANGE

A year ago I walked my garden way,—
'Twas all abloom and sweet, and winds did stray
Across it with a murmuring caress.
A year ago, in all its summer dress
And gorgeousness it seemed of little worth,—
Just flowers, trees and weeds and dull brown earth.
To-day I walk the paths and pause in thought.
Your presence like a lightning flash has brought
New sounds and sights, sensations wholly new,
For all the garden blooms with thoughts of you.
This lily, which I pluck, so cool and fair,
With your soft clinging hand cannot compare.
This deep red rose with fragrance of the south
Is not so red or sweet as your own mouth.
I kiss its petals, while in memory
I live again the kiss you gave to me.

These tiny stars, half hidden in the grass,
A year ago I would have wandered past.
I pluck them now and smile in sweet surprise
To see in them a likeness to your eyes.
Dear empty garden of a year ago,
It must rejoice your very heart to know
The she whom you resemble, queen of all,
Shall soon abide within this garden wall.
ANNE COE MITCHELL.

DRAWN SWORDS

She had shrunk from him at first, as a child instinctively shrinks from something weak. She clung to him now, as a mother clings to her one weak little one, protectingly, adoringly. No one, least of all herself, could account for this change which had taken place during the past two years. She had drifted into this thing steadily, inevitably, yet as she looked back she could see no turning-point where this man, who at first had almost repelled her when she thought of him as other than a friend, had become so much a part of her life that her every heart-throb seemed checked with its pulsing worship.

Yet, down underneath, she knew it was all wrong; that the childish discernment passed the right verdict on the man's character, and that he was small, narrow, self-absorbed, inordinately self-confident and bigoted. Was it all propinquity? she asked herself. Was it because, sleeping or waking, for two years he had dominated her thoughts by his very perseverance, not allowing her to forget for one moment that he was near and wanted her? Ah yes, he wanted her,—she gave him credit for that. Yet sometimes she felt he wanted her because he was not certain he could have her. Once, in his boundless conceit, he had told her that he had never failed in attaining a desire. His self-assurance on that occasion had repelled yet fascinated her. "Always?" she had asked challengingly. "Always!" he had answered firmly, and with a slight shiver she had bade him "good-night".

And now when at length she had yielded, inch by inch, her bravely maintained defense against him, and had surrendered with a pitifully weary yet unconditional consent, she saw, with

all the clearness of a vision, his faults, his weakness, so apparent under cover of his outward self-held strength ; his selfishness beneath his exaggerated altruism ; his narrowness beneath his vaguely expressed democracy. She saw, and with the vision came the hitherto unfelt tenderness and the fierce desire to conceal these faults of his from the world, but most of all from herself. From that moment she was blind to the fact that she had drifted into this, like a rudderless barque storm-driven. Proudly she walked by his side, and every small tribute paid by women's eyes to his undeniably striking person gave her a deep measure of joy. And every man's short hand-clasp and averted eye stung her to the quick. The men felt that this perfect bit of womanhood had sold herself to one whom they did not class as a "man". He was an alien, an outcast, and merely because behind his soulful eyes they knew there lay no soul and through his woman-lips only soft-spoken, subtle lies issued.

"Altogether, I take it, she's made a dreadful mess of things." Thus spoke Mrs. Priscilla Day, widow, aged thirty, at present gravely listening to her brother's tale of their "darling's"—this was what they called their youngest sister—unwise choice.

"He's a brute, I tell you," fiercely reiterated John Wesley.

"Oh ! will he beat her when he gets her ?"

"No, it isn't that. He's one of those soft-spoken chaps that will simply crush her and fling her aside as he might a beautiful flower."

"And why is he marrying her, granted, of course, he's in love with her—a little ? Yet such a rascal as you've painted him would care nothing for love. I have an idea it's the money. Helen lives with me and doesn't touch her small income, but I think he imagines that she supports herself in all this splendor which it is so easy for me to give her."

"Then it's time for Mrs. Day, charming widow and possessor of a well-known fortune, to step in." And John Wesley, looking up into the keen black eyes of his older sister and feeling the magnetism thereof, felt that the responsibility of Helen's future had been taken into better and abler hands than his.

A month later the man with the soulful eyes and woman's mouth had laid his heart and hand at the widow's small, trim feet. In that month much had been revealed—poor Helen's poverty and dependence and her own charm and wit. In the

background a white and stunned Helen watched the little comedy in which she played no part.

Late one night Mrs. Day, widow, aged thirty, hurried to Helen's room and thrust a special delivery letter into her hands. "Read that!" she exclaimed. "At last I have proof of his treachery. My poor darling, at last I have saved you."

The letter was brief, impassioned.

"I cannot live without you. Helen is nothing to me since I met her lovely sister." Helen read no more.

"Well," she said coldly, "are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied, my dear child! You don't suppose I want the monster! I only wanted you to see how weak and mean a thing this man is whom you love."

"I am deeply grateful for your solicitude for my welfare."

"Oh!" Mrs. Day was shaken out of her usual equanimity for one moment. "But you'll give him up now, dear?"

"No, I think not. He needs me as much as ever."

"I shall tell him that you know all, and he will not have the courage to come back."

"It is his peculiar definition of courage which will bring him back."

Mrs. Day blinked in a dazed fashion at this bit of unique wisdom.

"But—but—I should think you'd feel—oh—quite differently toward him."

"No, for he will be just the same."

And Mrs. Day was silent. Later she confided to her brother that she was not at all sure but that it had been a game all along and that Helen had been the instigator of her fiancé's apparent infatuation and proposal. And Helen had won the first battle in an endless struggle.

ETHEL BELLE KENYON.

O-TSUYU

Sako Naizen's curio store was the pride of the western city. Its windows—such gems of art, with their real Japanese scenery; its dimly lighted cozy corner, so luxuriously filled with elegant pillows! But the tea-garden in the balcony,—nothing could be more charming. To sit upon the rustic benches, amid the cherry and plum blossoms, and sip the tea brought by soft-eyed, soft-stepping Japanese maidens—it was heavenly. So thought all the fashionable women of the city.

Then Sako himself was immensely satisfying,—no oily foreigner. He was strictly American in looks as well as in disposition,—not an American of course, but a Japanese educated in American schools and ready to forsake old customs for American progress. Everything about him was thoroughly satisfying. And Sako's wife—such an odd little thing, in her American clothes; painfully shy though, slow at making friends but interesting and unique. And to see her with other Americanized Japanese was delightfully entertaining. She might as well try to fly as to be American—she was so pitifully Japanese. Her visiting friends evidently felt their superiority over her. Why did she not cling to her kimona? she would be much more artistic; Japanese women were perfect frights in American garments, but—and the conversation would whirl away in another direction, blown by a caprice of one of the ladies—a hum of conversation, low bursts of laughter, clinking of delicate china cups and rustle of silken gowns.

How little the world—this world of the balcony—knew little O-Tsuyu, and yet how glibly they passed judgment upon her. As if her poor little heart did not long for the much-loved kimona, in place of the stiff, uncomfortable garb of the American ladies; as if she would not gladly wear it always, had it not displeased the honorable Sako.

But heavier troubles still weighed down the heart of little O-Tsuyu. She longed for her home and country and its customs, but bitterest, bitterest of all was to awaken in a strange country to find that she was completely alone; to find that she had

renounced all that was dear to her and to no avail. The one she had worshipped like a god had become as strange as this new strange country. To believe in some one implicitly, to imagine him to be as perfect as it is possible for a mortal to be, and then to find that one's trust is entirely misplaced—that is cruel.

One evening O-Tsuyu crept wearily away from the women who had been detaining her out of rude curiosity. She loosened the uncomfortable garments that the honorable Sako insisted upon her wearing, and slipped into the comfortable kimona. With trembling hands she dressed her hair, Japanese fashion; the long mirror smiled back at her. Then with an impulse of mock gaiety she took from a drawer a cherry blossom long since withered and dried, and thrust it into her hair. But she sobbed,—it was the blossom she had picked from the old garden at home the night she had stolen away with the august Sako.

With the action a thousand memories swept over her—memories of parents and friends, memories of simple trust and of sweet promises, to the fulfilment of which she had looked forward with eager, impatient heart, and then the weighty consciousness of the present with its monotonous days dragging wearily at each other's heels. She thought of the endless sharp reproofs from the honorable Sako, and the prying curiosity of the world; she lived over again the first shock that had come to her with the news of her father's death. He had died without forgiving her for disgracing an old, aristocratic family by her marriage with a man of common, even low birth. She was no longer of his family; he had cast her out forever. Through it all she had steeled herself to outward passiveness. She was carrying out the lesson of self-control that she had learned as a mere child; she had been taught that it was weak and plebian to show emotion.

With a smothered cry she flung herself upon the divan, and burying her miserable little head in the pillows, burst into low, shaking sobs. She longed with a great longing to steal back into the quiet old garden near her mother and forget all that had passed since she was a happy little maiden swinging beneath the cherry blossoms. How long she lay thus she did not know, or care. Suddenly she was stirred into consciousness by the sharp jangle of a bell. It meant that the august Sako desired her presence. She started up guiltily, looking down at

her kimona, and her hands went up fearfully to the oiled hair which the honorable Sako so much disliked. She commenced tearing down her hair so that it fell in heavy, oiled masses about her pitifully old face. Suddenly the door opened. Sako stood on the threshold. Music, laughter and the loud buzz of conversation entered the room with him. He gazed at her with undisguised amazement, pushed the door to, and walked towards her.

"Come, O-Tsuyu," he said impatiently, "come. You will dance for the guests. They desire it."

Bewilderment and then terror gathered in her eyes. She bowed before him, her head touching the floor in obeisance. Gradually her brain grasped what he desired of her.

"Most august lord," she said faintly, "your servant craves your pardon, but 'tis not for the daughter of the house of Manjuska to dance as a Geisha girl. The most honorable Sako cannot desire it."

Sako frowned. "Stand up," he said irritably. "You shall dance the old dances of Japan; those you playfully stepped for me long ago. It means money, O-Tsuyu, money! You shall not refuse!" His little slanting eyes gleamed greedily. "Come, come as you are." He bent down and drew her to her feet.

Her head swam giddily; her heart felt as if it were dead. It was useless to resist. She followed him blindly, as in a dream; until she saw the dim faces of the crowd turned toward her, heard the weird twang of the sam-sam, went through the old dances, one after another, one after another, till finally she felt as if she were drifting away—away from them all. Something chill fell on her cheek and roused her. She was in the arms of a young girl who was talking impetuously, tearfully: "Oh, you are cruel, you are cruel. She is tired, poor little thing. See, she has almost fainted. She shall dance no longer. We will go, all of us, and let her rest."

There was an embarrassed silence, then much murmuring, much rustling, till finally the whole gay crowd had gone, Sako with them, glibly assuring them that O-Tsuyu was perfectly well, perfectly happy. The "scene" was due to temporary fatigue; they should have the pleasure of seeing her dance again if they would return.

O-Tsuyu crouched on the floor where she had fallen. She could not think or move. A great shame overwhelmed her.

She dared not think of her dead father, of her mother to whom she had brought nothing but sorrow and disgrace; but as she lay there prostrate she heard a strange voice say, "Rise, daughter of the sun, humble thyself not because of the base and ill-born Sako. Thou shalt yet gain the forgiveness of thy dead father and regain the love of thy mother. Again shalt thou dwell in thy ancestral house."

Awed, O-Tsuyu looked up. She almost believed a spirit had descended to comfort her. Perhaps it was a spirit, but a very substantial spirit. An old man, his yellow skin wrinkled and dry like parchment, his hair snow-white, stood there looking at her with reverence in his eyes. With a cry of joy she sprang toward him. It was the old gardener of the home place. He bowed low before her. When she was quite alone and the doors of the room were securely locked she smiled back at her reflection in the long mirror. How stupid she had been all that weary year! It had been necessary to be awakened by an old servant, one who clung yet more closely than herself to their ancient customs.

With eager fingers she lifted an antique lamp from her trunk. It was heavily jewelled and emblazoned with weird faces and strange signs. She peered into it anxiously. Yes, it was full of the precious recalling incense. This was a gift from her old grandmother; she had received it from hands stiffening in death, and with shuddering she had hidden it away. She knew then that people could call up before them the spirits of the dead or the spirits of the living. But what could a healthy, happy little maiden care for such gruesome customs? She was full of the joy of living, and she had thrust the censor into an old box and straightway forgotten all about it. She fingered it gratefully now, and when she had lighted it she placed herself before it. With passionate intensity she fixed her mind upon her dead father. Slowly the incense curled from the censor, rising higher and higher. Slowly, slowly it choked out the pure air, leaving a deadly sweetness in its place, half stifling the little creature at the shrine. A great stupor like death crept over her, and seemed to hold her pitilessly in its grasp. Ever and ever rose the incense, blue, misty, indefinite. Then gradually she could discern the faint outlines of a figure. O-Tsuyu started up into a half-standing position, her eyes glazed. Her lips formed words that would not come. Half

reluctantly the outlines became more vivid, slowly, grudgingly, as if the spirit were loath to return to the land of a former existence. Her father, her father, with the light of love beaming in his eyes! He seemed to demand no explanation from her; his arms were extended toward her, and his lips touched hers. Peace stole into her heart. Her soul slipped lightly from her tired body and joined the misty father.

Soon the awful quiet was broken. Doors came down crashingly. Sako with others burst into the room. Such a noise! Such a commotion! Why should they weep over that body she had left behind? See, why even Sako was prostrate before her! Ah! she had escaped him. She had felt a thrill of ecstasy, but mingled with it divine pity and forgiveness.

Still she and her father lingered, invisible to all eyes. The mournful chants and prayers for the dead were already beginning—night would soon give place to dawn. Then, with no backward glance, their spirits drifted off—off into unlimitable space, away from one of the million lives that they had lived, into another and new existence.

SONAH MARIAN FRANK.

SKETCHES

THE TALE OF A DOG

Chris came to live at our house
When he was three months old.
His eyes were pink, his hair was white,
His nose was black and cold.

Straightway, to win his friendship,
I fixed a dish of food —
Dog biscuit, soaked in soup and milk —
But did he find it good?

He turned his eye, he drooped his tail,
He fled across the lot,
Where stood the neighbor's garbage-pail,
And ate — I don't know what.

So next we took to puppy cakes —
"We" means the family ;
The baby ate them at odd times,
When we had company

Or any day he found a chance,
They quite agreed with him;
Not so with Chris — he went unfed,
And grew exceeding slim.

"A hungry dog, a healthy dog,"
My brother said, and we,
Contrary to all precedent,
Were ready to agree.

For Chris assumed a chipper air,
His hair grew smooth as silk —
Great was our pride—until that day
We heard of vanished milk,

Of stews, of roasts, of steaks, of chops,
Long sought for, but not found ;
While near the spot, that artless Chris
Was cleaning up the ground.

Out came the rod of punishment,—
Chris ceased to lick his jowl;
And soon the morning calm was rent
By a most hideous howl.

For one brief week he stayed at home,
 With meek and chastened air ;
 And on a velvet cushion left
 Much of that silky hair,—

Too much—His tail no longer wagged.
 Dejected and morose,
 He fought no more against his bath,
 But placed a soapy nose

Appealingly within my hand.
 Said I, " The dog is ill.
 Let's take him to the dog-cure man,
 Who lives on Prospect Hill."

The doctor looked him over then,
 And said that he should eat
 Much medicine three times a day,
 And Force and Shredded Wheat.

How can I pen these last few lines ?
 Oh reader, you perchance
 Know doggy nature, and foresee
 The direful consequence

Of such a diet. We have hens.
 Chris sallied forth one night
 Feathers and claws next morning told
 A soul had taken flight.

And when within the neighbors' yard
 Their chickens ceased to hop,
 Some one, on retribution bent,
 Gave him a poison drop.

Now, what I yearn to know, is this :
 When Chris to judgment came,
 Was no allowance made for him ?
 Was he alone to blame ?

Had we not so insisted on
 A vegetarian diet ?
 Might he have lived his little life
 In piety and quiet ?

—The bones I might have given him !
 But vain is all regret ;
 Gone are those bones, gone is my chance,
 And gone our household pet.

FLORENCE BATTERSON.

A particularly mechanical hurdy-gurdy stopped in the quiet street before the front gate of Jonathan Wilson's suburban home. On his broad piazza sat the

The Hit of the Season musician, puffing his pipe and enjoying the peaceful stillness of the summer evening. The organ struck up that popular and well-known song, "Seraphine, You Are My Queen", and startled the crickets into silence. Nevertheless, Jonathan Wilson's sensitive ears did not scream protest at the tune. This man of music, whom an ordinarily bad piano would render irresponsible, listened with every sign of pleasure to the raucous plunking of the ancient piano-organ. He even beat time with one foot.

When the Italian drew from his battered hat the money which Wilson had dropped in it at the conclusion of the music, and examined it under the arc-light at the corner, he was astounded. Then he suggested to his companion who turned the crank that the other side of the village offered a larger field for their operations; for the coin was a five-dollar gold-piece.

But Jonathan Wilson had not made a mistake in the sum which he had bestowed upon his humble brother in trade. Tonight was the first that he had spent in his new home and that hurdy-gurdy was the first to play in front of it. It was not, however, an ardent preference for that kind of music which had led the well-known composer to reward the organ-man so handsomely. Jonathan Wilson liked the tune "Seraphine" better than any other that he had ever heard, and the reason follows.

To look at him this evening—well-dressed, well-fed and happy—one would not have thought that, six months ago, Jonathan Wilson, musician, was wandering up and down the streets of New York in blank despair. Under his arm he carried, carefully wrapped up, his operetta, "From Another World". He could not, he felt, go home with it unsold. And there was no prospect of its sale. He had seen the last manager. Rosenstein had treated him more kindly than the rest.

"My friend," he had said in his German-English, as he handed the manuscript back to Jonathan, "I have read your operetta carefully. It is not bad. It is light. It is pleasant; but there is not a song in it that will make it a success. Nowadays, it is the song that makes the rest go. We must have at least one song that will be—what do you call it? The rage? I am sorry, but we cannot use it."

When this interview was over, again on the street, Jonathan Wilson cursed the fate that had made him a musician. He blamed his parents for letting him follow his musical bent. If he had only learned a trade, he thought. He had tried everything. He had not the kind of talent that makes a concert player; for teaching, he lacked patience. His dream had been to compose, and now he had failed at that. The future held no hope for him.

Wilson would not have been in such despair if he had only had himself to consider. But, before he had ever come to New York from his little up-state village, he had married Sally Cathwell, and in the tiny flat in Harlem she was waiting for him with Jonathan Wilson, Jr., aged ten, commonly known as Bud, and his little sister Jessie. That was why Wilson did not think of throwing himself into the river. Sally had unbounded faith in her husband. She thought "From Another World" a masterpiece, and he could not bear to tell her that he could not sell it, while little Bud's great ambition was to make music like Daddy.

Now Bud's father faced the blank future, wandering along the great Broadway, jostled by the crowd. He envied the happy and prosperous throng that surged up and down, briskly walking, or whirling by in automobiles and carriages. They all seemed successful. They hadn't a wife and two children who were in danger of starvation because their good-for-nothing husband and father couldn't even write an operetta that would sell. He thought of the production. It revolted him. Wilson had realized that he was stooping very low when he had started to write "From Another World". It seemed weak and silly to a man who had meant to rival Wagner.

Meanwhile, Bud returned from school. He had learned something new that afternoon and he was on fire to tell his mother and Jessie about it. But she and Jessie had gone out. He must wait. He wandered into the parlor. There on the table lay his father's working materials. Huh, it wasn't so hard to make music the way Daddy did. They had learned how that very afternoon. He had copied "My Country 'Tis of Thee" out of the song book and Miss Jackson had said his work was very neat. It was easy. He could write a song just as good himself.

Bud sat down on the chair in front of the table. He drew

over a sheet of lined music paper and set to work. It had to have a name, he thought. Jessie's doll's name was Seraphine, he'd write it to her. At the top of the page, he wrote the title and started. Soon he was absorbed in making nice round black notes on the lines and in between. It was great fun. Then he heard Skip Hopkins whistling their call for him to come out with the gang, and throwing the pen aside and leaving the paper on the table, he snatched his cap and was off.

A little later, bowed with his failure, Bud's father slowly climbed the apartment stairs. His wife was out. She should know the worst when she returned. Her family hadn't been any too pleased when Sally, the beauty of the village, had gone off with that crazy Jonathan Wilson who thought he could write tunes. In fact, they had told her that she needn't come whining back to them when she found out how good-for-nothing he was. No thought of such an end had come to Sally, when she had set out confidently for the great city that was only waiting to hear Jonathan's music. But her family would take her in, he thought. They could not leave her and the children to starve. The poor fellow dropped his head on the table on Bud's composition. Then he sat up and pulled himself together. To lend himself countenance, he picked up a piece of paper, in front of him, and gazed at it intently. For a minute he did not see anything, but, as he looked, he unconsciously studied the musical characters. "Seraphine" was the title. What nonsense some one had been writing! Idly, Jonathan read on. At about the middle of the page there were a few bars that attracted his attention. They looked as if they might mean something. Glad of anything to occupy him, he went over to the piano and tapped them off. That first was very suggestive. He played it over. It had a swing and a go, somehow. It gave Jonathan an idea. Hastily improvising with the few bars as a beginning, he played a rousing chorus. He was overcome by enthusiasm. It was great. How it went! An ideal coon song, and he repeated over and over the few bars. Two or three notes as they stood on the paper rang false, but he quickly changed them.

In a fervor of composition Jonathan jotted down the air. The harmony would come later, then the words. At the top of the page was "Seraphine" written in Bud's large, round hand. The very thing,—words make very little difference. "Sera-

phine, you are my queen. Won't you just beam"—etc. It would fit into the operetta. He knew the very place. The song was a good one, he was sure. It was catchy. Here was a song that in Rosenstein's words would be "the rage." It would make a hit.

Before dinner he knew practically how he was going to work it out. Sally hardly recognized her husband during the evening meal. Of late, he had been so gloomy and unlike her young lover. At first she thought the operetta was sold; but, no.

"Everything will be all right to-morrow," he told her with shining eyes.

Until late that night Jonathan worked over the song. Again, early the next day, he sought Rosenstein. He had some difficulty in gaining the ear of that great manager, but, finally, he had a chance to play the song to him. Jonathan put all his soul into the music and as he turned to the manager after the swinging, dashing chorus, he read in his face the favorable verdict. It caught Rosenstein's fancy as it had caught Jonathan's. He looked over the words. They would do.

Rosenstein called in some of his employees to listen. Again the gay song sounded in the dingy office. They too were enthusiastic.

"We will take this operetta of yours," said Rosenstein. "This song will make it a success. Here is my first payment," and the manager wrote a check for five hundred dollars.

Wild with delight Jonathan hurried home. As he told Sally the good news all the bitterness of failure was gone from his face and he looked years younger.

"It is Bud's song," he said, "that sold it." And when they wondered, he told them of the chance that had led him to try the childish music.

Rosenstein lost no time in putting the new comedy on the boards. He was running an unsuccessful piece at the "Republic" and he decided that "From Another World" should take its place. Wilson's operetta just fitted that company, so one evening in January, Sally and Bud and little Jessie sat with Jonathan well up in the orchestra, waiting for the curtain to rise on the first performance of "From Another World." The house was well filled and, scattered through the audience, Jonathan recognized the critics from the daily newspapers.

The piece started briskly and seemed to find favor. But the

climax came in the third act. It was Rosenstein's most strenuous bid for the public favor. Twelve of the prettiest chorus girls in the city, dressed in costumes worth a small fortune, flirted onto the stage to the lively strains of "Seraphine." It was the "Seraphine" ballet. They danced a dainty dance and then the charming heroine stepped out and sang the song—Bud's song, and the rest joined in the chorus. It was a wild success. Over and over the song was repeated and the audience hummed it under their breath.

Before a week was over, Seraphine was the most popular tune in New York and "From Another World" was playing to crowded houses. Newsboys whistled the song, society women sang it; bands and hurdy-gurdies spread it abroad and Mrs. Schuyler-Jones offered fabulous sums for the ballet to appear at her musicale and barn dance in her Fifth Avenue palace. Within an incredibly short time the song was sung from one end of the country to another.

Success gave fresh impetus to Jonathan's musical invention. Royalties flowed in. He bought a cosy house in the suburbs and Jessie and Bud rejoiced in the country life, while Sally sung "Seraphine" happily about the new home.

FLORENCE DIXON.

THE JESTER

"Long live the king! long live the king!"
Rings the refrain through court and hall,
And everyone joins in the cry
From courtier to the seneschal.
The king sits on the throne of state;
Beside the throne the courtiers kneel
And ladies decked in raiment bright
Express the homage they all feel.
Below the throne the jester stands,—
With mocking voice and stinging hit
He jibes at all, but more than all
The king is victim of his wit.

The king is dead! "Long live the king!"
Rings the refrain through court and hall,
And everyone joins in the cry
From courtier to the seneschal.
The knights in armour gleaming bright,

The ladies decked in raiment gay,
The courtiers bowing very low
All honor the new king to-day.
The erstwhile king lies in the tower,
A lonely taper at his head,
Courtiers and servants all are gone,
The king is dead—the king is dead.
Deep stillness reigns,—then at his feet
A muffled sob, a long drawn sigh,
And soft with grief, the jester's voice :
"Within my heart he cannot die."

EDITH CHARTERS GALLAGHER.

To some people death appears as a grim, stalwart figure passing on his way relentlessly through the world. Without mercy he strikes down all whom he meets or overtakes. One Death man meets him fearlessly ; another cringes before him—they are both alike his victims. The young man of great promise, of high ideals ; the old man clinging to life ; the street loafer in his depravity ; the little child, too young even to know the joy of living ; all these he overtakes and overcomes. Regardless of the sorrow and the pain and the anguish he causes, he passes on his way, stern and inexorable. He comes and is gone with no consideration for the past, with no promise for the future.

To others death seems like a bright and beautiful angel. He, too, makes no choice of those whom he will take away ; yet he softens his hard decree by his manner of taking. The young man he takes with a promise of a fulfillment of a higher heavenly destiny than could have been his in life ; the old man he takes and in taking bestows upon him perpetual and beautiful youth. At his touch all the vice and disease of the poor wretch of the street are forgotten, and only the good part is remembered. The little child the Angel takes with a tenderness that surpasses even that of the bereft mother. And thus the Angel passes through the land, removing the ugly and beautifying,—with the same touch depriving and consoling.

To some few others, disappointed in their high ideals, embittered by conflict with men, tired with living, death appears in no human form. It seems like the coming of a huge, thick gray cloud. One moment of the joy of the consciousness of forgetting and after that—nothing.

EDITH CHARTERS GALLAGHER.

THE OLD HOBBY HORSE

My sister and I had a hobby horse
And his coat was short and very coarse,
But we loved him better than any toys
And to ride him was chief of all our joys.

Now, the beast is homely and lean and bare
And his sides are quite devoid of hair,
But he still has the "spring" that I used to know
When miles and miles on his back we'd go.

Miles and miles would we go in a day
To a wonderful land, so far away
That I must have been somewhere near the moon,—
And we always had to come back too soon.

For just as we'd find the sugar plum tree
And the place where the wood folk live so free,
And the hall where the kindest fairies sup,
And their queen sits throned in a buttercup,

Nurse would call out with the sternest command,
And we'd have to leave the beautiful land
And come back from that place where all was nice
To a stupid supper of milk and rice.

Now, that old war horse stands still in his place,
And glad would he be to behold the face
Of the child that once petted and "loved him the best",—
But he longs all in vain for the hands that caressed.

The sweet voice is stilled and the child rides no more,
But the love that I once for the old charger bore
Is strengthened by memories strong, deep and sweet,
Of that sister whom, sometime, I hope to meet.

Of that dear one who hallowed all things by her touch
And who, now—ten years later—I love just as much
As I did in the days when she rode without fear
On the old hobby horse that we both held so dear.

MARY ALLERTON KILBORNE.

The sound of voices, drifting up the stair-way and into the Boy's room, seemed very far away. He could hear the Nicest

Aunt saying,

The Coming of Constance "Poor little thing! It does seem too bad to leave him alone

with the servants."

"Perhaps it does," agreed eighteen-year-old Uncle Rex. "He's an awfully good sort, really; but it's quite possible that he'll be in the way. Still, I'm willing—if Dorinda is."

"It isn't a question of willingness," the Oldest Aunt answered. "It is simply a matter of practicability. On thinking it over I am sure it would be unwise to take the child."

"And yet,—suppose he should be lonely?" ventured the Youngest Aunt.

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "And since it has been decided that he shall remain at home, why continue this discussion?"

"Why, indeed?" said Uncle Rex.

"But has it been decided?" It was the Nicest Aunt this time.

"Long ago," her older sister returned.

"Oh!" There was a note of regret in the Youngest Aunt's voice. "Then it's useless to talk about it any more."

"Exactly. Now about the horses—"

The Boy, whose real name was Humphrey Douglas, crammed his head harder into the pillows to drown out the sound. But he had heard enough; it was as he feared,—he was to be left at home. Long ago the Aunts had promised that he should accompany them to the big spring cricket-match played between Eton and Harrow, and he had anticipated the event with the joy which only a future, and already loyal, Etonian can know. The program had been most delightful,—a long drive behind a new pair of splendid horses, a luncheon at the Penriths', who were old friends of the Douglas family, and then, in the afternoon, the wonderful game, followed by a garden-party and tea. For weeks beforehand, the Boy had thought of little else; he had imitated Rex's military stride—this clever young uncle was to enter Sandhurst in the fall—until he accomplished it very well. He had practised the Eton songs and cheers so vociferously that his voice had actually grown husky; and he had imagined how when the game was ended, he would force his way through the crowd, and, gripping the captain of the Eton Fif-

teen by the hand, would cry, "Well done, my boy!" He could even picture the flush which would come into the captain's cheeks at these well-merited words of praise, and the way that he would shyly invite Humphrey to a treat of ginger-beer and cookies. Oh, it would be fine!

But now,—now the Boy must spend the long, solitary day at home. He had, after all, been excluded from the plans which the Aunts had made for this long-anticipated occasion. The truth was the Aunts had forgotten. Forgotten what he had remembered so clearly, that they had promised he should go with them. That was the worst part of it; if they had *not* promised, things would not have been so bad. But a promise—why, it was sacred, inviolable! And to think that they—even the Nicest Aunt—should forget! A great sob rose in Humphrey's throat and could not be choked back. Did Aunts always forget? he asked himself, as he strove to find a handkerchief. Did mothers too? Or were they, perhaps, different? He had a vague idea that they were, but he could not remember. His own mother had died too long ago, and yet he was convinced that if she had not, she would have been—well, more *understanding*. There really was no one now who understood—except Constance. *She*, at least, comprehended things in her silent, gentle way. Humphrey suddenly decided to go and see her and tell her how disappointed he was. If she really understood this, she was indeed more than a mere friend.

It is difficult to explain about Constance. The truth is that she was not a real live person at all, although to the Boy she was the "realist" person in the world. When Humphrey was in trouble he would instinctively seek consolation from Constance; she was the one to whom he always turned for sympathy, and in return he adored her. They were the best of friends. So now, half an hour after the Aunts started, for he had been thinking for a long time, so hard that he had neglected to answer the repeated good-byes which they called to him, the Boy went down stairs to the study where Constance was.

He had first known her through a curious discovery. In the dimmest corner of this room hung an etching, simply framed in black. Among the objects in the picture was a wide expanse of sky, clothed here and there with soft, light clouds. Humphrey, who liked pictures, was one day surveying this etching when he saw something that impressed him very forcibly. The

outline of one of the clouds, silhouetted against the dark sky, formed the indistinct profile of a girl's head. Probably the artist himself had not realized this,—very probably no one had ever noticed it, but the Boy perceived an unmistakable likeness. He gazed at it several moments, and as he looked at her, he suddenly realized that he had always had her in his heart, but nobody had known about her. He had always felt that some day he should see her, and here she was at last, in the picture. And because she appeared really tangible and actual, he called her Constance—his favorite name—and thought about her a great deal. It is impossible to understand how much a part of the Boy this imaginary friend was, or how he could so completely forget that she existed only in fancy. But when one is very lonely and imaginative and not understood by the people around one, strange things will happen.

Thus it was that Humphrey rushed toward the picture exclaiming,

"Oh, Constance, are you sorry about the match, too, and having to stay here? Are you? I never was so disappointed in my life, really and truly! But I dare say that if my Aunts had known you wanted to go, they would have let you sit on the front seat, 'tween Uncle Rex and the Youngest Aunt. . . . What?" he continued after a moment's pause, "You wouldn't have left me? Why, how nice you are! Nobody ever had such a jolly friend, Constance. And now, let's go out and play croquet, will you. . . . No, I don't believe we need rubbers,—at least *I* don't, but girls' shoes aren't so thick, I guess. And do take your hat with the white flowers. . . . You are ready now? All right, come on." He opened the door politely and he and Constance went into the garden. They took out the mallets and balls, talking in low tones lest the servants should hear, and then began an absorbing game.

"It is a good thing you wore your rubbers, after all," observed Humphrey, looking down at his slightly damp shoes. It is so shady here, the grass doesn't dry a bit quickly. Now, if you can hit my ball from where you are, you can croquet it to the other end of the field and go through your wicket." Having carried out his own suggestion, and thus made Constance win, he proposed a walk.

They had a delightful ramble together, and on their return read a story, which ended just as the maid announced luncheon.

"I b'lieve," reflected Humphrey, "that I won't wash my hands to-day. You don't mind, do you, Constance? They really need a vacation, and I thought to-day was a good time. The Oldest Aunt is very particular. Sometimes I wish she would forget to tell me 'bout things like that. But those are the things she always remembers."

The meal was prolonged and not interesting, for the Boy dutifully ate not only his own portion, but Constance's also, and the waitress, who secretly pitied the little fellow at the head of the long white table, impressed on him the fact that he "had a right to take all he wanted".

"I love maple éclairs," observed Humphrey, ecstatically, "and we haven't had them since my father was here last winter. I know, 'cause I was too excited to have more than one, and they were so good! But he won't be here to-day, for he has gone to California, and he only comes when he's on a trip to New York. So I think I'd like another, Susan!"

And yet, even with all his favorite things to eat, the luncheon was not interesting. For once Constance was unresponsive, and the conversation languished. There seemed to be positive coldness between them.

"Ye're quieter than usual," commented Susan, passing through the room. "Can't ye tell yesilf a story to kill time?"

"I shall read the Jungle Book when I have finished," returned Humphrey, beginning to fold up his napkin. Before he had put it into his ring, however, Susan came back.

"Some one to see you in the library," she announced, and Humphrey turned to go. But the visitor had followed Susan into the dining-room. The Boy stood face to face with his father.

It was with decided surprise that, after the first affectionate greetings—violent on Humphrey's part—he learned that his son was alone.

"I don't like the idea, Humpty Dumpty," he said seriously. "It is hardly a wise thing to do. And I know you have been lonely, haven't you? But it shall never happen again." He was not a demonstrative man, but something about Humphrey's solemn little face awoke a new feeling in his heart, and he wondered suddenly how he could have allowed so long a time to go by without seeing the child. "There is some one waiting for us," he continued gently. "She is in the other room. Shall we go at once, Humpty Dumpty?"

"Who is *she*?" asked the Boy, slipping his hand into his father's.

The answer came promptly. "*She* is your mother now, dear. Her name is Constance. You are going to love each other very much."

"Constance?" repeated the Boy. "The *real* Constance? Why, if it is so, I have always loved her,—as much as—as—*anything*." He squeezed Mr. Douglas' hand to emphasize his assertion.

"The real one? What do you mean?" His father was frankly puzzled. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

They entered the library. Constance met them. Humphrey looked at her questioningly, but the instant that he met those clear, lovely eyes, his query was answered. She *was* the real Constance! Humphrey had seen his ideal at last, except that if possible she was sweeter and more beautiful than the girl in the picture.

Afterwards, when he was alone with his father, Humphrey said gravely: "You said you didn't understand, Father, 'bout what I said, you know, but I'm 'fraid you wouldn't, even if I explained it. I think I'll tell it to—to her instead. Somehow I know she'll understand."

And she did.

RUTH FORBES ELIOT.

NAILS AND THINGS

His eyes were so big and earnest
And he looked so far away,
I asked him what he was thinking,
As he sat on the floor that day.
Then he turned to me, with that serious smile,
Which quick to my memory springs,
And answered, "Why, muvver dear, I was just
Thinking of nails and things."

Now many and many a year has passed
Since then—and he is grown;
Inventions of his to the world of men
Have made his name well-known.
But to me, as I sit in the twilight, that
Which the greatest gladness brings
Is rememb'ring when he was a little boy, just
Thinking of nails and things.

CARRIE GERTRUDE HILLIARD.

All through the house was hubbub and commotion. Fifty dollars, carefully placed in the usual chamois bag, which our landlady, Mrs. Brown, al-

"Each in His Separate Star" ways wore about her neck, had vanished, bag, string and all, as if by magic. Since the money had been placed in the bag, Mrs. Brown had not left the house, nor had anyone of a doubtful character entered it. The one servant was above suspicion, and we, the boarders, were nominally so, at least.

We had all searched the house diligently through, and each of us had offered suggestions. Our Christian Science boarder calmly and quietly assured Mrs. Brown that the money would be found,—she, herself, would give Mrs. Brown treatment. Mary, the maid, drew Mrs. Brown aside and told her not to worry,—that she would that night pray to St. Antony, who would restore the money. I rushed in with enthusiasm. Here was an opportunity to glean the benefits of a term in Logic. Patently the house must be the Universe of Thought, and the matter should be treated from the standpoint of Inclusion and Exclusion. Therefore I enumerated every article in the house, checking off those that I was told had been thoroughly investigated. By the process of elimination I finally found that only the radiators had not been subjected to the most careful probing and prodding that an earnest investigator could wish. Then I carefully summed up my results, and my conclusion was this: All the radiators must be examined minutely.

The next evening at dinner we were told that the money had been found, tucked in behind the radiator in Mrs. Brown's room. Each of us "swelled visibly". The Christian Science boarder smiled complacently. "Yes, I told you you'd find it," she said. Mary, bringing in the soup, nearly spilled it down my neck as she furtively crossed herself and muttered "Blessed St. Antony!" I, metaphorically, patted myself upon the head. What a benefit I had bestowed through Logic! What indeed were the advantages of a systematic knowledge! Mrs. Brown smiled wearily but said nothing. She had subjected the whole house to a genuine old-fashioned house-cleaning that day, and was too tired to speak.

GLENN ALDA PATTEN.

EDITORIAL

"Some words on language may be well applied,
But take them kindly tho' they hurt your pride."

It is in good part that we have accepted the suggestions of critics, from "The Rhymed Lesson" to "The Question of Our Speech", with homilies on the subject of slang and careless enunciation, — not merely have we taken these suggestions "kindly", but have been interested to act upon them. We find that we *can* speak grammatically, substitute synonyms that "are English" for more popular expressions, and recite so as to be understood across the class-room. We have proved ourselves capable of correcting many failings to which our attention has been called, and so we are beginning to weary of repeated criticism; but we have not yet realized a larger problem—the synthetic aspect of our speech.

College should be a place for the cultivation of manners in the broadest sense,—refinement, orderliness, truth in personal habits, whether of dress or of conversation. Our conversation in general should express thoughtfulness, discipline, culture. So often our speech belies the speaker,—she does not seem to realize how wilfully or carelessly she is misrepresenting herself. The majority of college girls are level-headed, sane, with opinions deserving expression. But most of us find it next to impossible to say what we mean,—at least, there is a great deal of introductory confusion. A girl dashes into a sentence, utters some dozen words, "My dear! I'm just dying to tell you! You know—Oh well!"

"Oh well!" is for us ever the subtle expression of the inexpressible. "Where is the word that speaks the soul!" To these two innocent, inoffensive Anglo-Saxon syllables are attached the sublimest or the darkest meanings. They stand for every possibility in the range of thought and feeling, varied only by the tone of voice, the peculiar management of the eyebrows. We have gone back to the days of primitive man who by the self-same sound, subjected to all the modes of aboriginal elocution, expressed his loves and his hates, his joys and his fears.

It is perhaps only the extreme type who actually stops here and makes no attempt to convey her meaning in more human terms. Usually, after such a failure, the girl takes another

plunge and carries the sentence for some distance until, suddenly, she finds herself lost in a hopeless tangle of modifying phrases. In short, she is "absolutely up against it" and cannot recall the subject of her sentence, nor has she any notion just how she has attained to the present stage. The listener receives an impression of enthusiasm, a glowing epithet or two, the vaguest ghost of an idea, a feverish anticipation of something to be revealed,—but here the process abruptly ends. We are left hanging in mid-air, a victim of nervous exhaustion; we clutch mentally at dangling threads; we feel that it is "up to us" to haul our friend out of such a disgraceful conversational predicament. But she may struggle up and try again until, at last, she seizes upon a subject and a predicate grammatically connected, conveying sense, at least, even if not rising to the heights of eloquence.

Such a girl has difficulty in talking intelligibly and agreeably with older people,—merely because she has never trained herself to utter a complete sentence. Among her friends of her own age, she is always falling back on the excuse, "Oh, you know what I mean". She is floundering, most of the time, in a mire of mere words and she thinks of many possible expressions and practices them aloud upon her idea. Now we may not all be able to use the "inevitable" term, whether we are describing something as familiar as a "bacon bat" or as unfamiliar as a logic examination. We cannot, we fear, be Pateresque in our every-day, casual conversation. But we can think before we plunge in, and under ordinary conditions we need not give up in despair, declaring that there is "positively no word for it". There *is* a word for it; if we will, we can approach our theme with dignity and give an intelligible exposition of comparatively simple ideas. Even if we are discoursing on less tangible subjects—"The Wind among the Reeds" or the problems of Philosophy 4—still we may move deliberately and choose our terms with an eye to consequences. It is an excellent training, once one has begun a sentence, to insist upon finishing it. It may take some ingenuity to complete it, especially if it is to be brought around so as to embody our actual meaning. We really have ideas, but we need oral practice in composition. It would be worth our while, here and now, to cultivate that "repose of manner" the lack of which older people deplore in our general conduct but especially in our conversation.

EDITOR'S TABLE

$$x+y=z$$

Life is full of vicissitudes. So say the prophets. And every girl who has reached the half way mark in college will nod her head wisely at the mere mention of this discouraging truism. Of course, there are a few absolutely certain things, even here at college. The Sunday fish-ball and the yearly lament of the junior who loses her "Prom" man somewhere between sunrise and sunset, only twenty-four hours previous to that nerve-racking event, are facts too well grounded in Smith history to require proof. But there are, unfortunately, certain equations, as indeterminate as June laundry bills, that have to be solved. From the moment when the affable but unhappy freshman alights in the maze familiarly known as the Springfield station, to the night of senior class-supper—that never-to-be-forgiven occasion when her left hand neighbor who has always been an avowed man-hater, rises blushing to take her place with the chosen few—college offers countless pitfalls.

And chief among these vicissitudes may be mentioned room-mates. Now, room-mates in the abstract or bulk, are undoubtedly excellent things to have in the house, provided that they be of the right sort. But the question is, who *are* the right sort, and if not why not?

Room-mates may be classified roughly—as long as they are never thus handled—under three heads: the bores, the bored, and affinities. The bore is always a harmless looking individual, but invariably possessed by an obsession. Someone has convinced her that she really ought to try for one of the musical clubs next year, and she straightway addicts herself to some other girl's mandolin which, unlike you, takes the worrying gracefully. Or, she may exhibit a slavish devotion to irrepressible, nickel alarm-clocks. It is of no use to argue that her faculties will suffer from this early morning over-exertion; she only lays in a supply of Peter's and engages another reference book at the library. Occasionally, this aberration takes the form of aspirations to high opera. At first, you listen surreptitiously, and even essay one or two modest "flights" yourself, when she is out, but after six weeks of Carmen and Il Trovatore you suddenly develop a feverish fondness for rag-time, and lay dark plans for inveigling her into Sunday morning prayers.

Under this head, too, might well be placed the room-mate

who proves to be engaged. "He" is first represented as a mere "friend of the family," but truth will out. After repeated invitations to hang out of the window with her on moonlight nights and the daily exertion of transporting four-cent letters up three flights of stairs, the story begins to pall. On second thought, however, this last-mentioned class might also be considered under the second head. Certainly, from the room-mate's point of view, the first classification is a doubtful one, for she is open to the most irresponsible and unsympathetic treatment, at times. Only fancy having to put up with the stolid indifference of a room-mate who is unaware of the dazzling engagement-ring stowed away, nightly, under your pillow!

Then, there is always the possibility of drawing as bosom companion one of those geniuses whose brilliant efforts make ours fade into ignominious drab. Who wants to be known simply as the room-mate of a basket-ball captain or of the cleverest girl in the class? That race between the hare and tortoise is all very well—as a moral tale, but anyone can see that more than half the time it must have been a most humiliating experience for the tortoise.

Thirdly, lastly, and I might almost add, worst-ly, are those hallucinated beings known as affinities. An unmistakable *something* has drawn Jane to Miranda, and they straightway abjure common friendships and betake themselves to a world with a very rare atmosphere—a most excellent arrangement for the ordinary world, provided that "the tie that binds" be strong enough to survive the strain. For there will be times when Jane's spirits are soaring and Miranda's below par, and what is often harder—for Jane—exactly the reverse. Besides, there is never more than one good place for a cot, and someone must always fix the windows and put out the light and—well, girls as well as men are gregarious, which means that other people will always be "butting in", no matter how sedulously they may endeavor to keep away.

On the whole, choosing a room-mate is dangerous business, and one that requires more skill than choosing a husband, for there is no "glamour of love" to blind ordinary girls' eyes to ordinary girls' faults. Like marriage, it is a lane that has no turning, but, fortunately, for the room-mate, it *has* an end! And the strange part of it is, when we get there, everyone says the same thing—"My room-mate? She was *all right*!"

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

I was in the butler's pantry putting away the family napkin rings in one of the drawers, for of course I knew we had to have clean napkins for every meal as long as Elise stayed. And if she were with

When Elise Came us a week, that would make a hundred and sixty-eight napkins, counting for eight people at the table, and twelve went into that fourteen times. We owned just four dozen napkins in all, and so that meant the whole four dozen would have to be washed every other day.

I went out into the kitchen and explained it to Delia. She was furious. It was enough, she said, all the extra style I was planning on, without piling on a week's washing for every other morning.

"We won't discuss it," I said with much dignity. But I don't believe she heard me, she was slamming the kettles around so. That was a year ago, and I was only fifteen, and I was awfully afraid that Delia might at any moment up and go. So I went right to the telephone and called up the dry-goods store and ordered ten dozen napkins to be sent up special, and all of the rest of the afternoon I sat at the sewing-machine hemming like mad, though I knew they should be done by hand.

Tom and Elise were due at eight o'clock that night. I told father to bring them up in a hack, and he promised he would. After he and Alec had left the house I started a fire in the fire-place, and walked through all the rooms for the hundredth time, trying to see how they'd appear to a person who hadn't lived in them forever. I knew everything was all right in the guest-room, but I had to go up there again to be dead sure everything was there, soap and towels and all, though I knew they were. That room had been ready for three days.

When I heard the carriage driving up to the house, I simply couldn't make myself go out into the hall and open the front door. And then I heard my two brothers, Oliver and Malcolm, rush out of the library and holler, "They're coming, Bob," and the next minute we were all in the hall in a confused bunch—Oliver and Malcolm and Ruth (she's the youngest and only ten) and Alec with the two suit-cases, and father, and Tom saying "Hello, Bobbie," and Elise, tall and quiet and pale, just as I knew she'd be, just like her picture.

"Well, here they all are, Elise," I heard Tom say, "Malcolm, and Oliver, and Bobbie, the mother of us, and Toots, the baby." She came forward and shook hands with the boys, and when she got to me, she kissed me. I'd never been so near such a beautiful set of Russian sables before in my life, and somehow all her grace and composure seemed to swoop down upon me, and, honestly, I never felt quite so awkward.

After she kissed Ruth she turned around and said in the quietest, lowest voice I ever heard, "I know you already, for Lester has told me all about you."

Lester! That sounded too absurd. Now no one ever called Tom anything but just plain Tom, although his middle name is Lester and he writes under the name of T. Lester Vars.

Then Alec said, "Let's come in and sit down," but there was none of the Vars hail-fellow-well-met, slap-you-on-the-back air about it. Even though Tom was just the same as ever, with his off-hand remarks and hearty laugh, he couldn't bring back the old spirit. We all sat around on chairs, and said stiff, formal things about the trip, and the wedding, which none of us could go to, because Elise lived so far away. We were all "putting-on", to beat the band. We just couldn't be natural. I was sure our vigorous ways would shock her delicate sense. She seemed perfectly at ease, smiling and talking so easily. We were the awkward ones and that made me furious—furious at her for making us appear that way.

"Where are the apples, Bobbie? Aren't we going to have any to-night?" Tom asked of me.

When Tom asked me that, I said as quietly as possible (for I really was catching Elise's manner); "not apples to-night, Tom. I ordered a little chocolate. I'll speak to Nellie." Of course I wasn't going to have apples then of all times, and passed around in quarters on the end of a knife. I had gotten out our best chocolate cups and told Delia to make some cocoa, and whipped cream, and I had opened a package of champagne wafers. Everything was all ready on a tray in the dining-room, so I went out and told Nellie to bring it in. When she appeared, holding the big tray out before her, I had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing. She looked so funny. She had never worn a cap before and it didn't seem to go with her style. It was sticking straight up on the top of her grey pug of hair, like a bird on the tip end of a flag-pole. I saw Malcolm and Oliver begin to giggle. I simply squelched them with a look, and began stirring my chocolate.

When Nellie came to Tom he said to her, "Hello, Nellie," and though I'd told her to be sure and address him as Mister Tom, she got it mixed up somehow, and, "How do you do, Mr. Vars," and father, who heard her come out with his name, said, "Did you speak to me, Nellie?" "No, Mr. Vars," she replied, "I didn't. I was speaking to Tom."

We didn't stay up long. Tom and Elise had been travelling all day, so we all said "good-night" early.

Just as I was turning out my light, and after I had set my alarm clock for quarter of six (for I thought I'd better get up early and see how things were running), Malcolm and Oliver pushed open my door and came in, and behind them Alec on his way up to bed.

"Hello, Bobbie," they said, grinning.

"Close the door," I whispered. And then I wrapped myself up in a down-comforter, and crawled up on the bed. They came back and all sat down around me. "Well," I said, "What do you think of her?"

"Did you see the diamond pendant," Malcolm began. "It was a ripper."

"Tom gave her that for a wedding present," Alec explained.

"He did!" I was amazed. "Plain Tom slinging around diamond pendants like that!"

"He'll have to live up to being called Lester. Did you get on to that?"

"Did I? Isn't it too silly? I hate such airs!"

"It's probably rough on her," said Oliver, "coming here and finding us such a common lot."

I flared up at that. "Don't you dare talk like that, Oliver. We're just as good as she is. It's brains that count."

"She's pretty good-looking," Malcolm went on. "I guess you can't deny that."

Just then Ruth appeared in the doorway, in her long white flannel nightgown. I wasn't going to have her hear any such discussion.

"Why, Ruth," I said, "why aren't you abed?"

"Well, why aren't you?" She always answers back.

"We're just going," I replied. "Malcolm, you and Oliver take Ruth. Do be good, and go back to bed."

"Well, I don't want to. I—"

"Don't want to!" laughed Malcolm. "Come on, Oliver. Grab her feet. I'll take the head." There was a scuffle. They gathered her up somehow. And thus our council of war ended.

In the morning before breakfast, when I was out in the kitchen supervising things, there suddenly broke out upon us the strangest noise. It startled me awfully, and Delia gave a terrible jump.

"For the love of Mike, what's that?" said she. I investigated, and after a little I discovered the cause. Years ago we had had some sort of a bell system that connected with all the rooms in the house, with an indicator in the kitchen. We hadn't used it for years and years.

"Elise has rung for you," I said to Nellie, thankful with all my heart that the old thing had worked. I knew that Tom was already down-stairs, so of course he wasn't there to tell Elise that the old bell didn't mean a thing. When Nellie came back I said:

"What did she want?"

"She wanted me to fasten up her waist, and also to give me her laundry."

"Laundry!" gasped Delia. I never could understand why Delia hated washing so.

"Yes," I said turning to her, "laundry. I told Mrs. Vars," I went on with much authority, "to put any soiled clothing she might have in a yellow bag which I made to match the guest-room." I crossed the room. "And now you may put breakfast on, Delia," I finished, and went out.

After breakfast Nellie came to me and said: "Delia wishes to speak to you in the kitchen." My heart sank. I found Delia in the laundry, surrounded with a pile of filmy, lacy things. She was holding up the most superb lace skirt, rows upon rows of insertion, simply beautiful.

"I just wanted to say," she began, and her voice was terrible, "that I don't stay if I have to wash these. They aren't dirty, in the first place, and what's more, I'm not hired to wash company's clothes, and what's more, I won't, and what's more still, I think you better hunt for another girl." I couldn't have received more depressing news.

"The washing must be done," I said. "That's settled."

Delia grabbed the skirt. "All right. I'll do the washing to-day," she said ominously, "and I'll leave to-morrow night." I just wanted to sit down and cry and say, "Oh, please be nice about it, and help us out. Please stay, oh, please, please, please." But I bit my lip hard, and said nothing. And when I joined the others in the library I was apparently as calm as a summer's breeze, though within I could feel a great disturbance.

Things got no better. I mean Elise didn't seem to fit in. Father didn't call for his slippers and lie in his big chair and smoke. The boys didn't rush in and fool and rough-house with Ruth and me. Alec didn't go around whistling as he always does, way off the key. Ruth didn't do her practicing, and even Tom, who I could see was trying to whoop things up in the old natural way, didn't succeed very well. The first evening about six she came in from a drive that Tom had been giving her with Dixy.

"Lester has been showing me everything." That name was enough to dampen any ardor. "So I'm afraid I'm late for dinner," she went on. "But I'll hurry. It won't take me ten minutes to dress."

Dinner, indeed! I wondered if she called the lay-out we had at noon just lunch. We've always had supper at night, and I hadn't intended changing this for Elise. But if she'd gone up-stairs to dress for it, I'd got to prepare something besides tea and sliced meat and toast. I flew to the kitchen. We had a can of beef-extract, and I told Delia to make soup out of that. Then I sent Ruth for some beefsteak, and hauled down a can of pease, for vegetables, and the sliced oranges which were already fixed would have to do for dessert. I rushed to my room and put on my light blue cashmere, which I only wear Saturday nights to dancing-school.

An awful thing happened at dinner. In the first place, having dinner at night added to the strain the family were all under, and I think that's what made Nellie so stupid and careless. I don't know how it ever happened, but when she was passing the crackers to Elise during the soup course, her cap got loose some way, and fell caflunk into Elise's soup. Oliver and Malcolm had a spasm. I could feel myself growing awfully red, but no one laughed outright. Elise was the first one to break the awful pause.

This is what she said: "I've had the loveliest drive this afternoon. Lester took me around the reservoir, and how old are the ruins of that old mill on it?"

Perhaps that was the most graceful way to meet the situation, but I was longing to laugh, and so was everyone else. I heard father at the other end of the table answering her though, and we all of us somehow stuffed our emotions back into ourselves and put in the stopples. Nellie carried the soup away, and we went on with the meal.

When I got him alone I said, "I'm sorry, Tom. Everything seems to be going all wrong." It was the first time I'd been alone with him. He's the oldest, and though he'd gone away and gotten famous, he had always come home just the same old sort of person. But this time we hadn't any of us seen him. He hadn't asked us how we liked Elise, and I knew why. Because he knew already.

"It's all right, Bobby," he said. "Only I wish she could see us as we

really are." I could have cried. Somehow, I did so want Tom's wife to be the same bully sort of person Tom was. And she acted so superior I thought that Tom was disappointed in her, and that's why I wanted to cry. I felt so sorry for Tom.

The crisis came the next day. At eleven o'clock in the morning I found Delia putting on her coat and hat, actually preparing to go.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"It means I'm going," she announced.

"But the washing. Have you—"

"No, I haven't, and what's more, I'm not going to." She was awfully mad.

I stood there just helpless before her. "I have telephoned to all the intelligence offices," I said, "and I can't get anyone to come until to-morrow night. I thought, to accommodate us, you might be willing—"

She cut me right off. "Well, I'm not. No one accommodates me here, and I'm not used to being treated like this. Two dinners a day, and up until all hours! I'm human as well as you, and I can't stand everything." I didn't have any words with her, and said she might go as soon as she pleased. I was on my way up-stairs to break the news to Nellie, when Elise called to me from the library.

"O Lucy," she said in her musical voice, "will there be time for me to run down to the post-office with some letters before lunch?"

I stalked into the library. She was sitting at the desk, in her graceful, easy way, with a beautiful, fine French-embroidered lingerie waist on that I'd be glad to own for very best, and gold beads about her neck, and her hair, even in the morning, so soft and pretty and wavy. She had her feet crossed, and I took in the silk stockings and the low dull leather pumps. I had a sudden desire to tear down all her beautiful appearance of ease and grace.

"We don't have lunch at noon," I said bluntly. "We have dinner, just dinner. We've always had dinner."

"Yes, I know," she began in her pleasant way. "People do very often in New England." I couldn't bear her unruffled composure.

"O," I said, bound to shock her, "it isn't because we're New England. It's because we're plain, plain people. The first families in New England, as well as anywhere, have dinner at night. But we," I said, glorying in it, "are *not* one of the first families. We have doughnuts for breakfast, and baked beans and brown bread Saturday nights. Father came from a farm in Vermont. He was a good deal poorer than we are now when he started in. You see we're just common people. And so's Tom. Tom comes from just a common family," I said, loving to repeat the word. She was sitting with her arm thrown carelessly over the back of the chair, and her gaze way out of the west window. When I stopped to see what effect my words had had, she just laughed a quiet, pleased laugh, and mixed up with it I heard her say, "Why, Lester's the most uncommon man I ever met."

I went right on. "We don't call him Lester, either," I said. "We cut off all such fringes. He's plain Tom to us. I know how the plain way we live must impress you, who have been used to French maids, and push a button for everything you want, and I'm sorry for you. But you might as well wake up to the truth. You see what a mess the house is in, and how Nellie won't

call us Mr. and Miss, and how, if I'm on the third floor and she wants me, she just yells. And," I said, pointing out of the window, "there goes Delia now, and there isn't a sign of a cook left in the house."

At that Elise sat up straight. "You mean the cook is leaving you alone?" she asked. "Why, how horrid of her!"

"Well, I think so too. But there she goes."

"What will you do?" Elise was really excited.

"Do?" I laughed. "Oh I'll duff in and cook, I suppose."

Elise put down her pen. "I can make great deserts," she said. "Let's," her eyes fairly danced. "Let's get din- supper ourselves. Telephone to the men not to come home this noon, and we'll be ready for them to-night. I know how to make delicious cake."

That's the way it came about. I took her out into the kitchen, and didn't try to cover up a thing. Equipped in an old apron, and with her sleeves rolled up, she was first in the kitchen-pantry, looking into every cupboard and box for caraway seed, and next in the fruit-closet feeling of all the paper bags in search of English walnuts, and then calling to me in her musical voice to come here, and taste of some dough and see if I thought it needed more sugar, and actually underneath the sink, drawing out some old greasy spider for penouchie which she was going to make. I took a grim pleasure in having her see the very worst there was.

Tom was spending the day at the factory with father and Alec, so we weren't bothered by the men, and I telephoned to Malcolm and Oliver to get something to eat at school and not come home till night.

We had supper at half past six as usual. I don't know what made everything so different. The awful strain that we'd all felt the same day at breakfast had suddenly disappeared. I didn't tell them Delia had gone, and apparently everything was just as it was in the morning.

"These biscuit are good, Lucy," father said suddenly. He generally speaks of the food, but he hadn't once since Elise had come.

"O do you think so?" said Elise, all excitement. She'd made them. "I'm so glad you do!" Then she stopped.

"There!" I said. "I knew you'd let it out. Elise made them," I announced.

"Delia's gone," Elise hurried to say.

"And we—" I put in.

"We got supper," she finished proudly.

"You and Bobbie?" gasped Alec.

"Bobbie and you?" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, yes," she said. "Isn't it nice? Bobbie scalloped the oysters."

"Give me some more," said Malcolm.

"I'll take another biscuit," sang out Oliver.

"When do we get to the candy?" asked Tom, with his eye on the penouchie.

"O," said Ruth, "Make Malcolm stop. He took a cookie, and it isn't time for them."

Father just chuckled and said, "Pretty good, pretty good!" and we all laughed—Elise too. It was so good to be natural again.

"Don't eat too much," said Elise, "for desert's coming, and it's awfully good."

"And chocolate layer cake with it," said I.

"O bully!" shouted Malcolm and Oliver together.

"I like this a good deal better than last night," said Ruth, "when Nellie's cap fell into your soup."

We all just roared, and when Elise got her breath, she gasped:

"O, I know—wasn't it funny? I was so frightened by you all then I didn't know what to say. But now—O dear!" she said, and suddenly she turned to Ruth, who sat next to her, and put her arms right around her and kissed her. "O Ruthie," she said. "It's so good to know you all,"—and I didn't know whether the tears in her eyes were from laughing or crying.

"Run and get my slippers," said father to Ruth, right after supper, and all the evening he lay back in his chair and smoked and watched us all, while we fooled around and sang old college songs and made fun of Malcolm and Oliver because they'd just bought their first derby hats. They were so ridiculous. It was eleven-thirty when we went up to bed.

"Come here a minute, Bobbie," whispered Elise to me, and I went into the guest-room. "Do unbutton the back of this waist. Lester is so clumsy." I didn't mind the Lester at all now. When I had finished she said, "I'll be down at six-thirty," (we were going to get breakfast, too,) "and don't you dare to be late. I'm going to make the omelet. You can make Johnny-cake. Bobby, isn't it nice Delia left?" and she kissed me, as well as Ruth.

That night the boys all came to my room again. I wrapped up in the down-comforter, and we were just beginning to talk when Tom appeared.

"Hello," he said, smiling all over. He came in and closed the door. "Well," he said, "what do you think of her?" and I knew he asked us because he so well knew what we did think. But just the same I wanted to tell him. I shot out my bare, skinny arm at him.

"Tom," I said, "I think she's a corker."

He first took my hand, and then suddenly, very unlike the Vars, he put both arms around me tight. "Bobby," he said in a kind of choked voice, "you're a little brick." And, my goodness! I just had to kiss Tom then.

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS '04.

Among the numerous lines of specialization along which modern psychology has developed, child study has been, during the last twenty-five years, slowly but surely demonstrating its importance. Not that

Child Study there is any definite line which separates the psychology of childhood from any other field of psychology since, being simply the application of psychological methods to the study of the human mind within certain rather loosely defined age limits, it must of necessity be interwoven with social, racial, individual and experimental psychology. Up to within the last three decades, the child was looked upon as a miniature copy of the adult, whose mental processes differed only in degree from those of mature minds, whereas we now know that his mental life differs as much from that of the adult as does his body. He reasons, feels and wills, of course, but he does each after his own fashion, nor do his intellectual, affective and volitional processes develop *pasi passu*.

The child's bodily structure resembles that of the adult only in a general way, and the infant body, beautiful as it is in its own time, would be a monstrosity if increased to adult size. Not only are the bodily proportions entirely different from those of the adult, but different parts of the body do not increase uniformly in growth, so that the disparity varies for different ages. The chemical composition of the body also varies greatly for different periods of life and this involves differences in the flexibility of parts, capacity for muscular exertion, resistance to fatigue, disease, etc. The child and the adult do not breathe alike and their pulse rates differ. The brain not only contains a much larger proportion of water in the child, but there is a marked difference in the development of the convolutions and in cell formation, the latter a difference not merely in the sizes and quantity of the cells, but in the elaboration of cell structure. The researches of physiologists and neurologists have long since shown that the ability to execute muscular movements with skill and precision is dependent not on the muscles alone, but on the ripening of the corresponding brain centres, and evidence is steadily accumulating to show that this holds true for intellectual centres, and that any attempt to force upon a child mental work for which the proper mechanism is not yet ripe, is both mentally and physically injurious to him. Of this whole field of what are sometimes termed nascent stages of development, we as yet know little, but documents like the recent Special Report on Children under Five Years of Age in the English Elementary Schools certainly show the need of psychological investigation in this field.

The first scientist to study seriously the development of a child from birth through the early years of childhood was Wilhelm Preyer, Professor of Physiology at Jena, though the first record known is that of Tiedemann, whose observations, embodied in a short essay, antedate Prof. Preyer's work by almost a century. Another fragmentary but valuable record is that of Darwin, made in 1840, but not published until thirty years later, partly in "The Expression of Emotion in Man and Animals" and partly in an article entitled "Biographical Sketch of an Infant Mind," which appeared in vol. 2 of "Mind," 1887. Prof. Preyer devoted two hours a day for four years to observing his own child and kept a careful record of the development of the senses, memory, reasoning, language, emotional and volitional states. His book, the first German edition of which appeared in 1881, has since served as the model for all individual studies, of which less than a dozen have been published. The best of these is perhaps Dr. Millicent Shinn's "Notes on the Development of a Child," accepted as a thesis for the degree of Ph. D. by the University of California in 1898. Miss Shinn's work is far more of a psychological study than Prof. Preyer's, whose special training as a physiologist tended naturally to more emphasis on matters physiological than on the strictly psychological aspects.

But although Germany can claim priority in child study, the United States has outranked her in its development. The German seedling has taken firm root in American soil. Nearly twelve years ago Pres. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University published his first child study syllabus, and since that time more than sixty studies on a great variety of subjects have been published in the university periodicals. The fundamental idea of the syllabus, or ques-

tionnaire method, as it is commonly called, is to collect a large number of observations on children of approximately the same ages, and to sift out from these the characteristics which appear to be most fundamental,—as for instance in topics like fear, curiosity or obstinacy, a large number of individual cases, carefully described for the different ages from infancy to adulthood, furnish material for a study of the physical reactions characteristic of these states, remote and proximate causes, of those characteristics, and usually some pedagogic hints. Of course no study based on this questionnaire alone can lay claim to scientific accuracy, but perhaps from no other source can so much suggestive material be gathered, which must, however, to obtain the best results, be supplemented by the study of the continuous individual records, few in number but of great value; by reference to animal psychology, a field where the researches are steadily increasing in importance, and throwing light on problems of higher development; by observations of deaf, blind and mentally defective children; by study of the insane, in which there are several expert psychologists in laboratories already established for this purpose, in several of our large institutions; and by the study of biographies,—while the finer and more technical problems suggested must be worked out in the psychological laboratory. Unfortunately for science, child study has become somewhat of a fad in the United States, and a great deal of the material published under that name, having been put together in a haphazard way by those of no scientific training, is not only worthless but has brought disrepute upon scientific work and hindered its progress. But of over thirty of our best universities and colleges, from which personal information was received in 1905, there were but two which did not include child study in the curriculum. In some cases, the courses were designated by this name in others, they were labelled genetic psychology or psychology of childhood, or were included under the general titles of education or pedagogy. Some of the larger institutions like Columbia and Chicago Universities, have several courses in child study, and as to its value, for pedagogy and education, which was one of the points included in the letters soliciting information, there was not a dissenting voice.

In the United States, child study has been from the first a university movement, in which Clark University has taken the lead. More than seventy institutions at home and abroad are now affiliated with Clark in an international society for the furtherance of child study, and valuable material has been sent to the university from England, Italy, Poland and Japan.

In Germany, child study has been and still is either the work of individual students or carried on through the Vereins which have been founded and are directed by university men, but which have no financial support except from voluntary contributions. The Berlin "Verein für Kinderpsychologie", founded by Professor Stumpf and now under the leadership of Ferdinand Kemius, is the best known, though not the oldest of these societies, and many excellent studies have been made by their members. Germany, with her usual thoroughness and tendency to specialization, is now subdividing child study into sections and devoting periodicals to a single phase of the subject. The following list of journals with the date of their foundation will show more clearly than anything else the lines along which German child study is progressing: *Die Experimentelle Pädagogik*, founded 1905; *Beiträge zur Psychologie der*

Aussage, 1905; *Die Kinderfehler*, 1896; *Zeitschrift für Schulgesundheitspflege*, 1888, and *Zeitschrift für Pädagogische Psychologie. Pathologie und Hygiene*, 1899. These publications represent the work of groups of thoroughly scientific men, and their character is such that there is need for the United States to look well to her method or she will lose her present prestige.

In England, everything is organized, and the British Child Study Association has branches in many sections of England and in Edinburgh. Its membership is chiefly composed of teachers and directors of educational matters in Great Britain. Its most prominent university members are Professor Sully and Professor Lloyd Morgan. In London, this society is affiliated with the Childhood Society, founded originally in the interest of hygiene in the schools, and through the united funds of these two societies, courses of lectures by experts are furnished to members, and by paying a small fee are open to any others who wish to attend them. The society also publishes a journal called *The Paidolgist*.

France and Italy have both published valuable contributions to the psychology of childhood, and in both countries there are organizations for promoting interest in the subject among teachers. The French society publishes the "*Bulletin de Société libre*", in which some excellent studies have appeared.

Poland, in the midst of the misery and horror of a revolution, has within the last year founded a Child Study Society at Warsaw, and although systematic work has been impossible, she has nevertheless kept pace with the work of other countries and translated much of it in her own pedagogical journals.

The first international Child Study Congress was held at Berlin in October, 1906, and its reports, when published, will probably furnish extensive and valuable contributions to the subject.

Concerning the value of the practical applications of child study, we have as witness juvenile courts and other reforms in the methods of dealing with juvenile offenders, besides the establishment of special classes for backward and defective children with improved methods for them, and many reforms in the physical and mental hygiene of our elementary schools.

THEODATE L. SMITH, PH. D., '82.

Owing to the fact that "*Hamlet*" is to be presented on April 8 and 9 in New York, the annual luncheon of the Smith College Club of New York will be given on Saturday, February 23, instead of during the Easter recess. Those who desire tickets will please apply at once to Miss Grace L. Russell, 828 West 83rd Street, New York City.

The Smith College Club of New York, with the assistance of the class of 1906, will present the play of "*Hamlet*", for the benefit of the \$62,500 Library Fund, on the afternoon and evening of April 9, in the Carnegie Lyceum. A performance may also be given on the 8th, notice of which will appear later.

The play is under the management of the finance committee of the club. Tickets, which are \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00, can be obtained from Mrs. James A. Webb, Jr., ex-'85, Madison, N. J., or Miss Marion E. Dodd '06, Glen Ridge, N. J., or Miss Edith E. Rand '99 (chairman), 223 West 106th Street, New York City.

At the first biennial convention of the Young Women's Christian Association of the United States, at which the union between the Intermediate Board and the American Committee became an accomplished fact, the following *alumnæ* were present as delegates: Bertha Condé '95, Secretary for the National Board; Marjorie Ayers Best '95, Chairman Finance Committee of the American Committee; Anna Carhart '97, Brooklyn; Anna D. Casler '97, Charlotte, N. C., State Secretary of the Carolinas; Helen C. Woodward '97, Washington, D. C.; Josephine Sewall Emerson '97, Worcester, Mass.; Katharine P. Crane '97, New York; Vera Scott Cushman '98, New York, elected to the National Board; Mary C. Childs '99, Chairman Finance Committee of the New England Committee; Adelaide Dwight '00, Caesarea, Turkey in Asia; Alice L. Batchelder '01, State Secretary for Texas; Julia Logan '01, Brooklyn, President Willoughby House; Emily D. Huntington '02, State Secretary for Tennessee and Kentucky; Edith May Wells '02, New England Student Secretary; Mabel Griffith '03, Passaic, N. J.; Elizabeth Viles '03, Dr. White's Bible School, New York; Ruth T. Bigelow '05, Utica, N. Y.; Clara T. Dunmore. *ex*-'05, Utica, N. Y.

All *alumnæ* visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since last issue is as follows:

'06.	Olive Dunne,	Dec. 14-18
'06.	Alice Loud,	" 14-18
'06.	Claire Kennedy,	" 15-19
'01.	Clara Reed,	" 19-20
'06.	Mertice Thrasher,	Jan. 2-3
'97.	Jessie Judd,	" 3
'06.	Minnie Shedd,	" 3-5
'06.	Pauline Sperry,	" 3-5
'06.	Mary Wilson,	" 5-6
'06.	Vila Breene,	" 5
'06.	Christine Nelson,	" 5
'04.	Una Winchester Warnock,	" 7
'08.	Laura Post,	" 7-19
'80.	Justina Hill,	" 9
'81.	Lucia Noyes,	" 9-11
'85.	Elizabeth Clarke,	" 9-12
'95.	Martha Wilson,	" 9-12
'95.	Kristine Mann,	" 18-19
'06.	Louise Thornton,	" 24

The Biological Society wishes to recover the book of minutes prior to September, 1898. Will anyone who can give information in regard to it kindly notify the secretary of the society, Carrie B. Woodward, 41 Elm Street.

All *alumnæ* who wish to secure tickets for SENIOR DRAMATICS should send their names to the Business Manager, Elizabeth B. Ballard, 80 Green Street, stating whether they prefer Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for *alumnæ* for Saturday night. Each alumna is allowed only one seat on her own name.

All applications for places in campus houses at Commencement must be made through class secretaries. None but classes having reunions will be considered. State in what house senior year was spent. Secretaries will please send in their complete lists to the chairman of the committee on May 1.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, 20 Belmont Avenue.

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont Avenue.

- '82. Theodate Smith has been Research Assistant to Pres. G. Stanley Hall for two years on the Carnegie Grant, and since on the University appropriation.
 - '87. Anna Gleason Taft is teaching in one of the public schools of Worcester.
 - '89. Florence W. Seaver (Mrs. George A. Slocumb) is living at 789 Main St., Worcester, Massachusetts.
 - '91. Dr. Lucia A. Wheeler has gone to Wernersville, Pa., where she is connected with the State Asylum.
 - '94. Katherine H. Taft is teaching in the Woodland Street Kindergarten, one of the public schools of Worcester.
 - ex-'95. Edith Hamilton has the biological laboratory work and also teaches English at Dana Hall.
 - '96. Alice Hastings has recently returned from Paris, having spent five months there studying French.
 - '99. Lily Gunderson has resigned her position as teacher in the Holyoke High School, and is private secretary to Joseph H. Wallace C. E., Industrial Engineer, Temple Court Building, New York City.
 - '00. Mildred Morse has charge of the history department in the Clinton High School.
 - '02. Blanche E. Barnes is teaching English at the English High School, Worcester.
- Marion L. Gaillard is teaching in the preparatory schools in Worcester.
- Emma Lois Stone was married to Mr. Isaac Bromley Smith, U. S. N., at St. James Church, New London, Connecticut, Dec. 26.
- '03. Myrtie M. Booker will be abroad until April. Address: Ferdinand Str. 18th, Dresden, Germany.
- Susan L. Hill is studying metal-work at the Art Museum, Worcester.
- '04. Anna F. Rogers is teaching the 7th grade in the Buckingham School, Springfield. Her address is "The Oaks," Thompson Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.
- Lucy Smith is teaching English to Porto Rican teachers at San Juan. Her address is San Juan.

- '05. Susan A. Green is in charge of the departments of Biology and Geology at Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn. In August she received an A. M. degree from the University of Chicago.

Alice Holden is secretary of the Economics Department at Harvard.

Marion Rice has entered the training school of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia. Address, Pennsylvania Hospital, 8th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia.

- ex-'05. Mary O'Brien was married, September 12, to Fred T. Hutchinson of Pittsburg. Address, 55 Grandview Avenue, Crofton, Pennsylvania.

- '06. Alice Foster sailed from New York, January 31, on the S. S. Blucher, for a month's cruise to the West Indies and South America.

Addie Newhall is assistant teacher in the High School at Swanton, Vermont. Her subjects are Latin, Ancient and Mediæval History, Advanced Algebra and Drawing.

Clara F. Porter is Secretary of the Montclair High School, Montclair, New Jersey.

- '06. Mary A. R. Streeter is teaching in the public schools at Long Branch, N. Y. Address: 127 Norwood Ave.

Gail Tritch is teaching Botany in the Findlay (Ohio) High School.

BIRTHS

- '81. Mrs. Leonard Wheeler (Elizabeth Cheever), a son, Nathaniel, born June 30.

- '97. Mrs. Frederic Russell Cummings (Helen Boss), a daughter, Carolyn, born August 17.

Mrs. Thomas Waterman Moore (Harriet Prentice Hallock), a son, Thomas Waterman, Jr., born December 20, in Huntington, West Virginia.

- '00. Mrs. Gordon A. Ramsey (Edith Symonds), a son, born December 9.

Mrs. William Schevill (Elizabeth P. Meier), a son, William Edward, born July 2.

- '02. Mrs. Fred G. Olp (Florence Dowling), a daughter, Harriet Dowling, born December 30.

- '03. Mrs. Francis William Tully (Susan Pratt Kennedy), a daughter, Susan, born at 145 Middlesex Road, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, January 11.

- ex-'03. Mrs. George A. Gilpatric (Irene Wheelock) a daughter, Rhoda Taft, born in Putnam, Connecticut, July 31.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The four lectures by Professor Moulton this month have been enthusiastically received by large audiences, including members of the faculty, students, and townspeople. It is generally agreed

Professor Moulton's Lectures that Professor Moulton's views are of interest because of their originality, which, though often in opposition to accepted Shakespearean conclusions, open up new and valuable criticism.

In the first lecture, "Richard III: Character as Fate", he presented Richard as exemplifying Nemesis, or artistic retribution. In Richard we do not find the ordinary motives of villainy; his wicked deeds are no longer means by which he would gain his ambitious ends, as they are in the earlier plays of the historic series; but they have now become ends in themselves. Here Shakespeare presents villainy as a fine art and Richard as an artistic villain. Take his own words as evidence: "I am determined to become a villain." His wickedness is ideal in quality, quantity, and success, as we see in his wooing of Lady Anne. Why she yields to this inhuman wretch who has caused the death of her husband is inexplicable even to herself. Fascination can be the only cause, and Richard possesses, besides his scheming cleverness, a fascination which makes him irresistible.

Turning to the other side of the problem, we find by the side of Richard's ideal villainy the ideal Nemesis which comes to him. This is a disputed point, however, since many scholars claim that the main action of the play breaks down because of the insufficient retribution. If they look more closely at the plot they will discover in the secondary action a chain of destruction, a perfect study in Nemesis. What are the Wars of the Roses but wars of retribution? Whatever happens to the House of York is so much Nemesis for wrongs committed against the House of Lancaster, before the opening of the play; while those deeds in turn were retribution for previous wrongs against the House of York. So we have a rhythmic strain of Nemesis.

In the same way, Richard's fall is but the retribution of his rise. As he rose by means of acts committed against Richmond's house, so is Richmond the cause of his fall. From the first note of ill-fortune in the fourth act, "Dorset is fled to Richmond", until the end of the play, Richard's fall is a gradual slipping and catching, a message of loss succeeding one of gain, with just enough alternation to keep despair warm, but not enough to create apathy.

Then as a finale we have the master stroke of Shakespeare resting on one of the boldest moral devices ever invented by a poet—the idea of resisting Heaven with Heaven's own gift, the human will. Heaven may be omnipo-

tent to inflict, but man is omnipotent to endure, and Richard endures to the full capacity of his will. But there comes a point when his will has no power to resist. In sleep he falls a victim to the dreams of his guilty past. Ghosts of the murdered dead rise to remind him that his Nemesis is approaching, and, true to their prophecy, Richard falls at the hand of Richmond, the retribution of his villainous character at last overtaking him.

Professor Moulton delivered his second lecture on Wednesday afternoon, January 16, in Assembly Hall. He maintained that "Romeo and Juliet" is a tragedy of fate, not of character, as critics are constantly asserting. Their canon that "the deed returns upon the doer", and that character alone is responsible for retribution, he proved to be false, at least in the case of Romeo and Juliet. Neither character alone, nor fate alone, can account for many results in the moral world, and the necessary connecting link between the two he calls "accident". "Romeo and Juliet" is Shakespeare's treatment of the world problem.

Professor Moulton selected the main points in the play in proving it to be a tragedy of fate.

- I. The original entanglement of the secret marriage.
- II. The entanglement with Tybalt.
- III. The entanglement with Paris.

In connection with the events preceding the secret marriage, there are three accidents.—first, the accidental meeting of Romeo and the servants of Capulet, who are carrying the invitations to the ball. This induces Romeo to attend in the hope of seeing Rosaline. Once there, his eye falls accidentally upon Juliet, and then follows that most accidental of all accidents, love at first sight. The love is easy to explain on Juliet's side when we remember the household atmosphere with its constant talk of marriage, but the fact that it is this particular man rather than any other, can be explained only as accident.

The second entanglement, with Tybalt, is not prearranged. Mercutio is quarreling with Tybalt when by accident Romeo comes upon them. He himself refuses to fight, knowing Tybalt is related to him since his secret marriage, and he even interferes between Mercutio and Tybalt as they fence together, reminding them of the duke's mandate against duelling. Only when Mercutio falls because of his interference, does he fight with Tybalt and kill him. Then by the irony of fate, accident of accidents, Romeo is banished.

The final entanglement opens with the proposal of Paris for Juliet's hand. The question is put by the critics who hold the character theory: "Why didn't Juliet tell of her marriage to Romeo?" They forget the character of her parents. There could be no confidences to such. Juliet stands alone with only Friar Lawrence to advise her. Then comes the accident upon which the whole plot hinges. The magnificent scheme of the friar and Juliet's courage in carrying it out are both neutralized by the accident which prevents Friar John from reaching Romeo with news of the plan. His detention in the infected house results in the death of Paris, Romeo, and Juliet. The conclusion, then, is inevitably that the play is a tragedy not of

character but of fate; for while moral principals may be in the background, it is accident which causes the pathetic end. Not retribution but pathos explains "this story of woe, the tale of Juliet and her Romeo".

On January 23, Professor Moulton's subject was "The Merchant of Venice: The Conflict of Character and Accident". He showed how accident and character balance in this play, giving equilibrium, in contrast to the two preceding ones.

"The Merchant of Venice" is an excellent illustration of three things:

- I. Of the romantic.
- II. Of dramatic technique.
- III. Of the balancing of character and accident.

The romantic drama is made up of romances. Whereas the aim of the classic drama is to tell one story, to keep one motive and one dominant tone throughout the play, the romantic drama has many stories deftly interwoven in the plot, diverse motives, and varied emotions. "The Merchant of Venice" is an unusually good illustration of the romantic, for it has four stories skilfully united. The first two are the tale of the Jew and the tale of the caskets. Bassanio, the hero of the second, is the complicating force in the first, while Portia, the heroine of the second, is the resolving force of the first. A third story, that of the betrothal rings, is interwoven to show the feminine side of Portia, and a fourth, the Jessica and Lorenzo story, is added to account for an interval of three months.

"The Merchant of Venice" also illustrates dramatic technique by showing how cleverly Shakespeare has rationalized the absurd points in the stories, as for instance, the pound of flesh. How could any court of justice upset such a plea, even granted that it would entertain it? Shakespeare saw how obvious and weak the mere legal evasion was, the quibble over flesh without blood, but he gave it dramatic value by putting it into the mouth of a woman, and then followed it up with a rational plea: "An attempt on the life of a citizen by an alien shall be punished with fine and forfeiture of property."

Finally, this play illustrates the balancing of character and accident. In the story of Shylock we have character at the mercy of accident; while the casket story shows accident controlled by character. Taking the first, we have Antonio, a lofty character, at the mercy of a base Jew through an accident,—namely, the reported loss of Antonio's ships. A second accident, the discovery of the ancient statute by Bellario, referring to the attempt of an alien on a citizen's life, reverses the situation and puts Shylock at the mercy of Antonio. In both cases we have accident controlling.

The casket story, on the other hand, shows character controlling accident. Although Portia's father has left her fate to the accidental choice of the right casket, yet it really turns upon the grounds of choosing, and these depend upon how the character of the chooser is influenced by the mottoes. So this story illustrates contrived accident dominated by character. Thus we see how "The Merchant of Venice" is a comedy and not a tragedy, since comedy, according to Shakespeare, presents life in equilibrium; the balancing of accident and character in this play gives perfect equilibrium.

HARRIET LEWIS SMITH.

At the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association, held in June, 1906, a plan for an Alumnae Council was adopted. This council consists of the alumnae trustees and representa-

Committee from the Alumnae Council, tives from each local club, having
January 9-12, 1907 a membership of twenty-five or more. From this council a com-

mittee of five is appointed by the president of the Alumnae Association to meet at the college in January of each year, to confer with the president, the faculty and the undergraduates, in regard to efficient lines of service open to the Alumnae Association.

The committee for 1907, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Hill and Miss Vinox, came to Northampton on January 9. A committee from the Undergraduate Council met with them to talk about the college as it is to-day. This discussion proved very helpful to us, giving us a broader view of college and emphasizing more clearly the responsibility of the individual girl to the college. The alumnae brought to us the judgment of the world beyond the campus on the ways and events of our college life; we attempted to give to them a true report of the present conditions in college and through them to the Alumnae Associations. As a member of the committee said: "We have not come to interfere in any of the student affairs, but to find out for ourselves and our associations just how things are in college, and how it may be possible for us to aid in solving the problems of student life."

The question of a method of influencing public opinion was raised, and it was suggested that we have well-attended mass-meetings more frequently, perhaps one a semester, in which opportunity would be given for the discussion of the management and arrangement of undergraduate affairs. This proposed mass-meeting scheme might, in some way, fall in with the new arrangement for college "sings".

A way of extending and strengthening the influence of the Council was suggested, namely, that election to the Council by the class be not a question of precedent but of worth and service rendered. It is hoped that the classes will consider this in the spring elections to the Council this year, since we, as a Council, feel sure that such a change would add greatly to the value of the Council to the college.

A small tea was given to the Alumnae Committee, in order that they might meet the representatives of all the student activities, and so obtain direct information on any subject of college life. At this meeting, the problem of the department clubs was discussed, and it was suggested that a movement should come from the students, limiting the number of clubs to which one student may belong. Another year will, we hope, see this accomplished.

It was with regret that we said good-bye to our guests. We felt that with their calmer and saner judgment our way of life would be made smoother, and we trust that the alumnae will consider their experiment a success; from our point of view it certainly was.

MURIEL ROBINSON,

President of the Undergraduate Council.

During the first semester the Library has become gradually stronger along certain most needed lines, and the number of books which have been added since college opened in September is in the neighborhood of

New Books 2,000. A complete list of these new accessions is posted each week on the bulletin board on the first floor of Seelye Hall, and also in the Reference Room, Seelye Hall, No. 17. The books themselves are temporarily placed for display on the shelves marked "New Books" in alcove No. 9 of the Library, where they may be looked over before they are put in their permanent places.

The following lists may give some idea of the variety and interest of the books received during the last two months. A series of very fully illustrated monographs on artists, edited by Knackfuss and translated from the German, will furnish good reproductions of the well-known paintings of each master, and of many less familiar ones as well. So far, the library has in this series Rembrandt, Raphael, Holbein, Van Dyck, Dürer, Rubens, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci and Donatello. An indispensable book for general reference on artists and art subjects is Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers". For a general history, Reinach's "Story of Art throughout the Ages", and Marguand and Frothingham's "History of Sculpture" are useful, while special countries are treated in more detail in Berenson's "Florentine Painters of the Renaissance", Wolfflin's "Art of the Italian Renaissance", and Hartmann's "History of American Art".

Similarly, in the Music library, there are various recently added books on the lives of musicians, while the technical and theoretical side is represented by Mathew's "How to Understand Music", and Pauer's two books, "Elements of the Beautiful in Music", and "Musical Forms". Miss Alice Fletcher's "Indian Story and Song" contains much that is unusual and suggestive in the way of American folk-lore, and Amy Fay's "Music-study in Germany" gives an interesting glimpse of a student's life in Berlin and other musical centres.

Among the books of history and travel are McClellan's "Oligarchy of Venice", Lanciani's "Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome", Barrows' "Isles and Shrines of Greece", Baird's "Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes", and Van Tyne's "Loyalists in the American Revolution". Men of historical and literary prominence are discussed in four books of biography—Fisher's "The True William Penn", Major's "Prince Henry of Portugal", Raleigh's "Wordsworth" and Perry's "Walt Whitman".

Additions in the department of literature and literary history are numerous. Justin McCarthy has edited a collection of "Irish Literature" in ten volumes, which contains a fund of material for the reader in this line; and for brief, authoritative criticisms of English and American writers from earliest times to the present day, Moulton's "Library of Literary Criticism" in eight volumes, will be found helpful. Other books of a historical and critical nature are:

Bates—English Religious Drama.

Dunlap—History of Prose Fiction (new edition).

Nicholson—Struggle for a Free Stage in London.

Lounsbury—Studies in Chaucer.

Root—Poetry of Chaucer.

Schofield—English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer.

Woodberry—America in Literature.

Various volumes of standard fiction and poetry have been added.

Among the books of more general interest are Waugh's "Landscape Gardening", Sargent's "Physical Education", Lockwood's "Colonial Furniture in America", Nisbet's "Insanity of Genius", Johnson's "Ocean and Inland Water Transportation", Hailmann's "German Views of American Education".

A complete list of new accessions for the last two months would include nearly 200 volumes in foreign languages, on various subjects—historical, philosophical, philological, and scientific, as well as works belonging to the general literature of the language.

Professor Ganong presented a paper before the Botanical Society of America, at its meeting in New York in December, on "The organization of the investigation of physiological life-histories of plants".

Faculty Notes Professor Waterman delivered an address on January 9 before the Hampshire District Medical Association on the subject, "What is the X-ray?" Professor Waterman has been elected member of the Société Française de Physique.

Miss Hanscom has recently addressed the Woman's Club of Fitchburg, and the Woman's Club of Northfield, Massachusetts.

Miss Bigelow and Miss Hopkins attended the meetings of the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America at Columbia University, December 27-29.

Miss Adams has just published her doctoral thesis, "The *Æsthetic* Experience: Its Meaning in a Functional Psychology". University of Chicago press.

Miss Adams attended the meeting of the Association of Teachers of Education in New England Universities and Colleges, at Boston University in the Thanksgiving recess, and the annual meeting of the Philosophical and Psychological Associations at Columbia University in December.

Professor Wood lectured on "Religious Education" at Wells College, October 21, and in Brooklyn, December 2. He attended the convention of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis at Columbia University in December.

The magazine number of the "Outlook" for November published a sketch by Professor Wood, "Members One of Another". The "Outlook", October 27, had a review of Kent's "Origin and Permanent Value of the Old Testament", by Professor Wood.

Professor Pierce contributed in the January number of "The Philosophical Review" a review of Pillsbury's "L'Attention", one of the recent volumes of the series of French monographs in Experimental Psychology.

The "Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods", November 8, had an article by Professor Pierce entitled: "Should We Retain the Expression, 'Unconscious Cerebration', to Designate Certain Processes Connected with Mental Life?"

Professor Pierce presented a paper on "Gustatory Audition" before the Section of Anthropology and Psychology of the New York Academy of Sci-

ence, November 26; a paper before the Hampshire County Pomona Grange on "The Impossibility of Defining Insanity", December 6; and a paper at the Christmas meeting of the American Psychological Association on "Imagery Illusions".

Professor Story was elected, November 6, member of the New England chapter of the American Guild of Organists.

On January 12, at a meeting of the Smith College Club of New York, Professor Story, with the assistance of Miss Gertrude Dyar '97, gave Strauss' musical setting of "Enoch Arden".

The medical work, "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever", edited by Miss Scott, and published by McClure, Phillips & Co. last June, has gone into a second edition. A gratifying feature of the success of the work has been a considerable addition to the fund of the Walter Reed Memorial Association. President Gilman reports that the amount fixed upon, \$25,000, is now nearly all in hand, and invested for the support of Dr. Reed's widow. Ultimately the Reed fund will be used to mark in some permanent form one of the greatest and most beneficent achievements of American medicine.

Miss Abell gave a piano recital at Roselle, Connecticut, January 25, in the High School Auditorium, for the benefit of the school library fund.

Professor Emerick attended the annual meeting of the American Economic Association at Providence, Rhode Island, December 26-29.

Professor Bassett spoke on "The Negro Question" at the dinner of the Congregational Club of New York and vicinity, at the St. Denis Hotel, New York, January 1.

Professor Bassett has recently been appointed Lecturer on American History for two courses in the Yale Summer School 1907.

Dr. Hildt published "Some Letters Relating to the Capture of Washington" in the South Atlantic Quarterly, January, 1907.

During the Christmas recess Miss Bernardy went through Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, investigating conditions for Italian immigration, and especially the American railroad interests with regard to Italian labor.

Miss Bernardy contributed an article: "Italians in America", to the new edition of the Encyclopedia Americana. Some recent articles by Miss Bernardy in the Boston Transcript are: "Italians in our South", Nov. 28; "The Columna Trajana", Dec. 1; "Digging up Old Italy", Dec. 15.

At the Eastern Music Education Conference, held at Wellesley College, December 27, Smith was represented by Professor Sleeper, Professor Story, Miss Hamilton and Mr. Blair.

Professor Sleeper will give a lecture-recital at Mount Holyoke College, March 12; an organ recital at Wellesley College, March 28; and at Columbia University, April 9. The first two recitals are in exchange for courtesies extended by Professor Hammond and Professor Macdougall.

Professor Churchill lectured before the Twentieth Century Club, Bangor, Me., on "Art Study in Liberal Education". At the New York Art School, corner of 80th street and Broadway, an exhibition of paintings by Professor Churchill is to be held from January 28 February 9.

"Putnam's Monthly" from November to February has a series of four papers on Ibsen Symbolism, by Mrs. Lee. This material is to be published

in book form under the title, "The Ibsen Secret—a Key to the Prose Plays of Hendrick Ibsen". Stories by Mrs. Lee are: "Achilles goes to Chicago", *Harper's Magazine*, December; and "Under the Red Maple", *Harper's Magazine*, January. Mrs. Lee is giving a series of talks on "Criticism" before the Easthampton Tuesday Club.

Professor Gardiner contributed a review of some recent literature on the emotions to the "Psychological Bulletin", December, 1906, and a revision of an article on Jonathan Edwards to the "Encyclopaedia Britannica". Professor Gardiner has been elected President of the American Philosophical Association for the current year. Professor Ralph Barton Perry, of Harvard, a former instructor at Smith was elected Vice-president.

Miss Barbour has been granted leave of absence for the second semester, and will be in Italy and Greece until September. Her address for the next four months is the American School in Athens.

It is to Mr. Blair that we owe our thanks for the very enjoyable concert of January sixteenth. The Schubert String Quartet gains in technique, style and unity every year, and we are fortunate in having the opportunity to watch its progress. The program was artistic and characterized by an intellectuality that appeared especially in Mr. Blair's excellent performance of Veracini's Largo. On the other hand, it was well calculated to please those who have little knowledge of music history or music forms, but like to hear melodies such as in the Andante Cantabile of Tschaiowsky. The viola solo was interesting and effective, because it is seldom that this intermediate instrument is played alone, but the experiment has proved that it has many possibilities. The Quartet was successful in presenting atmosphere, that of the melancholy Russian music as compared with the happy Mendelssohn,—that of the barbaric Norseman in the Grieg music as contrasted with the bright naïve simplicity of Carl von Dittersdorf. ELSIE STERNBERGER.

On Friday evening, January 18, a meeting of the Clef Club was held at the home of Professor and Mrs. Sleeper. The following program of original compositions was given by the members:

Entr' Acte,.....	Louise DeForest 1907
Song, "At Night Fall",	Hazel Allen 1908
Obligato to "Holy Night", {	Clara Ford 1908
Song, "The Storm King", }	
Gavotte,.....	Bella Coale 1908
Entr' Acte,.....	Mildred Haire 1907
Suite of Children's Songs, {	Florence Prince 1908
"Farewell", }	
Prelude to Chopin Waltz in C Minor,.....	Marion Niles 1907

CALENDAR

- Feb. 13. Lecture by Prof. Moulton. Subject : The Tempest ;
the Moral Harmony called " Providence."
Open Meeting of the Physics Club. Lecture by Prof.
William Hallock of Columbia University. Sub-
ject : The Light which Radio-Activity has thrown
upon the " Nature of Man,"
15. Concert by the Pittsburg Orchestra.
16. Junior Frolic.
20. Recital by Prof. MacDougall of Wellesley College.
22. Holiday.
23. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
27. Open Meeting of the Spanish Club.
- Mar. 2. 4 p. m. Lecture by Mr. Bailey Willis. Subject :
China.
Haven House Play.
6. Open Meeting of the Voice Club.
9. Basket Ball Game.
Tyler House Dance.
13. Glee Club Concert.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

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No. 6

WASHINGTON ODE

Heedless of victor's garlands loosely twined
By the unseeing Children of the Earth,
Who blend no minor with their pæon's mirth
Nor mark the sorrow on the brows they bind ;

Afar from their brief clamor, deathless Fame,
In whose unwearied gaze the centuries roll,
Whose eyes divine the secrets of the soul,
Winds the green wreath for those the ages claim.

Apollo's laurel, whose undying leaves
Poet and sage and king have yearned to feel
Pressed close upon their brow, immortal seal
Of victory, in her fair crown she weaves.

But lo ! with those green tendrils mocking death
She twines the symbol of a deathless woe,
Fruit of that land where Lethe's sad waves flow—
Behold the cypress in the laurel wreath !

Close with the bay she winds that tree of gloom,
Emblem of bitter loss, whose branches drear
Men lay upon their dead love's hopeless bier,
Despairing, strew before the silent tomb.

O strange, dark mystery! O twofold crown!
 Inseparable triumph and defeat!
 See, on *his* brow the bay and cypress meet—
 Travail of soul and glorious renown.

He has attained! Above our strife he stands,
 Strong, peaceful, crowned. Yet life with death is fraught,
 Nor doth he wear the conqueror's wreath unbought,—
 Dark leaves of cypress gleam among its strands.

Full self-renunciation, gift sublime
 Of that self-loss, in scorn of petty fears,
 To serve the far-off purpose of the years,—
 Such was his off'ring in his mighty prime.

He was the nation's! In her pulsing life
 He lost the little heart-beats of his own;
 Flesh of her mystic flesh, bone of her bone,
 His soul sustained the anguish of her strife.

He saw destroying death and knew no fears.
 Still cherishing a nation's mighty name,
 And jealous only for her perfect fame,
 Faced the oblivion of the grave's long years.

That life laid down he takes now glorious,
 For the few days he counted not his own,
 The vast, revolving years are his alone;
 Lo, Washington, Fame-crowned, victorious!

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN.

MYTHS: AN ORGANIC PART OF PLATO'S PHILOSOPHY¹

One of the most obvious lessons of philosophy, and yet one of the hardest really to conceive and accept, is the relativity of scientific knowledge and the necessary limitations of the scientific understanding. Fortunately for us, however, that part of our consciousness called reason is but a small factor in our life and depends for its very existence on "that major part" of our nature known as feeling and will which expresses itself in "value judgments" as opposed to the theoretic or existential judgments of reason.² The experiences of this part of our

¹ J. A. Stewart, "The Myths of Plato", p. 21.

² *Ibid.*

nature are so important a phase of our life that philosophy cannot ignore them, but since they are supra-sensible, they can only be expressed in images and symbols.

The following is, in the main, a treatment of the material found in *The Myths of Plato*, by J. A. Stewart, in which the writer presents his novel interpretation of their function in the Platonic philosophy.

Plato realized the primal importance of myth as a mode of philosophic expression, and in his dialogues, which are really dramas, he sustained the action, wherever argumentative conversation was obviously inadequate, through the introduction of the myth. It bursts in upon the dialogue with a revelation of something new and strange; the narrow, matter-of-fact, work-a-day experience which the argumentative conversation puts in evidence is suddenly flooded, and transfused as from another world. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The place then of myth in the Platonic dialogue is an important one, for it is an organic part, and not, as some would have it, a literary accident, or device, or a sign of weakness in the argument.¹ It is rather a sign of strength, being a frank acknowledgement of a loftier force than this "logical thought" whose limits are so easily defined.

As Socrates' method of dialectic determined the dialogue form of Plato's writings, so probably it was something in the real Socrates that suggested the vital use of the myth. The Socrates of the dialogue becomes a prophet when uttering in symbolic language the great fundamentals of conduct and science.

We may distinguish three general classes of myths. First, there are those stories interesting merely in themselves, appealing to the anthropological or zoölogical sense. Then there are the stories which are interesting because of their results, either tracing causal relations or origin, or in some other way satisfying the rudimentary scientific craving; such are termed ætiological myths, and include creation stories, cosmologies, explanations of the origin of cults and other institutions. The third class, or eschatological, embraces those which appeal to the sense of wonder, the fear or hope of death,—and these, to be

¹ J. A. Stewart, "Myths of Plato", p. 8.

² Eduard Zeller, "Plato and the Older Academy", English translation, pub. Longman and Green, London, 1876, pp. 160-163.

effective, must impel belief, genuine faith, whereas the other two are mainly "make believe". The lines between these are shifting. The appeal of the first class must be included in both the others; and similarly we find myths that are both ætiological and eschatological—as for example the *Phædrus* myth. Platonic myths belong to the second and third classes, as they are never idle stories.

It is important to remember that myths are not allegories, although allegories may serve in myths. This distinction Plato makes clear in several cases,—notably, in the *Phædrus*,¹ where Socrates regards scornfully, as a waste of time, the allegorising of myths. Their real value is gained by literal belief in them, which stimulates action. The distinction between allegory and myth is generic. "In the allegory the thought is grasped first and by itself, and is then arranged in a particular dress. In the myth thought and form come into being together; the thought is the vital principle that shapes the form; the form is the sensible image that displays the thought."²

The myths of Plato are not to be interpreted allegorically,³ as they are not meant to convey doctrine, nor to dogmatize in any form. The true meaning of a myth is not anything behind its literal sense, but the feeling which it calls up,⁴ and so any interpretation that is put to it must be psychological.⁵ Because myth like all poetry appeals to that part of our nature which experiences what may be called transcendental feeling. "especially that form of transcendental feeling which manifests itself as a solemn sense of timeless being, of 'that which was and is and ever shall be', overshadowing us with its presence',⁶ this mood that is induced by great myth is so convincingly real that "finding a moral" is an impertinence, and lowers the plane of thought.

The real function of myth in the Platonic dialogues is to rouse and regulate transcendental feeling for the scenes of conduct and science by, first, an imaginative representative of the ideas of reason (God, the Soul, the Cosmos), and then by an

¹ 229 B. C.

² O. R. Westcott, p. 245. See also the note p. 245, *ibid.*

³ *Phædrus* 229.

⁴ Stewart, "Myths of Plato", p. 244.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

imaginative deduction from these of the categories of the understanding and the moral virtues.

And first, as to the meaning of transcendental feeling.¹ It is a feeling associated for the most part with our "dream consciousness", in which the primitive, vegetative soul is active, that vegetative soul that makes the silent assumption upon which "our whole rational life of conduct and science rests, the assumption that life is worth living. No arguments that reason can bring, for or against this ultimate truth are relevant; for reason cannot stir without assuming the very thing which these arguments seek to prove or disprove."²

It is commanded, "Live thy life", and all beings necessarily obey, from the trees to man. In man, however, to the vegetative soul there is added a sensitive soul and memory which bring with them consciousness of time and finite life which would be insupportable were it not for the constant subconscious assurance that "life is worth living and that there is a Cosmos in which it is good to be". When transcendental feeling, normally subconscious, becomes conscious, it is expressed as the ecstatic sense of timeless being, of which the soul is a part, and in some cases this leads to a faith in personal immortality.

A mood like this brings us near to ultimate reality—the aim of metaphysics—which though irreducible to scientific terms, enables us to face calmly the negations of science, on our return to the workaday world of sensible phenomena and logical thinking. For we have seen and may hold now, as a basic part of our scheme of life, that it is worth while, and that there is a real solution, however inexpressible, to our endless questions. "Feeling stands nearer than thought does to that basal self, personality, which is at once the living problem of the universe and its living solution. The whole matter may be summed up in the words of Plotinus: "If a man were to inquire of nature, 'Wherefore dost thou bring forth creatures?' and she were willing to give ear and answer, she would say, 'Ask me not, but understand in silence, even as I am silent.'"³

It is not to be assumed that Plato explicitly made the Kantian distinction between the categories of the understanding and the

¹ J. A. Stewart, "Myths of Plato", p. 39, ff.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 39, 40.

³ Stewart, "Myths of Plato", p. 45.

ideas of reason, but since it is a vital distinction in philosophic thought, it will be valuable for us to bear it in mind in our study of the Platonic myths.¹ Briefly: the categories are certain *à priori* conceptions "characteristic of mental structures", by virtue of which alone we have knowledge of sensible phenomena. They are *functions* of the understanding and, as such, require sensations for their activity. For example, the category of substance is realized in "the scheme of the *persistent* in time"—persistence amid change of attributes. The category of cause is realized in the scheme of the *successive* in time. These principles, dependent in sense perception, obviously can only be employed empirically—that is, they may not be used in determining noumena, or things *as such*, but only as applying to objects of sense.²

In contrast to the categories, which may be termed imminent, are the transcendent ideas of reason. These "overleap the limits of all experience"—they cannot be objectively realized. Kant defines them as "problematic conceptions of the totality of conditions of anything that is given as conditioned", or as "conceptions of the unconditional in so far as it contains a synthesis of the conditioned".³ Then ideas are the soul—the supersensible substance from which the phenomena of consciousness are derivative manifestations; the world (Cosmos, Universe) as the ultimate totality of external phenomena; and God, as the unity and final spring of all the diversities of existence.⁴ These ideas, although strictly *ideal*, are necessary to human thought, as they "express the ultimate obligation which thought feels laid upon itself to unify the details of observation". They indicate and postulate the convergence of the lines of experience, —though this convergence may never be visibly reached. In other words, they are "standards and models of truth" which experience must approximate. The Ideas are thus functional as regulators of knowledge, and any use of them as foundations of knowledge is illegitimate, as trespassing on the ground of the categories. If, for example, we conceive the soul, which is the subject of all knowledge, as itself a substance and object of science, we are making a wrong use of a category. According

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 45. See also Lester Ward, "Psychic Factors of Civilization", pub. Macmillan Co., New York.

² J. A. Stewart, "Myths of Plato", p. 46.

³ Kant's "Critique of the Judgment", pp. 379-384. Wallace's trans., cited by Stewart.

⁴ *Ibid.*

to this, Kant regards Rational Psychology, Cosmology and Theology as sham sciences. But in their true position as aims and aspirations, the Ideas express that nisus after fuller and fuller comprehension of conditions, wider and wider correspondence with environment,—in short, that nisus after life and faith in it as good, without which man could not rise to pursue that experience rendered possible in detail by the Categories.”¹ The relation between the Ideas and the Categories is, then, one of dependence, but never of interchangeableness, and although speculation about the Ideas is debarred, we must act as if they were true—must have *faith* in them.

Plato's myths serve conduct and science by inducing and regulating transcendental feeling by setting forth concretely certain *a priori* conditions of both conduct and knowledge,—as the idea of God, the Soul and the Cosmos, in the eschatological myths; and in the ætiological myths by tracing to their origin in the wisdom and goodness of God and in the orderly constitution of the universe certain liabilities and faculties, inherent in man's moral and intellectual nature, necessary to a sane pursuit of life. *A priori* conceptions, whether faculties or ideals, cannot be definitely discussed, since they constitute in the one case the means of knowing, and in the other the end of knowing, and are in both supra-sensible. But they must be apprehended as realities for the very existence of conduct and right living. Symbolic representation in myth is their ideal expression, both because there is no danger of confusing such presentation with scientific explanation, and because of the reaction in conduct from vivid imagery.

Plato recognized the educational value of myths, in the *Republic*,² where he recommends a discreet use of stories to lay a moral and spiritual foundation in the child's mind for future scientific training. The same psychological principle of suggestion that is recognized here is illustrated in the value of myths for the adult readers of the dialogues. Since it is all-important that we act as if there were a good God, a responsible Soul—part of an orderly Universe—and that we trust the evidences of our senses, any means of effecting these conditions is valuable. In myth, Plato found a potent force for this end, and an inheritance—as it were—for myth was hallowed by traditions

¹ Stewart, "Myths of Plato", p. 48.

² "Republic", Book VI.

in the minds of his contemporaries, besides having received recent charms from poetic usage. The force thus found he deflected in a most original way for a philosophical purpose.

What the effect of Plato's myths was on his contemporaries may be well appreciated by comparing it with the effect produced to-day by Dante's great myth of the *Divina Commedia*. Anyone who has once followed the charmed way of the great Florentine will testify to the power pervading not only his thought but his life. We can never be quite the same after reading Dante, however much we may differ from him in our logical thinking; our *will* is permanently modified by the experience.

That Plato realized the *dynamic* character of myths is shown, not only by his regard for them in education, but by their position at critical points in the discussion,—as for example, in the discourse of Diotima in *The Symposium*, where the most fundamental analysis was in order, and where it was necessary to heighten the plane of thought.¹ Then, too, the minor actors in the drama never prophecy—nearly always it is Socrates—though several notable exceptions occur—e. g., in the *Timæus* and Aristophanes' myth in the *Symposium*.

It may be said that in general Plato couches his metaphysics in mythic form, and that he does not dogmatize about things transcendental.² This limits the Ideas, in this regard, to their character as noumena, and does not apply in their logical aspect where they are accepted apparently without question. It is certain that the concepts of the religious consciousness, the ideas of a personal God and an immortal soul, inseparable from the religious consciousness, when they are treated at any length are embodied in myth. And this is necessarily so, as there is a fundamental incompatibility between the scientific concept of God and that of the religious consciousness. For to the scientific understanding the idea of an orderly, self-complete universe is all-important, and in such a universe all catastrophic changes, special Providences and the like are impossible. Again, to the scientific understanding, the idea of a part ruling the whole is inconceivable, and both of these apparent impossibilities are affirmed by the religious consciousness.³ That Plato

¹ It is interesting to note the difference in style of these myths from the usual Socratic ones.

² Stewart is opposed to Zeller in this particular. Stewart's "Myths of Plato", p. 343 ff.

³ Stewart, "Myths of Plato", p. 51 ff.

was aware of the gulf between the two parts of our nature is clearly shown in the *Republic*¹ when he orders that children be taught the literally false, in order that they may learn the spiritually true. If children do not believe that God is good, and the author of good only, they will grow up with a warped moral sense. If they do not believe that God is truthful, they will lack an inducement to right thinking. In other words, "they will grow up without the principles on which conduct and science respectively depend",² and not only this, but they will be pessimists, without faith or hope in the goodness of life.

The great majority of people do not outgrow the faith of childhood, but there are a few who put it away with the other childish things. To these the myths of Plato make special appeal that they recognize the *unity* of their life—the reality of the other part of the soul which is not reason, and which reason can never wholly supercede,—nor even, if the truth be known, equal. Myth is thus a great ritual, at which the scientific understanding assists, and so acknowledging its own limitations, pays tribute to something higher than itself.

Even though the scientific understanding cannot believe in a personal God, or the other affirmations of the religious consciousness, it cannot be allowed to criticize its own foundations. To its denials Plato replies in two ways. The first is, "Life would come to naught if we acted as if the scientific understanding were right in denying the existence of a personal God",—and ritual together with its literary counterpart, myth, are valuable stimuli to such feeling. The other answer, more far-reaching, shows that "the whole" or "embracing God" cannot be grasped scientifically but must be seen "in the imperfection of a similitude".³ As it is quite impossible to define what God is, the scientific understanding must be content with merely an approximation given ideally in myth.

Plato is more definite in his expression of the idea of the soul, but he expresses this idea eminently in myth, though he does not exclude all dogmatic treatment on the Kantian grounds of distinction. But he evidently could not be satisfied with any "scientific" proof of the immortality of the soul. The cardinal example of "scientific" treatment of this subject occurs in the *Republic*,⁴ where Socrates discusses logically the reasonable-

¹ "Republic", Book II.

² Stewart, "Myths of Plato", p. 54.

³ "Republic", p. 506 (see also the allegory of the cave).

⁴ Ibid, Book X.

ness of supposing the soul immortal. But note that this is immediately followed by the Myth of Er, which by its splendid force illustrates the futility of rationalism in this region. This is an artistic climax, and the preceding part may be regarded as quite subsidiary.¹

Plato is at once skeptical theoretically and orthodox morally, but both these may be accounted for quite objectively. For, on the one hand, the cultured temper of the times was agnostic,² and, on the other, the Orphic revival, personal religion *par excellence*, had its stronghold in Athens, and furnished a strong counter tendency to the scientific heresy. As agnosticism resulted from the disintegration of traditional views and customs of all sorts, subsequent to the Peloponessian War and the great plague, so the Orphic cult and the Eleusinian Mysteries met the need of the religious consciousness, roused by the vast personal suffering. Both these appeals were met validly by Plato, and he avoided any conflict by explicitly establishing a dualism in both thought and expression. The Phædrus myth, though mainly concerned in the "Deduction of the Categories of the Understanding", is nevertheless a truly representative myth, since it embodies nearly all of Plato's transcendental evaluations. Thus it is concerned with a record of prenatal impressions, of "that which is", the recollection of which forms the effective operation of our *a priori* faculties. It sets forth the Ideas of reason. It is ætiological in that it gives a reason for the incarnation of souls in bodies, and eschatological when it visions the immortality of the soul. Further, it employs allegory as an integral part — *e. g.*, the figure of the charioteer — though, as a whole, it disallows allegorical interpretation. And finally, its artistic form is most effective in helping to "moderate, refine and direct the aspirations, the hopes and the curiosity, of which myth is the natural expression."³ Indeed, according to Plato's own standards, this myth is a model in every way; the subject matter is inspiring and regulating, not dogma, but carefully symbolic; the form is artistically perfect and thus reactive, like all harmony, on life.

The cosmology of the Phædrus myth is of a high order eschatologically, and this because of the influence on Plato of the

¹ Stewart, "Myths of Plato", p. 72.

² *Ibid.*, p. 61.

³ J. A. Stewart's "Myths of Plato", p. 342 ff.

Pythagorean Orphics who emphasized the idea of purification. The more "earthly" conceptions of Paradise, such as are found in the Gorgias myth, are due rather to those "bat-eyed and materialistic priests" who regarded judgment as final, and to whom the only possible purification came from ritual observance in this life.

The most important topic dealt with in the Phædrus myth is the immortality of the soul and its corollary, preëxistence. Zeller¹ maintains that these conceptions and that of recollection are held doctrinally by Plato, because even though presented mythically, they are the only explanation given of the presence of *a priori* elements in experience. Stewart, opposed to this, holds that they are wholly mythical—in actuality as well as in treatment—and are merely introduced to supply a "*raison d'être*" for our logical life, and to keep us from trying to argue about the trustworthiness of our mental faculties. As evidence, he cites the *Meno*,² where Socrates indicates the practical lesson to be drawn from the myth of Recollection. "It is a sign of laziness," he assures us, "to rest on the assumption that we cannot know anything." And as refutation of Zeller's reason for his position, Stewart declares that the unique character of Plato's explanation does not imply that he regarded it as scientific. The "explanation" consists in the assumption of eternal Ideas which are "recollected from a prenatal experience, on the occasion of the presentation in this life of sensible objects resembling them. I go the length of thinking that the Eternal Ideas, as assumed in this explanation, are, like their domicile, the 'plain of truth' creations of mythology." And "I regard the whole doctrine of Anamnesis, and of the *idéai qua* involved in that doctrine, as an ætiological myth, plausible, comforting—to explain the fact that man finds himself in a world in which he can get on. The myth is a protest against the Ignava Ratio of Meno and his like—the sophistry that excuses inactivity by proving to the satisfaction of the inactive that successful advance in knowledge and morality is impossible."³

¹ Zeller, "Plato", p. 404 ff., English translation.

² "Meno", lines 81 and 86.

³ J. A. Stewart, "Myths of Plato", pp. 248, 249.

Aristotle found a common origin for myth and philosophy in wonder ; but Plato goes even further by making myth a vital part and a legitimate organ of philosophy.

LOUISE FRANCES STEVENS.

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LIFTERS AND LEANERS

How often have we been taught that the human race is divided into two great classes—the lifters and the leaners, the oak trees and the clinging vines. And always the moral has pointed, as clear as day, to the advisability of being a lifter. They are the Napoleons, the reformers, the progressive spirits of the world, so people have told us. Moreover, if you are going to do anything, to be of any force, moral or physical, you *must* lift. The clinging vines are pretty, but useless. Therefore, go hence and lift. And in the face of all this I have the hardihood to ask, “but why?”

This is the summer time, and my present support is a hammock, and my background the butterfly beloved of summer fiction. That may be the reason why I ask “but why?” I know that even to ask the question is to countenance degeneracy, and so to satisfy the New England conscience by its favorite method of compromise, I say, “Be a lifter through all the conjugations in the winter-time if you will, but in the summer-time—oh, why? If you come over to the ranks of the leaners yours are the hammock and the butterfly—yes, even the summer fiction.” And I, whatever my attitude toward the summer fiction, by no means scorn the hammock and the butterfly. Consider it well, all you cold-weather lifters, isn't it worth while to join us leaners in the dog-days?

What energetic people on the whole those lifters are! You

know the type ; they shove through crowds, knocking over the nearest leaner's hat. And something whispers, "Are they always agreeable?" They always take more than their share. So engrossed are they in their own interests that in utilizing their material they monopolize everything in their way. They are always busy, and their stereotyped war-cry seems to be "No time for you!" It is against them that the political scientists write, for they divide society into the grinders and the ground. They are the Pyramid-builders, the oppressors of the people. After these lifters have been particularly rampant for a time, a Greek tyrant is overthrown, or, in more modern times, the beef scandal is investigated. The surface is levelled for a brief space, but soon the lifters, who are veritable Old Men of the Sea, rise up again in a different form, and the same conditions recur. But after all, you will say, it is on their shoulders that the responsibility of the world rests. Further, they are the only ones who accomplish anything really worth while ; besides, there is nothing in the nature of the lifter, *qua* lifter, to make him a Midas. True ! And although the hope that the lifters will always lift the leaners and not themselves may seem very Utopian, still it is the hope toward which every sympathetic soul is bound to work—in the winter time ! But not now—it is so warm. Besides, if there were no summer-time leaners, whom could the lifters lift ? So let us have a respite from strenuousness.

And the leaners, what jovial good company they are ! And what a sense of humor they have ! The lifters don't have time for one. But this humor of the leaners ; it's the pervasive, genial sort, so buoyant and ebullient as to be positively exhilarating. They are the yeast of society. They go slowly, without any definite object in view ; then they can take the keenest enjoyment from the smallest things. They can think and speculate. They are the original-minded. One is continually blest when in their company by their spontaneous outlook. They never smile and say, "How delightful ! How sweet it all is !" That is the last word of a lifter who stops to breathe for a moment. He is really interested in his *work*, and so his comment is superficial. But the leaners know beauty at first hand ; they are true Hellenists at heart. "They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault", and after that there is no need for a "how delightful". They will

always give you a good time—the leaners—and after meeting them you have received the shock of a new personality.

Oh yes, I know, but they lean. They are probably not worth their salt. They may be supported by hard-working lifters, who lift, and lift, and knock the other man down. We call the lifter grasping and the leaner refreshing. The fault is ours. How could we get on without the lifters? They are in all respects necessary, and in many ways commendable. In the winter time I, too, do my best to lift. But just now, it is quiet, and rather warm, let us give ourselves up to the rule of the hammock and the butterfly.

HELEN MARGERY DEAN.

TO-MORROW

A clean page, a fresh start,
I promise you, O Heart.
Forget your sting and smart.

And though I should let fall
A blot to spoil it all,
I'm done with this day's scrawl.

One or two hopeful signs
The Teacher always finds.
He looks between the lines.

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS.

MY BETTER SELF

Sometimes, among life's busy shadow-shapes, I see
A white-clad figure that moves falteringly;
But when I stretch my hand to bid her stay,
She fades away.

It is my better self, made out of dreams—ideals
That vanish at the touch; yet when she steals
In front of me,—ah, God forgive the lie! —
Men say 'tis I.

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS.

LITTLE BOOKS

The reign of the massive folio is over; gone are the days of big volumes; and the tomes which our forefathers perused—one cannot imagine their “skimming” a book—seem to be securely buried “in the tombs of our ancestors”. For this is the day of little books. It may be rather jarring to our associations to find David Copperfield or Little Dorrit tucked away between the microscopic covers of the Temple Editor, after being brought up with the David of the Cruickshank volume with its quaint illustrations and severe black binding; or to find that Henry Esmond has discarded the stiff covers and generous pages in which we first made his acquaintance, for the spineless but popular limp leather and rice paper. But that mysterious something which rules all that we do, from the way we dress our persons to the way we garb our books, has sent forth the ultimatum that except for a few standard editions, to give an appearance of solidity and seriousness to the shelves of a library, one must encourage the presence only of little books.

Of course there are advantages,—every thorn has its rose, as truly as every rose its thorn,—and the lovers of small books claim that a man reads more and knows his little volumes better than he who fills his shelves with big books, for small copies can be carried about in the pocket ready to be drawn out and delved in at any spare moment,—going to and from business, in the street-car, ferry, or train. Other devotees of the little books say that large volumes tire their arms and that the pain caused in that way distracts their minds from the subject of the essay or story. But *who* wants to learn the wisdom of Marcus Aurelius in a street-car, to the accompaniment of the squalls of babies and jangling of signal bells? or follow the fortunes of *Diana of the Crossways* or Donatello, while the whirr and burr of train-wheels tell that the mile-stones are slipping by? Either the reader would skim the book superficially with the underlying thought in his mind, “Suppose I should pass my station”, or else he would become so absorbed that he would,

indeed, ride calmly past his stopping place,—and either of these courses would be, to say the least, unfortunate.

As for a person's suffering over fatigue from the strain of holding a heavy book,—why *hold* it, anyway? The ideal conditions for reading are constituted by a comfortable arm-chair, of so capacious a variety that a person can curl up in it and easily rest the book in his lap; a crackling wood fire, so that when one grows a bit stiff from reading too long in one position, he may stretch out, with his slippers resting on the andirons and dream for a while before going back to the book. Then in the silence of the library, broken only by the companionable murmur of the fire, one may find an author's true meaning, and the characters in the tale become real friends instead of the mere acquaintances which a street-car reading gives.

So let us hasten back to the open fires, the heavy volume with its thick paper and stiff board covers, and all the other comforts of primitive man and let us learn once more to *peruse* a book, before we are overwhelmed by and buried under the avalanche of little books, that threatens every year to swamp our book-shelves.

MARY ALLERTON KILBORNE.

A SIGH FOR A YEAR AGO

Now when our heads are dull with long reading and we must stop and go out into the air, we are forced to struggle with over-shoes and umbrellas before daring to venture into the dismal day and stem the tide of New York slime and filth. We sigh, "Alas for a year ago", when if we wished for air we dropped our book on the marble table, snatched up a scarf, and singing, danced out through the pillared hall to the terrace; and as we sprang into the sunshine inhaling deep breaths of sweet air freighted with many a delicate perfume—elusive odors of rose and aloe or a faint breath from the lemon trees—what beauty welcomed our eyes!

Beyond a heavy balustrade lay the garden, a Riviera garden half smothered with the roses of Provence—the soft pink roses, the big fragrant white roses, the merry little red roses—wreathing themselves in garlands along the stone balustrade, festoon-

ing the urns on the terrace, pouring over the wall in a mad luxuriance of bloom, or flinging themselves over the pergola into enchanted bowers in which to dream away the long afternoons. Beyond the flowers rose a stately row of eucalyptus trees and palms, whose delicate fern-like shadows quivered on the hot yellow stucco of the garden wall—stucco lined and colored like a map, with long cracks for rivers and lakes and seas, where the top layer had peeled off and exposed a former coating of blue; in whose seams dainty lichens grew and from whose chinks, where pieces of plaster had crumbled away, red and green lizards darted out to bask in the burning sun. Over this wall and past the gay promenaders on the glaring hot walk beneath, gleamed the blue sweep of the Mediterranean, intensely blue, “river of Paradise blue”, blue as nothing else can be but the vault of Italian sky curving down to meet it. And sometimes in the early morning or at sunset, Corsica would hover at the meeting of these two, like the ghost of some fairy isle, a lovely ethereal mirage, fleeting like a dream, for even as we gazed wondering, it would fade from rose to blue and melt into the sea from whence it came.

It was very beautiful, this view from our terrace on the Cote d’Azure, where the sun is always shining and the flowers are always blooming and all seems steeped in a hot quiet, disturbed only by the gentle rustle of the palm branches whispering to the little waves lazily lapping at their feet.

Here it is not beautiful, the view into this street is marred by ugly gashes in which men are digging in the mud,—nor is there any rest from the incessant clang of trolley cars and the harsh shrieks of steam whistles. So we muse on a year ago, as we struggle into our rain coats, and sigh, “Ah me for the Provence roses, for the blue of the Inland Sea; and alas for the strain of this city, the dust and dirt of New York”.

MARGARET APPLETON MEANS.

AUNT JANE'S CHAPERONAGE

Although she is called Aunt Jane, she is not at all what her name implies. She is, well, say thirty-two or three and far from tall and angular; in fact she is rather small and when she was a girl she must have been quite pretty. She is fine, too, when you know her well and ever so many older people call her "charming" and "interesting". And besides all these admirable qualities, Aunt Jane is very much absorbed in books and bridge and other middle aged things and does not care always to chaperone at close range—in fact she is very likely to give it absent treatment.

Now this does not mean that any nice girl ever wishes to be entirely alone with—well, anyone who happens to be around; no indeed. It is always very pleasant to have an older person to give dignity to any occasion, but three in a canoe is inconvenient and almost dangerous, and in a runabout impossible. So it was highly satisfactory when early in July we went out to the Lake Club and settled down for the three months that my family were to be in Europe—Aunt Jane to bridge and books and I to all the beautiful things that come only in the summer time.

The club proved to be more exciting than ever, there were so many nice people staying there—John Garretson who plays guard on the Yale team and Ted Brooks who is going to college next year—he was young, but so good looking, and always ready for whatever escapade anyone might suggest—and Charlie Sumner who has an automobile. For about two weeks after we came everything went on as usual, and then one morning a new man was seen on the veranda, talking to Mrs. Gibson, a friend of Aunt Jane's.

"Come here, Judith," she called, "I want you to meet Mr. Fenmore. You can amuse him now, for the carriage has come to take me into town," and off she sailed leaving me mentally suspended in mid-air and staring helplessly at the man opposite me.

"You really don't have to," he said calmly, and smiled—a sort of slow smile that seemed to be mostly in his eyes, "I won't tell on you if you don't."

"Oh, I'd like to!" I exclaimed eagerly and then we both laughed, or rather he gave a funny little snort, and suddenly there seemed to be hundreds of things to talk about. Before I knew it, it was luncheon time so I left and went up to tell Aunt Jane how amusing he was and all of his life history which I had managed to discover during the last hour.

"And he's old, Aunt Jane, awfully old, nearly forty, I should think, for he graduated from college in '89 and his father's a banker in Boston and he's a professor at Yale and back for the summer and—"

"Judith!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, "did you find out what his income is and whether he's ever had a love affair?"

"I didn't ask questions at all," I protested, "but Mr. Fenmore—"

"Fenmore?" said Aunt Jane.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Why, that is, ten years ago when I was here, I did know an Arthur Fenmore but—" Aunt Jane seemed really confused and began nervously to unbutton her waist.

"Why, what are you doing?" I asked, "it's nearly luncheon time."

"This dress is mussed, I just noticed it," she answered, recovering her composure. "You know how I hate messy linens." And then with this excuse which a child of sixteen would have been ashamed to utter, Aunt Jane took off her fresh white piqué gown and put on a soft summer silk that I had once told her was particularly becoming. We were seated at our own little table when Mr. Fenmore came into the dining-room. I bowed to him and he smiled back and then he saw Aunt Jane and smiled again but quite differently from before.

"It is Jane Castle, isn't it?" he asked, coming over and shaking hands with Aunt Jane, "or perhaps"—and he hesitated.

"Yes, it is Jane Castle," she answered, "won't you take luncheon with my niece and me?"

He sat down and told us that he was to be in Norton, a town about three miles distant until college re-opened in the fall, but that he had come out to the club for a few days, as his family was away. Then gradually he and Aunt Jane talked of all

kinds of things that I knew nothing about, so that it was a positive relief when luncheon was over and John asked me to go canoeing. In fact, I had been rather uncomfortable, for I felt that something was demanded of me and I was not doing it, whatever it was. The next evening we had a fire on the beach and as usual asked Aunt Jane if she would care to come down to it.

"Why, yes," she said, somewhat to our surprise. "I should like to—should you like to go, Mr. Fenmore?" for he was standing by her.

"I haven't been to a fire for ten years, so I should enjoy it," he said quietly, "I remember the last one very well."

And Aunt Jane blushed and smiled up at him just as if she had not been over thirty. This was when my duties as chaperone really began and I am free to confess that they weighed heavily upon me, though the fact that John and Ted and Charlie and several of the other boys each helped me in shifts of several hours apiece each day lightened the burden somewhat. For the next week Aunt Jane and Mr. Fenmore were together all the time, reading aloud, or canoeing—in *my* canoe—or talking, mostly talking.

"What *do* you talk about all the time?" I asked one day, feeling that it was my duty to know what was happening when I could not be with them.

"Oh, books and people and lots of things," said Aunt Jane, abstractedly. She was puffing her hair in a fluffy way she had just learned and trying to decide whether her pink canvas suit or her embroidered lingerie dress was prettier. "About ourselves and everything we did ten years ago."

"What did you do ten years ago—did he ever—"

"Judith!" said Aunt Jane, and then she blushed again, the second time in a week. Mr. Fenmore left the next morning, but he said good-bye to Aunt Jane for fully half an hour before he finally drove off. When he was gone Mrs. Gibson bustled over and sat down with us, the lust of gossip showing in every feature.

"Arthur Fenmore's an enigma," she began. "Do you remember him ten years ago? I don't suppose you do, but he had settled down in his father's bank as if he would never move again in his whole life. Everyone thought it was so strange for he had gone through college so brilliantly and had such a won-

derful intellect. They thought there was some mystery about it, but I think it was just plain indolence—doing the easiest thing. And then suddenly, when everyone thought he was settled for life, he went abroad and took a few degrees and now he's a professor and has just published a book—what do you suppose did it all?"

"Why, really, Mrs. Gibson," said Aunt Jane, nervously stabbing eyelets into her embroidery, "I can't imagine—I—come Judith—" and she left without more ado.

Mr. Fenmore came out that evening exactly as if he had not said good-bye forever but a few hours before, and the next morning Aunt Jane drove into town, to get a check cashed, she said, and told me with a certain surprise when she came back that she had just happened to meet Mr. Fenmore in the bank.

During the next few weeks Aunt Jane seemed to need something in town every morning, but she nearly always forgot part of her errands, a library book or a package at the express office which Mr. Fenmore obligingly brought out to her in the evening. It seemed so strange to hear Aunt Jane making all the feeble excuses which I had used to her on similar occasions. They came to all our beach fires now, but Aunt Jane said she hated to sit on the ground without something to lean against, so they often had to go quite far off in order to find a comfortable log or rock, and once when I went to take her a marshmallow, I thought, but I'm not at all sure, that he was holding her hand. Yet it does not seem as if anyone over thirty would do a thing like that. After this occurrence, however, I always had the fire built near Aunt Jane's seat, much as I preferred not to. I saw my duty only too clearly.

It was late in August that Arthur—Aunt Jane called him that and I did too, now when I spoke of him—came out one evening looking worn and anxious. He seemed hardly able to smile even when I told him about my latest affair, and he was always interested in the latest.

"I can't stay to-night," he said, "father is ill. We don't know what it is yet, but it looks serious."

"Oh Arthur," said Aunt Jane, and her eyes looked wet.

"Don't worry, dear," he said, but I had vanished discreetly into the house.

Mr. Fenmore died in a few days, and we did not see Arthur again at the club for some time. When he did come he looked

tired and sad except when Aunt Jane was talking. I have never seen her look so pretty—she was just sweet, and I didn't wonder that the grief seemed gone from his face when he looked at her.

"The business is all settled up," he said after a while. "I am to take father's place in the bank."

"Arthur!" she gasped, "you're not going to give up your professorship, just when you're making your mark—"

"I know, Jane," he said, "but the bank has been in the family for three generations and father just couldn't bear to think of a stranger stepping in, even if there had been anyone besides me who could fill his place. And then mother, you know—"

"But you've worked so hard—I—"

"Yes," he said, "you spurred me on to it years ago, to be something more than a country banker. Perhaps some day I can go back to my work, but now—well, I must give you up a second time."

They had forgotten me, and I seemed frozen there, unable to move.

"You mean—" began Aunt Jane.

"We missed each other then and you were right, and now—well, I'm ten years older—"

"Arthur Fenmore," said Aunt Jane, and there were tears in her voice, "do you think that I won't marry you now because you will have to be a country banker all your life? Then it was your duty with your education and intellect to do something more—and now you're doing the duty that is so much harder."

"But, Jane, are you sure you understand?" he objected, but it seemed to me that the objection was something of a formality.

"Yes, I understand," she answered and laughed as if she felt a desire to cry, "but you don't seem to, you dear, stupid—"

And at this point I was moved to find the location of Cassiopæia's Chair, so I left them, and I think, but I'm not sure, for Aunt Jane is over thirty, that Arthur Fenmore kissed her. I slipped away and hours afterwards Aunt Jane called me.

"Judith," she said, "Mr. Fenmore and I—"

"Are you engaged?" I asked, "because if you are I won't chaperone you any longer. I'm tired of this hideous responsibility, and besides, I need the time myself."

"Have you been chaperoning us?" Arthur asked.

"Certainly," I replied with dignity, "haven't you noticed it?"

"No," he answered, and smiled just as he had done the first time I met him. "I thought we were chaperoning you and John."

All of which goes to show how limited men are, for when I told John about it he said he thought the same thing.

MARION CODDING CARR.

MY SISTER

She is tall like a graceful lily,
In the garden gray and old,
With a lily's lovely fragrance,
And a lily's heart of gold.

Her bright hair, like flakes of sunshine,
Lightly lies on her fair white brow,
Where the playful breezes tossed it,
As they hurried by just now.

Her cheeks are like apple blossoms
On the tree by the river brink,
With their soft and snowy whiteness,
And their fair, faint flush of pink.

Her eyes are like large wood violets,
From the foot of a huge oak tree,
In the heart of a cool, dark forest,
Where graceful dun deer flee.

And the soul of my lovely sister
Is as bright and as full of glee
As the laughing ripples playing
On a sunny inland sea.
And the soul of my lovely sister
Is pure and fancy free.

HELEN MAHLON SPEAR.

SKETCHES

THE DEATH OF WINTER

Loudly the winds are sobbing and sighing,
For the pale, wan winter is dying, dying,
The still stars overhead
Silent and sad their vigil keep.
The weary world when it wakes from sleep
Will weep for the dead,
For the soul that has fled
While the stars were watching overhead.

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS.

"Alice Rand! Alice Rand! Hurry up!"

A high old-fashioned wagon pulled up at the back entrance
of the Manor and half a dozen middle-
aged gentlemen fidgeted impatiently.

"I'm all ready," said Alice, appearing around the corner of the house.

"Well, hurry, Al," said her cousin who was driving. "You're what one might call slow this morning."

Alice flung a hat to one man, a silver purse to another, and was pulled quickly into the middle seat of the wagon by a third. Then she gazed somewhat ironically upon the company.

"Was that rapid enough to suit you? Really though, I am very sorry to have kept you waiting. I won't do it again," she said penitently.

Mr. Thomas Sands, a somewhat ancient and polar-bearish type of bachelor, known familiarly as "Uncle Tommy," took off his hat.

"My dear Miss Rand, you may keep us waiting whenever and however you want to. It is a pleasure to—"

"O pshaw! Don't jolly, Uncle Tom. You know you were growling at a great rate because I was not ready to start from

the front door. Isn't it a grand day? Just see those mountains? I feel as if I could drive that silly golf ball two hundred yards and not half try."

"You will be the only lady on the links to-day. Too bad there aren't some young fellows for you up here instead of all of us old bald heads," said Uncle Tommy graciously.

"Oh, it's very early in the season. Who knows what may turn up later? Not that I could have a better time with fifty young fellows. A man is as young as he feels, you know."

"Did you hear that, Sands?" laughed one of the others. "Make a bow to the lady. You're all right, Miss Rand. Here's the club-house. May I help you out and will you go around with me to-day?"

"That's awfully kind of you, but I can't. Really you know I can't play a little bit and would keep you all back. Besides, I'm going to have a lesson."

"Oh, by the way, Miss Rand, how is that young instructor, what's his name—Stocks? Any good? I thought maybe I'd have him go around with me once or twice."

Miss Rand showed the least shade of self-consciousness.

"Yes, Mr. Blair, he's very good. Much better than the man who was here last year. He seems to know his business."

"Well, guess I'll try him to-morrow. Ready, Sands? I'll give you a stroke a hole."

"You will, will you? Well, I'll give you two and beat you at that. Coming, Miss Rand?"

"No, I'm taking a lesson. So I'll watch you all drive off and start afterwards. Probably I shall not go very fast."

"I'll wager she doesn't," growled Mr. Sands, as he started down the road toward the first tee. "That instructor—what's his name?—may know his business, but he doesn't know his place. Why, he was over in the bowling-alley last night playing pool. I came near telling him to get out."

Alice, leaning lightly against the veranda rail, laughingly refused all invitations to play, and watched the men drive off.

"Queer they're all such snobs," she mused. "Poor Uncle Tommy! He's so cross now and it will take me half an hour and a bottle of ginger-ale—'on him'—to get him good-natured again. He's dangerous, too, the dear. First thing I know, he will be talking about my golf lessons at the hotel and then there will be—Aunt Katharine to pay. And I am *not* carrying on a

clandestine acquaintance with Mr. Stocks. To be sure, I have to avoid him strenuously at the house and then suddenly change my tactics at the links. If people weren't such idiots—and the game isn't worth the candle of telling them so—I could have a right amusing time. However it might not be safe—" at which alarming idea she very properly blushed and was caught in the act by Stocks. She recovered quickly.

"Good morning, Mr. Stocks. I think I'll only take the irons to-day. I drove fairly well yesterday. But I am convinced that I don't handle the other clubs right."

They started toward the tee and she continued without any confusion. "Were you saying yesterday that you read quite a lot?"

"Oh, yes—you might drive one or two balls just for luck,—you see it is rather lonesome up here. I don't have anybody to talk to." He teed the ball and Alice prepared to drive. "That's not quite right. You hold your arms too stiff. Relax a bit. Now *hit* it. Good! You're gaining distance. Now try the mid-iron. We might keep score. I'll play around with you and give you—"

"Ten strokes a hole?"

"Oh no. You aren't that bad. How many does old Mr. Sands give you?"

"I never count. My score is so huge that I don't know the numbers up that far. Uncle Tommy was so cross this morning because I wouldn't play, and he hates to have me, too."

"Yes," laughed Stocks. "Don't tell I told you. He was grunting yesterday, saying that he wished women would keep off the links. 'Couldn't play with girls tagging along.' If he would only quit talking and pay some attention to his ball, he might make a player."

"Well, I like that!" said Alice. "I see myself going with him again! Did you have a better time where you were last summer?"

"At Lake Placid, yes. There were crowds of people and I was busy all the time. I'm getting rather tired of this kind of a life, anyhow."

"Why?"

"Oh, it's so lazy and so easy. Seems as if a fellow as strong as I am ought to be doing something besides knocking a little white ball around the ground. Just feel that muscle." He held out his arm.

"Yes, it's hard as nails. That's the splendid thing about being a man. You are strong enough to do exactly what you want to. Have you ever thought of going to college?"

"Yes, I did once. But there wasn't any money, and now I'm too old."

"And that is?"

"Well, twenty-three. I could earn the money easily enough. I usually make as much as a hundred and fifty dollars a month in the winter. I saved it up one year and went to California the next. Blew myself to the best there was going. I like to see things."

"And people?" questioned Alice. "You study them, don't you?"

"Sure. It's easy. I had a queer experience once. Another fellow and I demonstrated ping-pong in a department store three or four years ago. Never saw so many funny guys in my life!"

Alice suppressed a gasp. The idea somewhat upset a theory, a theory of latent possibilities. Stocks looked at her closely.

"Do you think a fellow ought to go to college? Sometimes I think I'd do it if—"

Alice interrupted him hastily. "No, not always. It depends upon cir—er—lot's of things. Let's go a bit faster and play three holes once more."

They did the three holes almost silently, Stocks giving occasional instructions. When they reached the clubhouse again Alice dropped to the ground.

"That was great!" she said. "But I'm rather tired. I'm not quite in condition yet."

"You ought to play every day," said Stocks a trifle disdainfully. He pulled out a box of cigarettes. "May I smoke?"

"Certainly, but I shouldn't think it would be good for you."

He seated himself on the ground beside her. "No, probably not, but what's the use? 'Smoke, for you know not whence you came nor why; smoke, for you know not why you go nor where.'"

Alice gasped. The latent possibilities again. Omar!! "Where did you get that?" she demanded sharply.

"Off a cigar box," returned Stocks simply. "Why? Did anybody ever say it?"

Alice recovered from the shock. "Oh, yes. Almost every-

body has said it in some form or other. An old Persian poet probably said it first, hundreds of years ago."

Stocks looked at her with an added amount of respect. "You must know a lot of things in books. I wish you would tell me some good ones to read some day." Her face flushed. "You see, you are—well—oh I can't—"

Alice rose and spoke a trifle unsteadily. "I should like to. Some day I'll give you a list and explain it to you. I guess I'll walk back to the house now. Let me see. I promised to take that small Ames boy home if he came up here to play." She walked to the edge of a little incline and looked along the line of the course. "There he is now by the third green. Do you mind getting him for me?"

Stocks started off and Alice seated herself on the veranda steps. Presently he came back. "Austin won't come," he said lazily. "I couldn't make him."

Alice gazed at him blankly and repeated his words. He *won't* come! You *couldn't* make him!" She thought hard, then spoke again slowly. "I—see! Well, I'll get him. I enjoyed the lesson very much," carelessly. "You'll put away my clubs."

She called to the child, who muttered something about not having to mind *her*, but did, nevertheless, and the two disappeared down the road. Stocks picked up her golf-bag and carefully put it in the right locker. Then he returned to the veranda and gazed reflectively into space for a while.

"Yes, she's just like all the rest," he remarked a bit cynically, and proceeded to light a fresh cigarette.

MARY BILLINGS EDDY.

ANIMULA VAGULA.

I have a butterfly soul.
Not the one that you know,
But a strange little thing that I've watched grow—
Just a wee little butterfly soul.
And it's like a fresh little dash of snow,
The note of a bird, or the sunlight's gleam,
The breath of a violet, the heart of a stream,
A quaint little butterfly soul.
And it comes to me, and it whispers low
The things that I never dreamed to know.
And I close my eyes, and it paints for me

The things that I never dreamed to see.
 And nobody knows why I feel so glad,
 And nobody cares, but I'm not sad,—
 There's a wonderful note in the song it sings,
 And the sunlight's caught in the burnished wings
 Of my little butterfly soul.
 Oh, born of beauty, with beauty's might,
 Where thou art not, I find my night.
 A vision comes of a deep blue bay,
 Where the white waves leap, and the wild waves play,
 And a terror creeps round my heart,—I know
 That another calls, and my soul must go—
 My little butterfly soul.
 And I try to hold it. I cry, "Stay, stay!"
 But it never heeds, and it flits away,
 Flits away, flits away, flits away—
 And it's gone, the thing that I love,—ah well!
 And I'm always afraid, for none can tell,
 None can ever tell, and none can know
 The way that a butterfly soul may go.

FLORENCE BATTERSON.

Old Lowry was looked upon as one of the fixtures of the prison, one of the sights to be pointed to visitors, and there are many who remember the little, bent, old man, The Trusty who greeted them with such a pleasant look on his mild, placid face as they passed him by. But Lowry's face had not always been so placid. There had been a season of woe and bitter agony, of black despair and turbulent rebellion during the first few years of the thirty that he had spent in the States Prison. Thirty years! He could hardly remember what went before,—it seemed so like a dream. This life now was real,—the cooking of his meals on the little stove, the grinding hum of the shops about him, the excitement that always came over him every time the great gate slowly swung open, impelled by the lever in his hands. But sometimes in the evening, as he sat on his doorstep or beside the fire, it all came to him in a flood of recollection, and he was carried back thirty years.

He couldn't recall much of his childhood. It was as if the after events had blotted it out, leaving only a vague impression of constant hard work. When he was barely seventeen he had gone to the Jones farm to work. Even now the terror that he

had felt for Bent Jones and his brothers seemed real to him. How he had shrunk from their noisy brawling, and their harsh treatment! Then came that dreadful night! He remembered being brought into the room where they all were, of being plied with brandy,—and what followed was a hazy panorama. He was conscious of being put into a buggy, of a ride in the cold air which seemed to rouse him a little from his torpor, meeting some one, sharp words, a pistol shot, then oblivion. After that things happened so fast that he could scarcely remember their order; the sheriff and the arrest, the jail, the court-room, the questions and his own dazed replies. The only vivid impression he had had was of a certain feeling of pleasure when he heard that Bent Jones was to be hanged for murder, an impression which was far more real to him than that of his own sentence,—imprisonment for life as accessory to the crime.

So he had come to prison thirty years before. No one who had been there then was left now,—one by one they served their terms, had been pardoned or had died. The prison officials themselves had all been changed several times, while he alone had remained. They had always been good to him, he thought; for after the first wild tempest of grief and rebellion, he had settled into his old mild, gentle self, and they, pitying him, had given him light work. Then the warden had made him a “trusty”, and had assigned to him his present position in which he had served faithfully for over twenty years as keeper of the big gate. The gate, set in the huge wall which surrounded the prison, allowed wagons to pass in and out, and it was opened by rather complicated machinery which necessitated the constant attendance of one man. On the inside of the wall, snuggled up to it as if for protection, they had built Lowry a little house, and here he lived, cooking his own meals, tending the gate, glad to be away from the other convicts, and proud of his position of trust. He was always cheerful and contented, with a smile and greeting for all the teamsters who knew him well and who always hailed him with a friendly word. Overhead, in the cupola which served as a guard-house, sat the sentinel, sometimes with his gun across his knee, sometimes pacing up and down upon the wall, keeping a strict watch upon all who went back and forth; but to Lowry’s mind he never seemed to detract from the dignity of his own position as gatekeeper. The warden had given him the gate to keep, and this was his honored trust.

At last, early in the winter of his thirtieth year, Lowry was summoned to the office. He was troubled. Could the warden be going to find fault with him, he asked himself. But no; when he was ushered in, the warden looked at him kindly and said, "Lowry, I have just received a letter from the Governor, and he has pardoned you." The warden had expected the dazed look,—he knew that, alas, too well,—but not the growing wonder, the utter bewilderment in Lowry's face. He could not seem to comprehend. He was free then to leave the prison, to go out into the world again,—beyond the big gate! But who was to keep the big gate? who could be intrusted with a task like that? who would live in the little house? They reassured him, however, gave him the fifteen dollars which is granted to a released convict, and more money which the friendly officers had collected, and so sent him forth.

So this was the way the world looked on the outside. It had been so long since he had seen it that he had forgotten. He hesitated before taking each step,—there were so many directions to choose from, and he had none of his familiar boundaries to guide him. Where should he go? His relatives had all died long ago. Friends? He had none, except at the prison. He supposed that he would have to find work,—but where? He knew nothing except tending the gate, and he thought sadly that there wouldn't be any gate out here. Just then something yellow, gigantic, whizzed by him, so close that he felt the swift, cold wind it fanned up in passage. It was a street-car, the first that he had ever seen; but he remembered, now that he had recovered from his fright, that he had heard of them back there in the prison. He had reached the main street of the town, and as people swept past him, all bustling and all intent upon their business, he shrank back in terror. This was no place for him. Everyone else had some purpose in the world; he alone had none. Ah, the gate! He wondered who was there now. No one else would know how to tend it so well as he. The lever should be turned a little to the right and then pressed down slightly before it was lifted up. Would they know this? Tears came to his eyes. If only he could go back! But he couldn't, they had turned him out, and they took back only people who had committed crimes.

Then a thought struck him. He was standing in front of a store where overcoats were hung up outside, displayed for sale.

Swiftly he snatched one of the coats from its hook, and before the eyes of the astonished proprietor and customers, rushed down the street in the direction from which he came. There was a hubbub behind him. The proprietor had called a policeman, and he heard them all clattering in the rear. But Lowry wasn't uncertain this time. With unerring footsteps he retraced his way to the prison. He was sitting on the prison steps when the proprietor and policeman came hurrying up, panting and excited, and was hugging the overcoat tight in his arms. "It was the only way to get back," he told the warden, after the judge had mercifully given him the full extent of the law, "and I knew no one else but me could mind the gate!"

GLENN ALDA PATTEN.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT I USED TO BE

An old chest up in the attic
Under the rafters low,
A pile of forgotten treasures
And a peep into long ago.
A legless doll with hair of brown,
A worn-out doll in a faded gown,
Oh how it all comes back to me!
Little girl that I used to be!

The playhouse down by the brook-side,
The swing in the apple-tree,
The scent of the clovers white and red,
The drowsy hum of the bee;
The low-lying hills that were veiled in haze,
The magic and mystery of those days,
Over the years have come back to me,
Little girl that I used to be!

The flowers that grew in the garden,
Sweet alyssum and hollyhocks,
The arbor of morning-glories
And the paths that were edged with box,
You knew the secret of everything,—
Richer by far than any king,
You had ears that could hear and eyes that could see,
Little girl that I used to be!

You knew the place where the violets grew
 On the shady side of the hill,
 You knew where the swallows built their nests
 Under the eaves of the mill.
 Hills and meadows and sunlit trees,
 The scent of the strawberries on the breeze,—
 Oh, how it all comes back to me,
 Little girl that I used to be !

The dreamy maze of the summer days,
 The smell of the new-mown hay,
 The place on the hill beneath the elms
 Where the fairies used to play,
 And the moon shone through the boughs of pine
 As the moons of your childhood used to shine
 When the queen of the fairies danced on the lea,
 Oh little girl that I used to be !

Only the chest in the attic
 Under the rafters low,
 Only a broken plaything
 Left from the long ago,
 A legless doll with hair of brown,
 A worn-out doll in a faded gown,
 But across the long years she comes back to me,
 That little girl that I used to be !

DOROTHY DONNELL.

Channing had never worked so hard in his life. The beads of sweat stood out below his black rumpled hair ; his surveyor's cap, which refused to stay on, he had

Channing's Contract thrust into his outing-shirt, ripping open the buttons at his throat. Channing was in the employment of the Government Survey, and his task this August afternoon was to outline on the city map of the Eastside every house which was twenty feet across the front. This would seem to call for no such tearing haste. But French was mapping the West End. It would make a difference at the office which man returned first. The two men had held positions of equal responsibility since they had entered the work at the same time three years before, and were of nearly equal ability. Just now a contract of importance was being considered at the office, and it was understood that either Channing or French would have charge of it; which, depended on to-day's issue. There was another factor which entered into the

competition. Channing and French had for some time been calling on Mary Hart.

The surveyor's pencil moved rapidly. He had finished enrolling the wealthy streets, and had just dashed from the last block across the children's common to where the cheaper cottage section began. They were putting a drain through the common, and Channing's boots became covered with bronze-colored clay. He passed rapidly down the row of cottages, measuring each front with his keen eye, and drawing a square to represent it on the map. His lips were parted, his hands shook with excitement. He was making good time.

The cottages Channing was marking were cheap and near together. They had small lawns, and many small children. These followed Channing in his wild progress down the street. A man with clay oozing round his shoes, with damp corduroy trousers and a half-opened outing shirt, could not fail to interest little boys. The little girls, moreover, deemed him a necessary object of attention from the fact that he was looking at *their* houses, and marking something about them in his book. So they postponed the general housekeeping on the front stoops, gathered their dolls into their arms, and followed.

A close inspection by one of the older boys of the chart on Channing's arm did not enlighten the crowds. Bill, the acknowledged chief of the gang, was puzzled.

"What's yer lookin' for?" he finally ventured, defiance and fear intermingled in his tone.

Channing's eyes were strained toward the next house. Down went another square on his chart.

Again the question came, now more boldly, "What's yer lookin' for?"

The surveyor paused, and ran his hand through his damp black hair so that it was lifted on end. At the same time he wrinkled his forehead, and squinted to relieve his over-taxed eyes. He did not see the small boys.

Again the insistent question. This time there was no doubt that he was being addressed. It came shrill and defiant.

"What're yer lookin' for?"

"Oh nothing,—never mind what I'm looking for."

"Hey mister, you'd better tell us," growled a young bully, safe in the rear.

"Well, young man, I'm looking for you."

The crowd shrank back several feet. Channing glanced at his watch, and to his dismay saw that it was a quarter of five. French would surely report by five. The next house was beyond a vacant lot, and he gave a heave to his belt, and pinning the chart under his arm with his elbow, set off at a run. "Good-bye, kids," he shouted with a grimace.

"Come on, fellows, let's track him! He's got bats in his belfry!"

"Hi! he's got out of the 'sylum, I bet you," shouted another gleefully. "He's off his trolley for fair!"

"Flossy, you go back on the stoop," said a considerate brother. "You can't go long,—no you can't. That man's crazy. Go 'long, the whole crowd of you, and don't come off the steps."

"Harry, what's the matter? What was that man doing?"

Harry's mother had come out on the piazza.

"He's a crazy man."

"What did he do? Did he speak to you?"

"Bill asked him what he was doing, and he sez he was after him. I'm goin' down."

"Harry Martin! You're not going one inch! You stay right by the house! John Roehrer, your mother won't want you to go either. John Roehrer, come here!"

"Aw, she won't care."

John kept running.

"Wait a minute then, you tell my Samuel he's to come right back. And tell all those other boys to keep away from him, he looks dangerous. I'm going to telephone for the police," she said, entering the house. "There's no telling what these crazy people will do when they're running loose this way!"

The result was that in about ten minutes Officer McCann was bearing down on Channing, aided by Joe Riley, the biggest man on the force, such a combination being deemed more effective for the capture of an escaped lunatic.

Channing was within one block of finishing his task. His stiffened fingers could hardly make the small squares, the muscles of his neck and his over-worked eyes ached painfully, but the desire to get ahead of French loomed before him.

Suddenly, "See here, what d'you think you're doing?" a great bass voice shouted into his ear, and at once his wrists were seized by strong hands, while yells and shrieks of admi-

ration arose from youthful spectators. But there was one exclamation, startled yet more subdued. It was a cry of surprise from a girl in a pony-cart which had just drawn up noiselessly by the curb. She was leaning forward, intent on the scene before her, her lips parted, her whole poise denoting rapt attention.

But Channing did not notice his audience. "It's all right," he explained nervously, "I'm in the Government Survey. Yes—er—certainly—a good joke! Excuse me, but I must finish."

He laughed uneasily, and wrested away his hand. The detaining arm on his sleeve, and a growing nervousness, made the next square very irregular.

"Look here, young man, I think you've done enough for tonight," said Joe Riley, looking incredulously at the smudgy chart. "You come along with me."

"I tell you I will not!" Channing cried furiously, tearing himself away from them, and drawing another square. "There is another man on this job. I've got to beat him. I'll explain later. Let me go!"

The officers were puzzled. One of them looked around at the bystanders, and the young lady in the carriage beckoned to him. There was a gleam of inspiration in her eyes.

"That man is harmless," she said slowly. "He—er—is a special charge of mine. Er—he got away this afternoon, and I—I have been looking for him. I'm much obliged to you for keeping him. I must get him quiet now,—I think I'd better take him for a drive."

"Well, if you're sure he's safe, ma'am, he looks kind of wild," said the officer, turning with a sigh of relief to Channing.

And half a minute later two policemen and a throng of children saw the phaeton disappear around the corner, bearing the fair keeper and her escaped lunatic.

About an hour afterward a very happy pair emerged from one of the park entrances and drove toward the down-town section. As they worked their way through a crowd at a crossing an associate of Channing, who had just come from the office, catching his eye, called to him, "French just got in, and they've given him the contract!" But he saw no disappointment in his friend's face, for Channing only turned and looked radiantly at the girl at his side. He had won, after all.

ALICE McELROY.

THE UNATTAINABLE

The child, with hands outspread and lisping tongue,
Seeks the bright orb which in the heaven is hung ;
While they who wear the garb of wisdom fair
Spend all their days in asking why 'tis there.

MARY LUCE.

Eve sat in the crotch of the apple tree and took a satisfying bite of the forbidden fruit ; meanwhile Adam stood below and looked on. His name was Harold Sharp-
Forbidden Fruit ley. He intensely enjoyed watching the girl. She was very pretty, and the scene was quite suggestive.

"Don't you dare taste the forbidden fruit ?" she asked laughing and taking another bite.

The man stretched himself lazily, as he leaned back against a neighboring tree.

"You know I dare," he said drawlingly, "only you should offer it."

For a few minutes the girl looked at the apple, but she was wondering about the man. They had met at this out of the way farm house where Eva had come to rest after a hard year's work on the paper. She had been there but a short time when Harold Sharpley arrived.

Eva had found that Harold Sharpley was rather fond of talking of himself and his ideas. She had learned that he was the son of one of the first families in a small Pennsylvania town. He was a college man, but had not cared to wait for a degree on receiving the offer of a promising position. Eva had her own opinions about that degree. She had further discovered that he held a very high opinion of all Sharpleys and Harold Sharpley in particular. He was very lazy and very good-looking, with a smile that made you lenient towards his shortcomings.

So Eve sat in the tree and considered just how far it was wise to go. Having sufficiently weighed his remark she answered,

"Do you always expect to be offered the good things of life ?"

The man chuckled. "Do you think I would have to go very far to get them ?" he parried.

Her eyes grew just a bit cold as she answered, "You do have to, for things that are worth while."

"Perhaps you do,—but my apple, please," he said.

He had thrown himself on the grass, and his indifference piqued her. "I would like to see you want something hard once," she replied.

"I do this instant; I want my apple, and I want to know the color of your eyes."

The girl began to feel that his easiness with her was impudent. She leaned back against the tree. "I hate laziness."

"I don't," he said, "I enjoy it, although what does that have to do with the price of apples?"

"It *has* something to do with it. If you would win the golden apples you must work for them."

He half smiled; even his smile was lazy. "I should hate really to have to buckle down, wouldn't you?" he asked.

"No, I like it. There is nothing better", she returned energetically.

Eva was not looking at him or she would have seen the curiosity in his eyes. He was anxious to know what sort of a girl this was who had the easy manner which comes from social training, yet who was so very independent in her ideas.

"I hate to have a woman hold such strenuous notions," he said. "You would not have her actually get out in the world and work, would you? It is so horribly vulgar somehow."

She watched him. A little smile crept into his eyes. "No," she replied with a solemn shake of her head, "Oh, no! I would have a woman make sunshine in the home, and—"

"Good, that's my idea. Sometimes you are sort of strenuous, you know. I began to fear you might even be a college girl."

"You flatter me. First you admit that you have been considering me, and then you call me a college girl. But why the fear, sir?"

"Well, a college girl is the limit. She wants a man all that is noble and great and big. She wants him to be a success and to have ambitions and all that sort of rot, and then she can't even fry an egg decently."

"But she can throw an apple," Eva retorted and with that she slipped down the further side of the tree, just as a big apple hit the resting Harold. He rolled over to look, but Eve had fled. He considered the apple, and then deliberately took a bite.

For the next two days Harold Sharpley had work which kept him away from the house, and the girl was not sorry, for it

rained, and she felt that his presence would have been intolerable for two steady days.

The third was bright, and she betook herself and her book to the apple tree. A little later a masculine figure appeared with another girl. As quick as a flash Eve retreated to the upper branches and sat very still. Harold Sharpley's arm rested lightly across the girl's shoulders, and she looked up at him as though new worlds were being revealed to her, golden worlds where she was queen and some one was to be king. At the foot of the tree he bent carelessly and kissed her, while she stood with tears of happiness in her eyes. She was a girl of the village, and this man seemed very wonderful to her.

"I'll come down this evening," he said. "You must go now or your mother will think you are lost."

She stood looking at him, and then as he turned away she put out a timid hand, but did not touch him. "You'll come to-night?"

"Perhaps," he laughed, pleased with her admiration, "if you run now."

He kissed her again, and she went away through the trees which were bowing lords and ladies, because she was a queen.

A very indignant girl sat in the branches above. Eva knew the child below well. What right had this man to make love to her when he could see that she thought him in earnest, and he, —Eva almost choked. The man flung himself on the grass below the tree and waited.

"Why doesn't she come?" Sharpley drawled aloud. "I'm certain she saw me start this way. Girls are funny things; she's dying to come, and yet she won't."

By this time Eve had partially recovered. She laughed out loud, it sounded so silly to hear him soliloquizing in the world below. He looked up, slightly startled from his self-assurance. "Who's there?"

"The spirit of the tree," she answered.

"Well, come down into sight."

"I am, only you can't see me, because you are blind." She laughed again and sent an apple down on his head.

"If you don't come down, I'll come up."

"No you won't," she said with conviction. "You haven't the energy to go after what you want, and besides I'm a spirit."

"Nonsense, you're—"

"A spirit," she replied. "See, I'll tell you your thoughts. You're thinking of Eve."

"And what is Eve thinking of?" he asked.

"Of the apple," she returned.

He got up and walked towards a long pole which rested against a distant tree. When he turned Eve stood just in back of him. Had he really known about women he would have seen that she was on the war path, but to him only a very pretty girl with eyes, the color of which you could never be certain, stood there.

"Would you have poked me down?" she asked.

"I wouldn't have had to come after you then, you see."

Eve was amused. "Look, I have brought you the apple."

He laughed. "You are all alike every one of you. If only men would not be so afraid of women, they would not be such tyrants."

So he sat down comfortably on the grass, while she remained standing above him. Eve raised her eyebrows slightly; evidently he did not consider it worth while to stand in her presence. "You look very comfortable," she ventured.

He understood the implied rebuke. "Well, why observe convention here?" he asked. "You don't strike me somehow as that sort of a girl."

"How do I strike you?"

"I'll tell you sometime," he said in a tone meant to be thrilling.

Eve smiled. "You are intensely interesting," she said.

Adam's look brightened. For half an hour Eve talked to him of himself, and Harold Sharpley began to consider her quite charming. She looked into his eyes a moment, and then with hers averted for fear he might see the twinkle in them, she said. "I imagine you understand women, I don't know,—but don't you, and don't they usually like you?"

He was magnanimous to the weaker sex. He ignored the last part of the speech like a true hero, and merely said,

"Yes, I do understand them. There is no girl whom you can't win, if you go at it right, and have the time."

Just then the dinner horn sounded, and he got up and helped her. She did not smile, but silently noted the rise in his opinion.

Harold Sharpley did not go to see the other girl that evening. For days Eve played the game, until the night before her departure. The last move was ready. The play had lasted nearly

two weeks. The autumn air was soft and warm. The stars were just coming out in the sky where towards the west a faint glow still lingered. Eve waited near the gate until she saw Harold Sharpley come out on the porch. After making sure that he saw her, she started for the garden of Eden. When Eve came near the apple tree, she saw something white at its foot, a queen weeping. It had been a festive kingdom, but there was mourning there now, for the king was dead. Eve gathered the girl in her arms, and for some time they sat there together. Then she gently led her away from the tree of knowledge, through the garden towards the lights in the village. When she came back Harold Sharpley was there.

Her eyes were brilliant, and the light which the man thought love, was the glitter of the serpent. They did not speak for some time. Her silence pleased him. Then he broke it. "You are going to-morrow, Eve." He had never quite dared use that name before, and even he spoke it now a little fearfully.

Eve kept very quiet. He bent nearer. "Do you care, Eve, that you are going? I love you, Eve."

She laughed. He was hurt for the first time in his life. It was no longer the complacent Harold Sharpley. He almost swore. At last the man was awake.

"Eve, I tell you I love you. You are the only woman in the world I have ever cared for. Don't you know it? You are wonderful, glorious, bewitching. I love you Eve."

Then as the girl did not stir, he stopped. An hour ago she would have been merciful, but instead of this pleading man, she saw a little girl by the tree, weeping. She turned towards him, and again she laughed.

"See," she said, holding out an apple, "you can have it. 'Tis the apple of knowledge, Harold Sharpley. Do you know,—I work. I get out into the wide world and work. When I love, it must be a man and not a lazy loiterer through life. Eat the apple and try to learn the lesson if you can. Do you see that light through the trees? Do you know who lives there?"

Then, forgetting her rôle, she flung the apple at his feet.

"I hate you," she cried and fled out of the garden of Eden.

The man did not attempt to follow. He would have gone after her, but his love kept him back. He was thinking hard thoughts, and fighting for hisself-control. At last with a groan he flung himself at the foot of the tree of knowledge.

ALICE MARJORIE PIERCE.

EDITORIAL

There are some of us who plead excuse for habitual tardiness with "Better late than never", forgetting that this ancient adage has long since been converted into "Better never late". If the force of this second version comes home to us, it is when we loiter—or more likely hurry—into the dining-room at 8.19 A. M., to find the oatmeal sticky, disorderly, chill, and the last, lean chop monopolizing an icy platter. We woke early but we lingered under the influence of a delicious dream, until we realized that a busy forenoon awaited us and that if we went without eating there would be the inevitable headache before luncheon. So we descended at the eleventh hour to a disheartening repast, and 8.39 finds us rushing breathless to chapel, with cloak flying open, hat—for we must go down-town later—over one ear, books scattering loose papers. Once there, we must clamber over a row of girls out of the broad aisle, just in time to escape the President. It is altogether a nerve-wearing process.

The professors are complaining that too many students come into recitations after the class-room door is closed, making more or less noise and complicating the roll-call. In the houses, the matrons deplore tardiness at luncheon and dinner. At ten o'clock we turn out the gas, but we stand around in the corridors with candles, laughing and talking far past bed-time, to the despair of those who have been counting on getting to sleep early. Or, if we are under-classmen, we gather in our rooms in groups, or in twos, for midnight confidences. This practice is particularly to be discouraged. It is ruinous to health and happiness. It is often to blame for the heavy-headedness, impatience and tardiness of the next day. There is a certain novelty and stimulus to be found in discussing every conceivable subject with others of our own age representing sympathetic or contrary opinions, and these conferences are especially alluring to the freshman who has never before felt exactly this kind of freedom and inspiration. But such talks might better be held

in the open air on a brisk walk or in a quiet room on a restful rainy afternoon than at unseasonable hours of the night. We seldom hear of seniors who keep up this habit which seems to belong peculiarly to our college childhood,—and the sooner all outgrow it the better it will be. The ten o'clock rule is the wisest regulation that we have and the one for which we should be most grateful. It is not for the sake of economizing in the matter of gas bills that the college requires that lights be extinguished at ten o'clock, but in order that we may have the inestimable advantage of a good, wholesome, sound night's rest.

Habitual tardiness gradually weakens our enthusiasm and impairs our vitality and resolution. We must be on time if we are to enjoy and profit fully, or if we ourselves are to be of service. We may choose to be deliberate in undertaking a certain piece of work; we may even be justified in requesting an "extension" in so imperative a matter as "English B", but this is not a fault of tardiness. On the other hand, it implies an appreciation of time which we purpose to use to the best advantage. Tardiness means a miscalculation, and when we "hustle" we are not taking normal exercise. We know what our appointments are; we know in general what we are trying to accomplish in college. We can see the routine and the main purpose in fair proportion, if we will, and regulate our movements accordingly. A wholesome habit of punctuality will save a dissipation of nervous energy, insure health and good spirits, and permit the fullest play of our powers.

EDITOR'S TABLE

At the Academy of Music, Feb. 16, Mme. Alla Nazimova in "A Doll's House."

Wonder is a foe to accurate judgment and hunger is said to be the best sauce. The bill of fare at the Northampton Academy of Music has not been a long or a rich one this year and Madam Nazimova was heralded as a dramatic miracle. The judicious under such circumstances go to hear with great caution. They justly fear that they may be the victims of their too easy requirements or of their hardness of heart. Either way they will sin against light. The audience in the Academy on February 16 was alert; it was desirous of being satisfied; it hoped that it might be worthy of the greatest dramatic event of the season and that it might know by its own powers and perceptions if this great experience were granted to it; for rumor had compared Madam Nazimova to Bernhardt and Duse, the play to an introduction to a new world of art and thought.

And certainly the resources of Ibsen's play are not exhausted by any number of readings, or by class study, or by Bernard Shaw's quintessences, or by Punch's parody. *A Doll's House* is unmistakably a play for the stage rather than for the closet, but that could be doubted only by the perverse and stiff-necked who might maintain that it is for neither.

Madam Nazimova possesses an interesting personality, and she gives promise of becoming a great actress, but thus far only that. Imagination she has, finished workmanship she lacks, precise aim she has to acquire. Doubtless she deserves great credit for her willingness to perform in English a play written by a foreign dramatist in a foreign language, but a gratitude of even international proportions will not make the writer of this account accept Madam Nazimova's English as good, or her delivery as free from amateurishness. The realism of the play did not require actual confusion, but such was the effect of more

than one scene. Screaming is not a true dramatic equivalent for emotional excitement, but the audience was forced to put up with a good deal of it or go without.

To many of Madam Nazimova's hearers, hers was the first acting of Nora that they had seen. To a few of these the character has always failed to carry conviction either of its truth to life, as a human being, or, of its accurate strings and joints as a puppet. The acting was appealing, poignant, even distressing, but it was episodic, disjointed. In several places Madam Nazimova played her part quite off any lines that she had laid down for it, or that Ibsen had constructed. The spectator has learned that Ibsen's favorite punctuation is the question mark (?) and accepts it, but he finds the combination of it with Madam Nazimova's exclamation points something that he cannot prepare himself for, because the two aims are utterly uncongenial and incongruous. Ibsen raises questions which he leaves exhaustively asked, but quite unanswered. Madam Nazimova suggests answers that fill the mind with overwhelming dismay. Even Ibsen's favorite puppets on his writing desk with their stiff impersonality could hardly have justified the sudden conversion of Nora, the elusive, the tricky, the arch deceiver, into the impassioned platform lecturer, with a professional vocabulary and all the persuasiveness of a book agent at her command.

The charm of innocent dolldom, though lived on the slopes of a crater, is exaggerated if not distorted. Truly the symbolism of the tarantella needs no such sensational interpretation as was provided by the climax of Nora's gamesomeness with her children, her heartless self-occupation at the expense of Doctor Ranke or the marital inebriety and amorousness of Thorwald. Ibsen doubtless intended the writing of the finger on the wall, but this was a brigade of sign posters, with brushes, buckets and broadsides.

And yet there are the claims of local color! Perhaps Nora's abandon is maternal charm—in Denmark, or Russia, or Herzegovina, or Lithuania, or some other place where Grimm's law of the spirit runs only by exceptions. Perhaps marriage has this Cooper Hall accent to its voice of authority in Norrøway. Maybe. Then let us be grateful for every touch of accent, each item of brogue that marked the conception, something foreign, that kept out the note of the universal with its challenge and its accusation.

And still there is the verdict that for once the theater has made us think to reckon with ; that Ibsen has taken down the fourth wall of a doll's house to let us into its secrets ; gay, or sad, or sorry. The events are real and moving because we are all keepers and tenants of doll's houses wherein we wait for the greatest miracle of all and elude or seek our fate. Such is the contention of Bernard Shaw and others of the school of the Prophet. And again, they are perhaps right, but there are other schools and another prophet who let us believe that such events are not scenes, that they move to help and reform, not to pity, fear or awe, still less to the tainted joy of satiric contemplation. And what of the sense of being present at the double creation of a masterpiece—first in words and then in action? Some of the audience felt that man was indeed a wonderful piece of work, but they missed entirely the hint of his divinity or even the slow purposes of the immortal gods.

We are glad to have seen this play of Ibsen's under conditions that promise as little loss of his constructive playcraft as Madam Nazimova's talent is said to involve, but the mirror has not yet been held up to our English puppet of the home or the spirit, so that our national heart or conscience recognizes her.

M. A. JORDAN.

At the Academy of Music, February 7, Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea".

In the hand of the playwright satire is no uncommon weapon. Mr. Mitchell here presents, under a thin veil of brilliant repartee, a piece of social satire that is made to do service through four acts. With no other apparent motive than to amuse, he offers a subtle caricature of New York society, but it is not the New York that we are familiar with, nor, indeed, any other outside of the society novel. His title is a misnomer. Divorce exists, but the Phillimores and the Karslakes have no exact counterparts in real life. They are, rather, studied caricatures of the ultra-fashionable and much bored husband and wife, "once removed".

The atmosphere of the play is surcharged with divorce, and many of the situations are perceptibly overdrawn. From the first, we are involved in a net-work of tangled threads that appear to be hopelessly criss-crossed, but which unravel in the prescribed way so as to provide the usual happy ending.

The process is somewhat disappointing because unattended by any suggestion of character development. In fact, the characters throughout the play show a lack of admirable qualities that places them all upon the same mediocre level. Far from being an awakening to a deeper conception of married life, the concluding scene is merely a readjustment to old conditions. Mrs. Karlake and her husband, equally dissatisfied, cry quits and begin the game over again. But the characters show interesting contrast and are marked by clear-cut personalities.

As usual, Mrs. Fiske occupies only a corner of the stage and gives to her support exceptional freedom in developing individual parts. George Arliss as Sir Wilfred Gates-Darby has resolved the gullible Englishman into a complex character, possessing real psychological interest. Even with the embarrassment of the too rigid mother and sister, the Phillimores show a full and consistent assortment of wholly unattractive family characters. The greatest subtlety and appreciation are exhibited in the delineation of Mrs. Phillimore's sensuous yet self-repressed nature. In the rôle of Mrs. Cynthia Karlake, Mrs. Fiske's charm and spontaneity are given free play. She abandons herself to the part with such evident enjoyment that we lose sight of her art and see only the fascinating and dangerously clever woman who proves "game" even in the most disconcerting situations.

PETER PAN

Slender and fair with childish face,
At dusking panes you seem to stand,
Who flew to us with faery grace
From far-off Never-never Land.

A wonder boy with wistful eye,
Peering in twilight story time
At us world-folk, in shy surmise,
To hear some magic tale or rhyme.

Dear Heart! we know you could not fail
(What *truly* child could, ever since
We heard it first?) to love the tale
Of Cinderella and the Prince.

You lure us back with elfin smile,
(Straight on till sunrise is the way),
To that dream-land we knew awhile,
The land where all earth's children play.

There, life is sweet and undismayed—
Though grown-ups may not understand—
Peter, we know, for we have played
Oft with your wistful, loyal band.

Who have no fear of lurking foe,
Or Pirate Chief with ruthless crew,
Yet in their triumphs long to go
Back home to Her they never knew.

You soothe them in their boyish fear,
With more than mother's tenderness,
They love you, and you hold them dear,
For you, as they, are motherless.

We hear afar on summer nights
The thrilling joy your piping tells,
'Mid dancing of the faery lights,
And ringing of the faery bells.

Brave, boyish heart—alone and glad!
Living your soul's own wayward plan
That we know not, whose world is sad—
Who are you really, Peter Pan?

—Robert Emmons Rogers in *Harvard Monthly*.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

SUNSET

O solitudes of the dunes
And silences of the sea !
When the heat of the day throbs close to the heart of the night,
And o'er the lethargic deep the passion of the surf
Has left a crimson glow !

O hushed sea-mysteries
And crescents of curving sands !
Where listless grasses droop for the vagrant wind
And over the inland sweep—a gem in earth's girdle of trees—
The glimmer of a star.

O somnolence of self
And birth of the God-soul within !
When human vision glimpses immortal truth,
And hushed before His open mysteries
We feel the presence of God.

TWO LOVES

Oh, it's sweet to be loved with a friend's strong love
That knows us for what we are !
And not as the light, all passion-pure,
Of some far-shining star !
It's sweet to feel that a generous love,
Grieving our shadow days,
Stays to walk beside us
Down uncomprehended ways !

But just so sweet in its stranger way,
Straight from nature's wild !
Tender, and sad, and sweet—the love
Of a little heedless child !

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS '06.

The volcanoes of Hawaii are perhaps the most accessible of the active craters of the world, because of the quiet, non-explosive character of the eruptions. Yet it is not often that even we who

A Volcano of Hawaii spend our lives on the Islands have so good an opportunity as now to observe Madame Pélée. About the middle of January a number of small earthquakes were reported on

Hawaii, and a slight upwelling of the lavas in Kilauea, the large crater half-way up the slope of Mauna Loa. At the same time a lava flow started down the mountain side, running south, not from the summit crater, not from Kilauea, but from a series of fissures in the side of the mountain. It was this flow which we visited. Two steamers left Honolulu with excursionists for a three days' trip to the scene of activity. At the end of a remarkably smooth sea trip of about 200 miles, the dome of Mauna Loa came into sight at midnight, outlined by a pale opalescent glow, which in its faintness appeared and disappeared and then appeared again with greater vividness, until it seemed almost as if sunrise were near. Finally, as we rounded the end of the island, we caught sight of the flow itself—a line of glowing red marking its lower end, and spots of light, now slowly creeping, now disappearing, like the creeping embers of a wood fire, scattered up the side of the mountain, until all was lost in the indistinct glow which covered the upper slopes.

Distances are so deceptive at night that we could make no definite estimate of the position of the flow; only one thing was clear, it had not yet reached the sea, and we should have to walk some distance to get a daylight view. When the sun rose, the new flow was scarcely discernible, for the whole south side of the island is covered with lava beds which differ very little in appearance from the present flow. Puffs of smoke from burning trees were our only guides from the landing to the flow, a tramp of five miles, without a trail, over lava beds. The first part of the walk was not a hard one, though it was uneven, and our way was necessarily circuitous, to avoid the great bubble-caves in the lava. But when we crossed the flow of 1887 we learned the meaning of the term "a-a" lava. Imagine a heap of the most jagged rocks, varying in size from ten feet to an inch or less in diameter, piled confusedly together, and you will have formed but an incomplete idea of the difficulties met with in crossing a bed of the "a-a" an eighth of a mile wide. Many of the women had their shoes torn from their feet, and even the most fortunate of us left a trail of scraps of torn clothing clinging to the sharp rocks. Suddenly, as we reached the crest of the flow, a tremendous crashing sound came from ahead of us, and looking up we saw a huge red-hot rock tearing down an embankment on what we had supposed to be a part of the flow upon which we stood. It left a tail behind it like a comet, and a cloud of dust and smoke arose as it reached the ground. Soon a tree blazed, and as we drew nearer we saw that the fall of these rocks was continuous and that this was the end of the new flow.

There were few, indeed, who did not express surprise at what we saw,—not that it surpassed what we had expected to see, but that it was so different from our preconceived ideas. To most people, even to Islanders, a "flow" means a mass of more or less liquid molten rock, flowing down the mountain side, crusting over with a black crust which breaks through at intervals to let out another onward rush of the red-hot lava. This was what we had expected to see,—and before us lay an immense pile of grayish-brown rocks, rough and jagged, and but loosely heaped together, looking like the embankments along a newly-cut railroad bed. Such was the first impression. Then a small avalanche would start at the top of this pile, and rocks, big and little, would come crashing down the incline, some fifty feet high, to the ground,

leaving a patch of the red-hot inner mass exposed for an instant. Next this would cool and the process would be repeated somewhere else, so that the crash and fall of rolling rocks never ceased. That was all the molten there was,—no forward pushing of the mass at its base, and no “flowing” at all, simply a pushing outward of the top and a retardation of the bottom, until portions of the top rolled down to be covered in turn by the next avalanche from above. When we saw it, the flow was moving very slowly, only about twenty feet an hour, but its progress was appreciable because of the apparent march of the scrub trees toward it—and toward their destruction. The flow had traveled some thirty-five miles in this way and was still so hot that we could stay near it only for a few moments at a time. Several of the party climbed up the sides of the flow in the coolest portion they could find, but they could not stand still long enough to have their pictures snapped in the perilous place. The rest of us contented ourselves with burning handkerchiefs, coins and even hats, as souvenirs.

This flow, aside from its interest to everyone as a marvelous and mysterious spectacle, offered remarkable opportunities for scientific work, since although the “a-a”, or jagged flows, are by no means uncommon, they have seldom been observed while in motion. The actual method of movement, the absolute likeness between the old flows and this moving one, has hardly, I think, been appreciated. Then the question of the reason for the difference between this and the ordinary liquid flows is a subject which most writers on volcanoes seem to have avoided, and for which no one, as far as I can find out, has offered a satisfactory explanation.

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE '06.

I wonder if there are many people who love backgrounds as I do,—the background, I should rather say, for it always seems to me a unique region, wide, shadowy, stretching away behind all narrow fore-

The Background grounds in illimitable allurements. Even when I see it in pictures (and it is often enough the part of the canvas which most delights me) I do not think of it as belonging to that given Madonna, or as bounded by that special gold frame, or as the work of that particular painter, but as the great common setting of all pictures and all things, compassing the world. Out of it came the Madonna of course, to seat herself there in mild dignity for our adoration (can she never return, poor soul?), but also out of it came the painter, and out of it came we, last of all, briefly to look and wonder.

It is our natural home, the background, free, unbarricaded; but it is surprising how few of us appreciate its privileges or are content to stay in it. Region of peace and wide quietness, where there is room for us all to stray, we turn our backs on it resolutely and fight our way into the crowded peril which is a modern foreground. Somehow or other we will step out, and be seen, and do, and conquer. That does all very well if we retain our attitude as vagrants, and hie ourselves promptly back again whither we belong. But some of us love the foreground so well that we build ourselves there, carefully fenced-in yards. I have seen people now and then who, I know, have not even a back gate; and the look in their eyes is restless, unhappy, as if they had forgotten something which they wanted to remember.

On the other hand, what contentment and wisdom in the eyes of those who live in the background and know its joy and freedom! Overlook them, ignore them as much as you please, they have a secret worth finding out. It is, in fact, man's very ignoring which works their liberty. It would often be disconcerting enough to look into the hearts of those whom we scorn, and see how they revel and run, set free by our very disdain, let go in a wayward delight. Ah, the joy of the background person! The foreground little knows.

There is no slur of idleness can be cast upon the background. It is perhaps a busier region than the noisy foreground. A lot of odd jobs are always pushed back, over and under and through the fence, which the foreground cannot finish; and, moreover, vast plans are maturing which are the background's own. Great books are meditated here, great pictures, and great music. A person may find his idea in the foreground, in the rush and crowd of things, but see how he makes for the background with it, tucking it under his arm and running; ideas need background soil.

Good background, safe, dear region of truth, where the world is wider than the earth and the days are longer than time, men would not get in each other's way if they did not venture hence. The volatile essence of jealousy is blown away by background winds; there is too much room for rancour to grow, it needs a fence to climb on. Ambition and greed are of course unknown, they are foreground qualities.

"There is always room at the top", it is said; by which, I suppose, is indicated the topmost, midmost foreground. But that is a giddy spaciousness, a perilous, clinging elbow-room, to be held with bated breath. I like rather to think that the Providence who has set ladders for some few to climb has also provided vast tracts in its kindness for those who do not climb at all, or who climb and tumble. "There is always room at the bottom", say I, hundreds and thousands of happy miles, stretching away from the foot of the ladder in safe, sane invitation.

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me—"

That is the chief of background songs, and it indicates sufficiently well the kind of company one may find in the blessed realm. Come hither, come hither, come hither!

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY '96.

The successful "ad." writer is born; then made. To catch and hold the attention, and instantly to inform the reader of the existence and merit of a

certain article before he realizes that he is being informed about anything whatever, is the ad. writer's mission. The able pen is a gift, but skill with it to carry conviction to a skeptical public, through the medium of advertising, is distinctly an acquirement.

Tons of paper covered with reasons why advertising is a necessity, and a flourishing one from the producer's standpoint, with arguments as to what constitutes good advertising and the value of learning to write it, and with data regarding the expenditure of cash for advertising, travel annually to files and waste baskets by way of newspapers, magazines, advertising school

literature, and trade journals. There's so much of this sort of information that the lightest thinker on the subject knows a maker or merchant must exploit his wares or go out of business; the merest observer is frequently able to make substantial suggestions for the betterment, artistically and commercially, of bad advertising; while everyone knows that it all costs a great deal of money. The outsider, however, has more or less vague ideas on this last subject, and would be startled by a glib statement that for the back cover of a certain monthly magazine, one issue, the advertiser pays seven thousand five hundred dollars; this for the privilege alone of publishing his advertisement. The sum paid for copy worthy of such expensive space is another story, but one of inspiring detail for any reader desirous of putting into practice a keen intellect and an abundance of pluck.

But have we a discriminating appreciation of the value of having advertising news so steadily and attractively served up? He who runs and reads knows just where to find what he wants when he wants it, but rarely says "thank you"; in fact, if questioned, very likely replies: "I never read the advertising". He does, but the patient and persistent ad. writers throughout this country have learned so well the true art of concealing the art necessary to inform without too great aggressiveness that the reader rarely receives a conscious impression. True, now and then a poster in hideous plumage, screams from out a choice bit of scenery, but it's only the ad. writer resorting to desperate means to attract notice. Even the faithful, reliable clock occasionally strikes discordantly. Then too, impatience is felt when an advertisement, embodying certain definite information regarding a desired article, is missing from the first magazine picked up by chance. The clock also attracts attention when it stops.

Nearly a billion dollars yearly is spent in this country for the purchase of advertising; yet the American public, with grateful exceptions, grasps with thumb and forefinger the small inmost section of the current magazine, allowing the outer advertising sections to sag bulkily, and says: "Look at that"! We are careless of the fact that the advertisers' money not only meets the entire expense of production of the newspaper and the magazine, but also furnishes the profit. Otherwise the amazing headlines, the editorial pages, and the wonder stories could not be bought for many times the penny and the dime. In short, the advertisers supply the world with current literature.

The ultra-credulous, as well as the ultra-suspicious class, is responsible for the existence of certain evils in present day advertising. Just as soon as the two classes arrive at the common sense plane of regarding all advertising as news to be carefully investigated and subjected to classification according to the final test—*honesty*,—exaggeration will be discouraged and ultimately eliminated for strictly commercial reasons if for no other, because it won't pay.

To-day, the following might be regarded as a composite formula of the demand made by advertisers: "Wanted—An ad. writer who can sell our goods more rapidly than we can produce them, at a tremendous profit, to all of the people all of the time." Later it will read: "Wanted—An ad. writer who can sell our goods steadily and profitably, to all who can use them." The majority of successful applicants will be women. Women know why

they, and consequently why other women, like certain things, and they know what qualities women demand. Therefore, given to advertise an article of which women are the natural purchasers—and women do purchase, or influence the purchase of, practically everything except materials used in the construction of public buildings, railroads and steamships—she will arouse with her pen a degree of eagerness for possession which no masculine writer can shadow. Consider the elements essential to success in ad. writing: A keen sense of news (curiosity); attention to details (patience); fitness to grasp and cope with large issues (fortitude); endless faith in the merit of the goods (optimism); equal power to inspire an unthwartable desire to possess them (enthusiasm); inability to quit until all has been accomplished (tenacity). Are these masculine or feminine?

A forceful advertisement has a distinctive personality which is the embodiment of the writer's temperament and training. Speaking broadly, temperament governs the artistic, and training the commercial phase of advertising. The artistic comes out in color and form; the commercial in the directness and force of the written expression. Native commonsense has for its vehicle, *ideas*, and in the last analysis it's ideas that count.

Women have as yet formed no conception of the magnitude and desirability of the field open to them in the profession of ad. writing, although the brightest advertising magazine on the market is published by a woman, a few of the better commercial advertising positions are held by women, and much profitable, independent work in this line is being done by them.

MAY DAY MANSON ex-'35.

The Smith College Club of New York has held three meetings so far this year, besides the annual luncheon. The first one, on October 26, was an informal reception to the new

The Smith College Club of New York members held in the parlors of the Women's University Club.

There were many of the former present, in most cases graduates of recent classes, and the reception was a very successful opening to the new year.

On November 22 the club greeted Miss Caverno, always a welcome guest, who told of the changes at college, and gave us various items of college news.

One of the most delightful meetings the club has ever had was held on the afternoon of January 19, when Professor Story and Miss Gertrude Dyar were the guests of honor. Miss Dyar read parts of Tennyson's poem, "Enoch Arden", and the beautiful musical setting by Strauss was most sympathetically rendered by Professor Story. Professor Story is not a frequent visitor, and his old friends were extremely glad to see him.

The twelfth annual luncheon was held on Saturday, February 23, at the Hotel Astor. This date was chosen, instead of the customary one in the Easter vacation, as the presentation of "Hamlet" comes at the latter date. To the great regret of the alumnae present, President Seelye was unable to attend. The guest of honor was Professor James Harvey Robinson of Columbia University, who was introduced by the president of the club, Miss Marian Woodhull '87. He spoke in a charmingly light vein on some aspects of modern study of history. Then followed five-minute talks from some of the

alumnæ. Mrs. Ruth Bowles Baldwin '87, one of the three alumnæ trustees, gave her impressions of the college from a recent visit there. Mrs. Harriet Boyd Hawes '92 gave a little account of her "House-hunting of Prehistoric Grounds". Miss Mary A. Van Kleeck '04 spoke of the "Women at Work in Factories" and of the present legislation on this subject. Miss Edith E. Rand '99 made an appeal to the alumnæ for support and coöperation in the presentation of "Hamlet", and also announced the cast. Mrs. Katherine Seward DeHart '99 delighted all present by her rendering of several songs. Before closing a rising vote was taken to send a message of greeting to President Seelye, and then all joined in the singing of "Fair Smith".

LUCY STODDARD '97.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, in conjunction with the College Settlements Association, offers for the year 1907-08 a fellowship of five hundred dollars for the investigation of social conditions.

A Settlement Fellowship This fellowship is open to graduates of all colleges represented in the Association of

Collegiate Alumnæ.

Candidates must be able to satisfy the Committee on Award that they are able to carry through successfully a piece of social research. In their first letter applicants are requested :

- (1) To state what academic work they have done in economics and sociology, what positions they have held, and what volunteer social work they have done ;
- (2) To send copies of any papers they may have written on social subjects, whether or not in connection with their college course ;
- (3) To state the line of investigation they have in mind, and why they are attracted by the fellowship ; and
- (4) To give the names and addresses of persons who know about their qualifications.

The holder of the fellowship will be expected to live in a settlement during the academic year, and to spend her whole time in a definite investigation, under the general supervision of a committee appointed for the purpose. At the end of the year she will present a written report, which should be a distinct contribution, though not necessarily a large one, to the existing knowledge of social conditions.

Applications must be in before May 1, 1907. They should be sent to Miss Katharine Bement Davis, Bedford, New York.

(Signed) KATHARINE BEMENT DAVIS, Chairman.

Committee Representing A. C. A.

Katharine Bement Davis,

Helen M. Kelsey,

Chairman Advisory Committee, Elizabeth Williams.

Committee Representing C. S. A.

Lillian Brandt,

Grace Hubbard.

In place of the regular April meeting, the Smith College Club of New York announces a repetition of the production of "Hamlet" so successfully given by the senior class at the Smith College Commencement in June, 1906. Three performances will be given in Carnegie Lyceum, 57th Street and 7th Avenue ;

the first, Monday evening, April 8th, and the other two, Tuesday afternoon and evening, April 9th. Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

The direct management of this production of "Hamlet" has been placed by the club in the hands of the Finance Committee—Miss Edith E. Rand, Mrs. James A. Webb Jr., Madison, New Jersey; Miss Marion E. Dodd, Glen Ridge, New Jersey—to any member of which correspondence relative to these performances may be addressed. All orders for tickets should be accompanied by check or post-office money order, made payable to Edith E. Rand, Chairman, 228 West 106 Street, New York City.

All alumnæ visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since last issue is as follows :

'06.	Marion Dodd,	Jan.	28
'06.	Vardrine McBee,	Feb.	8
'06.	Mildred Wiggin,	"	8
'06.	Nettie Baumann,	"	11
'06.	Helen Fellows,	"	11
'95.	Bertha Bardeen,	"	19
'05.	Sue Rambo,	"	20
'01.	Clara Schaufler,	"	21
'04.	Elizabeth Biddlecome,	"	21
'04.	Grace Reynolds,	"	21
'05.	Betty Babcock Cruikshank,	"	21
'05.	Bertha Lovell,	"	21
'05.	Dagmar Megie,	"	21
'06.	Susan Coolidge,	"	21
'06.	Anna Enright,	"	21
'06.	Marion Reynolds,	"	21
'05.	Mabel Chick,	"	21-25
'05.	Marie Donohue,	"	21-25
'05.	Helen Bruce Loomis,	"	21-25
'00.	Maude Randall,	"	22
'05.	Emma Hirth,	"	22
'05.	Alice Kirby,	"	22
'05.	Katherine de la Vergne,	"	22
'95.	Annah Hazen,	"	22-23
'06.	Alice Cary,	"	22-24
'06.	Ruth Finch,	"	22-24
'06.	Clara Newcomb,	"	22-25
'86.	Harriet Harding,	"	23
'86.	Isabel Harding,	"	23
'04.	Abby Merchant,	"	23
'98.	Mabel F. Brooks,	"	25
ex-'07.	Gladys Lawrence,	"	25-27

The Biological Society wishes to recover the book of minutes prior to September, 1898. Will anyone who can give information in regard to it kindly notify the secretary of the society, Laura Lenhart, Albright House.

All *alumnæ* who wish to secure tickets for SENIOR DRAMATICS should send their names to the Business Manager, Elizabeth B. Ballard, 80 Green Street, stating whether they prefer Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for *alumnæ* for Saturday night. Each alumna is allowed only one seat on her own name.

All applications for places in campus houses at Commencement must be made through class secretaries. None but classes having reunions will be considered. State in what house senior year was spent. Secretaries will please send in their complete lists to the chairman of the committee on May 1.

Alumnæ wishing the 1907 Class Book can procure it by sending \$2.00 to Elinor Daniels, Hatfield House, before April 15. Express to be paid by recipient.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, 20 Belmont Avenue.

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont avenue.

'79. Mary B. Whiton, with her associate Miss Bangs, opened a school this autumn in New York City at 788-785 Madison Avenue.

'87. Marianna Woodhull expects to have issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, in March, a book entitled, "The Epic of Paradise Lost."

'89. Mary Foster Gaylord was married to Mr. William Henry Frick on June 18. Her present address is: 504 West 112th Street, New York City.

'94. Katharine Ware Smith is spending the winter in New York as Executive Secretary of the Public Education Association. She is living at the Hartley House.

'95. Amey Aldrich returned from France in October and is living now at 142 East 33d Street, New York City.

Caroline M. Fuller is spending the winter in Summerville, South Carolina.

Annette Lowell Thorndike has moved from Evanston, Ill., to 606 West 118th Street, New York City. Her husband is Professor of English at Columbia.

'97. Anna H. Branch has had a fairy play in one act, "Rose of the Wind," performed at a meeting of the MacDowell Association, on January 24, in Carnegie Lyceum, New York. The title rôle was acted by Mrs. Richard Mansfield, and the incidental music was from Edward MacDowell's Woodland Suite, played by members of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Anna D. Casler is State Secretary of the North and South Carolina Y. M. C. A., with headquarters in Charlotte, N. C.

Alice Adelaide Maynard was married Nov. 29 to Mr. Charles Madeira. Address: Stony Creek, Connecticut.

- '97. Clara Hunt Phillips was married on January 22 to Mr. Howard Lewis Rogers. After a two months' trip in Germany and Austria she will make her home in Brookline, Massachusetts.
- ex-'97. Esther Buxton is working at the Christodora House, New York City.
- '98. Ruth Duncan is taking a trip of several months abroad with her mother.
- ex-'98. Charlotte Sherrill has announced her engagement to Dr. Devereux Kernan.
- '99. Mary Dean Adams is connected with the Traveller's Aid Society which sends representatives to meet strangers on all steamers coming in to New York.
- '00. Florence Brooks Cobb is living in Niigatas, Japan, this winter.
 Sarah Sanderson is teaching at Miss Keller's School in New York.
 Agnes Slocum was married in November to Mr. Maurice Briscoe and is living in Denver, Colorado.
 Mary Taggart and Ann Merritt sailed for Italy in February to remain until early autumn. Alice Taggart ex-'01 will join them in the summer.
 Margaret Vanderbilt and Louise Vanderbilt '02 have been travelling in California this winter.
- '01. Julia Bolster Ferris is living at 42 West 76th Street, New York City.
- '02. Clara Gerrish Barstow has been spending several months in Cuba.
 Ruth Canedy is teaching at Miss Graham's School in New York.
 Leona Crandall has announced her engagement to Dr. Orville Hagen of Patterson, New Jersey.
 Alice Egbert was married on October 11 to Mr. James Cox Howell at Montclair, N. J. She is now living in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.
 Mary Woodbury has moved to Washington, D. C. Address ; 2445 Brightwood Avenue.
- '08. Marjorie Gray is in charge of the music department at Claremont College, Hickory, North Carolina.
 Edith de Chamy Suffren was married on February 5 to Mr. Thomas Dorsey Pitts of Baltimore, Md., at her home in Brooklyn. She will live in Baltimore.
 Belle Norton is private secretary at Miss Whiton and Miss Bangs' School in New York City.
- '04. Josephine England is working at the Christodora House and substituting in the public schools of New York City.
 Gertrude Knox is teaching in her sister's school at Lakewood, New Jersey.
 Grace Reynolds is studying at Columbia and living at the Women's University Club, New York City.
 Alice Morgan Wright has been studying at the Art League and living at the Women's University Club, New York City, this winter.
- '05. Julie Edna Capen sailed on the S. S. "Celtic" Jan. 19th, for an extended tour through Egypt.
 Clara Davidson is spending the winter at St. Petersburg, Florida.

BIRTHS

- '90. Mrs. Charles Sterling Wyckoff (Harriet B. Day), a son, Charles Sterling, Jr., born May 8.
- '92. Mrs. C. H. Hawes (Harriet A. Boyd), a son, Alexander Boyd, born December 3, at 10 East 85th Street, New York City.
- '95. Mrs. Landreth H. King (Florence Lord) a daughter, Ruth Rodney, born December 19.
Mrs. Charles D. Norton (Katharine McKim Garrison), a son, Charles McKim, born January 6.
- '96. Mrs. Thomas F. Burgess (Laura I. Crane), a son, Thomas F. Jr., born November 19.
Mrs. Grosvenor H. Backus (Susan E. Foote), a son, born January 4.
- '97. Mrs. George E. Hamilton (Stella M. Morse), a son, born August 24, at Santa Clara, California.
- '99. Mrs. Charles J. Malcolmson (Margaret Ewing Wilkinson), a son, Charles Tousley Malcolmson, Jr., born August 16.
- '00. Mrs. Edward S. Cobb (Florence Brooks), a son, William Brooks, born in June at Tokyo, Japan.
Mrs. Ralph I. Perry (Carolyn S. Wurster), twin sons, Frederick Wurster and Cornelius, born December 30, at Short Hills, New Jersey.
- '01. Mrs. L. Linn Elmer (Helen Shoemaker), a daughter, Lucia Mary, born May 26, in Suffern, New York.
- '02. Mrs. Edward S. Burns, Jr. (Ethel Barnes), a daughter, Ruth, born October 10.

DEATH.

- '91. Edith Cadwallader Crowder, died at Chicago, August 18.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE PESSIMIST AT COLLEGE

Nothing to do but study,
Nothing to learn but rules,
Nothing to say but words,
Nothing to be but fools.
Nothing to see but girls,
Nothing to take but notes,
Nothing to sing but hymns,
Nothing to cast but votes.
Nothing to write but papers,
Nothing to get but zero,
Nothing to read but essays,
This is our fate, oh dear, oh !
Nothing to drink but water,
Nothing to eat but hash,
Nothing to buy but books,
Nothing to spend but cash.
Nothing to wear but clothes,
Nothing to use but soap,
Nothing to comb but hair,
Nothing to do but mope.
Nowhere to come but here,
Nowhere to go but back,
Nothing is left but to flunk,—
Ah me, alas, alack !

ELIZABETH J. TRASK '09.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT

It must have been lovely ages ago
When women had wee little feet
And put them in dear little slippers,
So daintily, charmingly sweet.

So softly they stepped on the stairway,
So gently they moved in the hall,
In those dear little gay little slippers,
That you scarcely could hear them at all.

But now when one thinks of the sizes
And the shoes that most college girls wear,
It's enough to make ultra-fastidious souls
Clasp their hands and sit back in despair.

But at least we have this consolation,
When our most hostile critics we meet,
We are able to say in a confident way
That our brains grow as well as our feet.

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

At the quinquennial reunion of 1901 in June it was voted to use some of the money raised by the class in fitting up a rest-room for those students who come to the college daily from

A Rest Room for Out-of-Town Students other towns. The committee which had raised the money

was reinforced by two new members, and early in the autumn met in Northampton to arrange matters. Through the kindness of President Seelye, permission was obtained to use the room in the southeast corner of Seelye Hall basement, looking toward College and Music Halls. The room is very large, well lighted and heated and sunny nearly all day. The committee have had the walls tinted a loyal yellow, the floor covered with linoleum, and the room comfortably furnished. It contains a writing table, couch, comfortable chairs, tables, an adequate supply of china, glass and cutlery, and a few cooking utensils. A small gas stove, connected with its own meter, is used for such simple cookery as the girls require.

The room was opened early in December and on the 8th a tea was given to the faculty and members of the student council. The class president, Mary Lewis, and two members of the committee, Agnes Childs and Elizabeth Kimball, received. Had it not been for 1901's usual good sense, its representatives might have suffered from pride, as everyone spoke most enthusiastically concerning the project and the achievement.

It was a surprise to learn that there are over thirty girls in college now to whom such a room is a boon if not a necessity. Heretofore there has been no place except the cloak rooms and halls of the buildings, where they might eat their luncheons; the library is a place for study. As a result of the investigation carried on last spring by a graduate student at the instance of the committee, it was found that several of the girls had come to the point of going entirely without luncheon. Besides those who live in other towns, those students who live a mile or more from the college are allowed the use of the room.

The students have formed a simple organization, the dues of which are fifty cents a year. The chief officer is, therefore, treasurer; there is also a custodian appointed weekly by the house committee of three members. This committee is responsible for the general oversight of the room; and the custodian for the daily enforcement of the few rules.

The secretary of the class received a note of thanks signed by the house committee which extended a cordial invitation to 1901 to use the room whenever any of the class was in Northampton.

ELIZABETH L. KIMBALL,

Secretary 1901 for the Quinquennial Gift Committee.

Professor Moulton gave his fourth lecture on Wednesday afternoon, January 30, in Assembly Hall. His subject was, *Macbeth: The Life Without and the Life Within*. As in his preceding

Professor Moulton's Lectures lectures, he maintained a new and interesting point of view. Instead of considering Lady Macbeth a coarse virago, who leads her husband into ruin, a view which is held by many critics, Professor Moulton regards Macbeth as the coarser nature, responsible for the ruin of both, while Lady Macbeth's part is to prevent him from adding weakness to vice. As proof that she did not lead her husband into crime, he quotes I : 7,

"What beast wast then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

Showing that before the beginning of the play Macbeth had proposed the murder and sworn to it in the awful oath to which Lady Macbeth refers in the words so often quoted against her motherhood.

Professor Moulton in establishing his view, bases his analysis of the characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth upon the antithesis of an outer and an inner life, a world of doing and a world of being. Macbeth is a type of the life without, Lady Macbeth of the life within. If we compare the moral nature of the two we easily see the superior strength of the woman. Considering Macbeth, there are three pieces of evidence,—Lady Macbeth's analysis of him, his own analysis of himself, and the change by which his character reverses. Lady Macbeth says of his nature, "It is too full o' the milk of human kindness, to catch the nearest way." We should remember in interpreting this speech, that kindness in Shakespeare's day had two meanings, good nature and common nature, and that the latter is the meaning here. Macbeth is a sinner on the moral fence, which signifies the most ordinary of all natures. In his famous soliloquy when, forgetful of his duties as a host, he has left the table, we see that he hesitates to carry out the crime, not because of moral considerations, but for purely practical ones. He thinks of the effect of the deed on other men's minds, not on his own. Finally, in regard to the change in his character, it has been asserted that Lady Macbeth forces him to go on with the crime when he would have dropped it. This is not so. Macbeth is responsible for the original proposal of the murder, while Lady Macbeth's part is the formation of the particular plan for carrying it out. Macbeth does not wish to abandon it altogether, but only to postpone it. He, the practical man, is nervous because he knows none of the practical details of the scheme, but as soon as she tells him these, he becomes enthusiastic.

The moral nature of Lady Macbeth is very different. She lives the life within where spiritual insight is an important factor. How far above the average woman of that superstitious age she has advanced, is shown in her words: "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures." There is a constant civil war in her, between her will power and her feminine instincts, and it ends as all such wars must, in madness. Twice in the play her feminine instincts conquer,—once when she cannot kill Duncan because of his resemblance to her father, and again when she takes stimulants to fire her courage, as we know from her own testimony, "That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold." But her will conquers when, with a hysterical pun,

she flies back and gilds the faces of the grooms to make it seem their guilt, then comes the tragedy of *Lady Macbeth*. When she has risked all for her husband even sinking her feminine nature, he shuts her out of his plans, his heart and his life. The awful strain she has undergone snaps her will and not splendid possibilities go out in pitiful, incoherent madness.

On February 6, Professor Moulton's subject was, "Henry VIII: The Outer and Inner Life as Solution to the Conflict of Character and Accident." The literary Form of Henry VIII, Professor Moulton said, is unique, since it is a court masque interwoven with an historic tragedy. To be fully understood, it should be considered first as a masque, or pageant (a procession of persons in costume), and then as a tragedy. The essence of a masque is the elaborate compliment which it pays to some one. Henry VIII fulfills this requirement, since the authors, Fletcher and Shakespeare, wrote it to honor Queen Elizabeth by representing in pageant form the rapid rise of the mother, Anne Bullen, from Queen Katherine's maid-of-honor to Queen of England. But the rise of Anne was at the expense of the fall of Catherine, which fact offered great difficulties to the authors. To avoid these, they resorted to the solution of representing the life without in direct antithesis to the life within (a principle illustrated in *Macbeth*), and thus they interwove with the masque an historic tragedy. They compensated the fall of Katherine in the outer world by a greater rise in the world within, and added a pageant to suggest her exaltation to a saint in heaven.

Each act in Henry VIII represents a pageant. The first is the gay and brilliant dance at which the susceptible king meets the charming maid-of-honor. The second is the hall where the divorce proceedings take place with much formality and many insignia of office. The third, most splendid of all, represents the coronation of Anne. The fourth gives a very different atmosphere, the sick chamber of Katherine in her humble estate. A spectral light shines upon angelic forms which glide about the sleeping queen, who raises her hands in holy adoration. Last of all, the fifth act shows the pageant of the christening of the babe Elizabeth, with the crowd of Londoners and villagers come to honor her, thus revealing the purpose of the whole, a compliment to Queen Bees.

Turning from the drama as a masque, and looking at it as an historic tragedy, we find four of the principal characters illustrating the antithesis of the life without and the life within, which Professor Moulton spoke of as the unifying idea between the masque and the tragedy. These four are Buckingham, Queen Katharine, Cranmer and Wolsey. Cranmer's degradation is followed by a betterment of his material fortunes, but with the other three the case is the reverse. They are all exalted at the opening of the play,—Buckingham, the king's favorite, Katherine, the beloved queen, and Wolsey, the most prominent person in all England. But to each there comes a terrible fall from worldly power, and with the loss of outward influence a strengthening of inner resource. In Wolsey the change is marked and most poetically described. The varieties of his ambition had blotted out the world

within, but with his fall there comes a reawakening of the inner life. In his closing speech, that magnificent advice to Cranmer :

" Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to my enemies,"

The long-forgotten spiritual life within is reasserting itself.

Professor Moulton's sixth and last lecture was given on February 18. His subject was "The Tempest: The Moral Harmony called Providence." President Seelye in a brief introduction said: "I voice the general regret that to-day's lecture is the last, and express our gratitude and appreciation to Professor Moulton for the very interesting and delightful course he has given us."

The Tempest rests upon two underlying ideas, one of magic or enchantment, the other of personal providence. To emphasize the first, Shakespeare has given the play a setting far-removed from civilization, on a desert island rich in natural beauty. He enhances the magic atmosphere by introducing three things always suggested by enchantment,—music, sleep and spirits. There are spirits of nature, of the brooks and of the fields, but the climax of the magic side of the Tempest is reached in Shakespeare's conception of the elemental beings, Ariel and Caliban. Poetical imagination has always conceived the four elements in the form of beings, else why should we speak of "the sighing of the wind?" Shakespeare has improved upon the suggestions of other poets, and given us two masterly creations, the one, a suggestion of the upward tending elements of air and fire, the other, a suggestion of the downward tending elements of earth and water, while each is a representative of the same qualities in our nature. The text confirms this view when Ariel is described in the words, "Thou art but air," and Caliban, "Thou earth, thou."

Shakespeare has also chosen, in order to complete his plot, those elements of real life which are most akin to enchantment, as for instance, love at first sight between Ferdinand and Miranda, in the main action, and intoxication, with its transforming effect upon Caliban and Stephano in the comic under-plot. Caliban, who at first speaks prose, becomes, under the influence of liquor, a worshipper of Stephano in the musical language of blank verse.

The second main idea of the Tempest, personal providence, is set forth in the character of Prospero. To distinguish Shakespeare's development of this idea here, from its treatment in other plays, we should remember that our civilization is a fusion of Hellenic and Hebraic elements, and that our ideas of providence have come from these two very different sources. To the Greeks, providence meant at first destiny, an irresistible force outside of themselves. Later the idea of design entered in and providence became predestined fate. In this sense of design providence is found in all literature that has a plot. But the Hebrew conception was from the very first that of a personal providence, a God. The Tempest is the first play in which the plot turns upon the idea of a personal providence; for Prospero becomes, through enchantment, the personal providence of the island. He is the omnipotent God within that magic circle for the six hours of the spell. And he wields the power of God dispensing joy to Miranda and Ferdinand, judgment to Antonio and Sebas-

tian, and mercy to Gonzalo. Finally, when his power is at its height, he surveys it and gives up his personal providence, reminding us that when renunciation is greater, humanity comes nearest to divinity.

On Tuesday, January 29, a concert was given in College Hall for the Edward MacDowell Fund. The audience was small but appreciative; and the concert was an interesting one. Mrs. Ruggles' rendering of "Margaret's Cradle Song" and "Autumnal Gale" were interesting, and the 'cello solos were especially enjoyable. The organ improvisation by Mr. Sleeper was a beautiful and appropriate close to the evening. The program was as follows:

- Part Song :—"Greeting", Mendelssohn
The College Choir.
- Allegro from Sonata for 'cello, Locatelli
Mr. Blair.
- First and Third Movements from Sonata Tragica, Op. 45, MacDowell
Mr. Story.
- Songs, Grieg
(a) Ich liebe dich. (b) Margaret's Cradle Song. (c) Autumnal Gale.
Mrs. Ruggles.
- Solos for 'Cello :—
"Twilight", Popper
"The Fairies", Davidof
Mr. Blair.
- Five Pieces for Pianoforte, MacDowell
(a) The Eagle, Op. 32, No. 1 (Vier kleine Poesien).
(b) From an Indian Lodge, Op. 51, No. 5 (Woodland Sketches).
(c) A. D. MDCXX., Op. 55, No. 3 (Sea Pieces).
(d) From a German Forest, Op. 61, No. 3 (Fireside Tales).
(e) From a Log Cabin, Op. 62, No. 9 (New England Idyls).
Mr. Story.
- Part Songs :—
(a) Snow Flakes (arranged for ladies' voices), Cowan
(b) Halloa! Halloa! Kiensl
The College Choir.
- Songs, MacDowell
(a) Deserted. (b) The Sea. (c) Slumber Song. (d) Thy Beaming Eyes.
Mrs. Ruggles.
- Organ Improvisation :—Homage à MacDowell.
Mr. Sleeper.

At the open meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society, January 31, Professor Phelps delivered a very interesting and unusually entertaining lecture on "The Modern Novel".

Professor Phelps considers England and Russia the greatest novel-producing countries of the world, although France has many great names, including those of Victor Hugo, Daudet and Dumas. Germany, distinguished in so many fields, is signally devoid of great novels, and this can be partially accounted for by the prolixity of her writers.

Russia has produced a man whom Professor Phelps considers the great world-novelist, Turgieneff, and Tolstoi whom we more generally recognize as the greatest living novelist to-day. England has been and is still the country of the novel, and among her living novelists Thomas Hardy and George Meredith rank first.

America has had no really great novel since "The Scarlet Letter", which is one of the finest pieces of work ever done by anyone of any country. The reason for the dearth in this country is perhaps best explained by the failure of the novelist to take his art seriously, and it is also one of the great causes of failure in novel-history the world over. Novelists treat their audiences as children to be amused with a sugar-plum, instead of men and women interested in literature for its own sake.

"A novel," said Professor Phelps, "should properly be read from three points of view,—of pleasure, of art and of life."

On Saturday evening, February 9, the college enjoyed a lecture on modern French artists by Mrs. Henrietta Hitchcock. Mrs. Hitchcock is herself an artist, and has known intimately

Lecture on Modern French Artists many of the artists and pictures of which she spoke. This, together with her charming personality, accounts for the unusual interest of the lecture.

Mrs. Hitchcock divided the modern French artists into three periods. She spoke of the characteristics of the art of each, and of the most important artists, with brief biographical sketches and criticisms of their best works; at the close she dwelt at length upon Puvis de Chevannes and Gaston Latouche.

The stereopticon views of the paintings lost some of their effect by being shown after the lecture instead of at the time of their discussion. Those especially notable were "Philip", by Valasquez, an example of perfect technique; "The Gleaners", by Millet; "Maternity", by Carrière; "An Equestrian", by Van Dyck; and "Fairies in a Garden", by Gaston Latouche.

The usual reduced rates of one and a third fare have been secured for all persons who will attend the Commencement exercises in June, 1907, coming from any point in the jurisdiction of the

Reduced Railroad Rates for New England or Trunk Line Railroad Associations. Correspondence is still going on to secure rates from more remote points.

Circulars giving all needed information will be mailed to every member of the Alumnae Association one month before Commencement, and will be sent to the senior class for distribution to their friends.

To help in securing rates from more remote points alumnae or friends of undergraduates living in any of the Southern states, or in the states west of Illinois, who are intending to be present, will confer a favor upon the undersigned, and it is hoped help themselves to reduced rates, by sending their names in as soon as possible.

MRS. ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE,
Williamstown, Mass.

The class of 1907 announces the following cast and committees for the presentation of Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing" as their senior play:

Don Pedro,.....	Sophie Wilds
Don John,.....	Mary Hardy
Claudio,....	Helen Curtis
Benedick,.....	Laura C. Geddes
Leonato,.....	Isabel Broderick
Antonio,.....	Julia Holder
Balthazar,.....	Agatha Gruber
Borachio,.....	J. Steele Hamilton
Conrade,.....	Leola Sexton
Dogberry,.....	Esther M. Howe
Verges,.....	Mary M. Kern
Seccole,.....	Edna Wood
Friar Francis,.....	Nettie Strohbar
Hero,.....	Ethel Curry
Beatrice,....	Helen Read
Margaret,.....	Eleanor Dickson
Ursula,.....	Marion Felt

General Chairman, Mabel E. Norris.

Business Manager, Elizabeth Ballard.

Assistant Business Manager, Hortense Mayer.

Costume Committee, Virginia J. Smith, Eda Linthicum, Edna Wood, Dorothy Winslow, Mary Rathvon.

Scenery Committee, Rebecca McDougall, Elinor Daniels, Carolyn Tucker, Stella Tnithill.

Music Committee, Agatha Gruber, Marion Niles, Emma Bowden, Alice Varney.

Advisory Member, Helen Moody.

Secretary, Sophie Harris.

The Rally Day exercises, this year, began with an assembling of faculty, visitors and students in the Assembly Hall at ten o'clock. President Seelye introduced the speaker, Professor John Bassett of the History Department of the college, who gave an address on "Post-bellum Conditions in the South". Coming from a southern man with southern sympathies, the address was particularly interesting. After the address the "Commemoration Ode", written by Margaret Steen of the junior class, was delivered. In announcing this, President Seelye referred to the incident occurring at the first inauguration of Washington, when he was met by a bevy of flower-crowned maidens, who presented him with an ode written by one of their number.

The choir rendered special music, and the exercises ended with the "Star Spangled Banner" sung by the whole college.

After the chapel exercises came the rally in the gymnasium, and the song contest, in which the prize for the best college song was awarded to the senior class. The words of the song were written by Helen Maxcy, the music by Marion Niles.

In the afternoon were the basket-ball games, and the day ended with the usual dance in the Students' Building.

On Thursday afternoon, February 20, members of the college and a number of town's-people enjoyed an excellent recital, given by Mr. Hamilton C. MacDougall, Professor of Music at Wellesley College. His skillful execution of the first number, Toccata in F major, by Bach, and his beautiful interpretation of Kinder's Berceuse showed him a true musician. The program was as follows :

John Sebastian Bach (1685-1750),.....	Toccata in F major
Basil Harwood,	Requiem Aeternam
Charles King Hall (1845-1895),.....	Canzona
Alfred Hollins (1865),	Concert Rondo
Ralph Kinder,.....	Berceuse
William Wolstenholme,	Finale in B flat

CALENDAR

- Mar. 13. Glee Club Concert.
16. Basket Ball Game,
Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
20. Open meeting of the Alpha Society.
Lecture by Prof. Dinsmore of Harvard University.
Subject : Dante.
23. Gymnastic Drill.
Dance : 10 Green Street and 9 Belmont Avenue.
25. Monologues by Beatrice Herford.
27. Beginning of the Easter Vacation.
- Apr. 11. Opening of the Spring Term.
13. Dance : 8 Bedford Terrace and 26 Green Street.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

MARION CODDING CARR, MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE, KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS, ALICE McELROY. TREASURER, ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE.	MARION SAVAGE, VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN, ETHEL BELLE KENYON, HELEN MARGERY DEAN, BUSINESS MANAGER, HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY.
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THE CONDITION OF JAPANESE WOMEN

Almost every girl here in America at the present time would immediately say "yes" if she were asked whether she thought women should have the same rights as men. But I am not sure that many of the Japanese girls would be so positive. Most of them might hesitate before they replied, and some of them might give the wrong answer. But is it strange that they should have such a vague or even wrong idea of themselves, when women in Japan thirty years ago were governed by the idea of their being "as low as earth while men are high as heaven"? They were brought up in an atmosphere which had existed through hundreds of years and naturally, they had no reason to think differently about themselves as long as they remained in the same atmosphere.

It puzzles me sometimes when I ask myself why and how this wrong idea originated among the Japanese people. One answer with which I satisfy myself is that at the time when people were ignorant and had very little to do which exercised their mental capacity, but when physical strength had full control over them, men were much more powerful than women and thus they felt that women were not so gifted as themselves.

This idea was undoubtedly deepened and strengthened by the teachings of Confucianism and Buddhism. I have very little right to say anything about Confucianism and less right to speak about Buddhism, for I have never studied Buddhism and when I read a book on Confucianism it is more to learn the Chinese language than to study the ideas. Yet I think that the fact that no woman at the time when the people believed in Buddhism was allowed to ascend such sacred mountains as Fuji and Aso, is enough to show the low estimate of women in that religion.

Buddhism declared that no woman could ever gain paradise unless she was good enough to be reborn as a man. Men felt that women were expected to live only under their direction and supervision. This feeling and idea had become the custom, and they remained in that same attitude toward women for many years. They really had no occasion to feel differently, for women were left uneducated and did not themselves realize their abilities and duties; consequently they really were inferior to men.

The chief element of women's education in old Japan was to cultivate what they called "jo-toku"—women's virtues. The first principles were obedience and chastity. The most familiar sentiment in regard to the virtue of obedience was what was called "san-jiu"—the three obediences. These were: first, to obey the parents in girlhood; second, to obey the husband in wifehood; third, to obey the oldest son in widowhood. The idea was, that women should obey, regardless of right or wrong, and that they should be modest, humble, patient, and temperate in their speech.

As the result of the cultivation of chastity, comparatively few women, especially in higher classes, ever married after losing their husbands. It used to be the custom for a wife to cut her hair when she was left a widow, as a sign of her resolution not to marry again. At the time when people used to fight against each other, there were many young men who were killed, or killed themselves, for the sake of their names, and thus a great many young wives were left widows, and people considered that those who did not cut their hair were unfaithful to their husbands. During the war between China and Japan, I met in the streets young women with their beautiful hair cut off short, and it made a strong impression on my young mind.

Until recently, schools for girls were unknown in the empire, although all women, except those of the lower classes, received a certain amount of culture that came from the study of books. They learned to read, to write a beautiful hand, to make ceremonial tea; and studied music, sewing, etiquette, and the arts of painting and arranging flowers. These branches made up the whole of the women's education, and they were always learned at the house of a private teacher. The most important of them all was sewing, and the people thought that if a girl knew how to sew, how to serve tea, and how to arrange flowers, her education was ample.

When we come to think how young they used to be when they were married, we understand that they did not have the opportunity to study and learn very much more. Until recently many girls were married when only fifteen years old. My mother was hardly fifteen when she was married, and yet she was no exception at that time. The old system of marriage must seem very strange and unnatural to the foreign people and yet if we go one step further we shall see how they were obliged to manage it in that way. Japan received from China the saying: "Men and women should not take the same seat". It means that it is not manly to associate with women. Hence men and women never formally associated with each other. Perhaps there would have been no marriages if they had not employed that method. So, I never question the management of marriage so much as the idea of men and women not associating with each other.

It is, however, very unpleasant to think of the women of many years ago who were made to marry men whose characters were absolutely unknown to them. Besides, the marriage was as much a matter of course in a woman's life as death, and was no more to be avoided. It is almost strange that there could have been so many happy homes as there were, and yet it appears to me that the women at that time were as happy and contented as the women of to-day; at least they knew how to become happy and tried it. They knew, when they blackened their teeth, donned their wedding dresses, and started on the bridal journey to their husbands' houses, that upon their good behavior alone depended their chances of happy lives.

The idea of a wife's duty to her husband included no thought, of course, of companionship on terms of equality. She gov-

erned and directed the household, and her position was one of much care and responsibility, but she was not the intimate friend of her husband, was in no sense his confidante or adviser. She appeared rarely in public with him, but was always expected to wait upon him to save him steps, and she must bear all things from him with a smiling face and agreeable manners.

Japanese women, however, were not to be left in that condition forever. When Japan opened her gates to Western civilization and began to adopt new methods of politics, commerce and education, some quick-minded men felt that a change in the status of women was inevitable, if the nation wished to keep the pace it had set itself. The coming of Christianity had a great deal to do with the improvement of the condition of women. In fact, the first efforts for the higher education of women were made through the influence of Christians. The Doshisha Girls' School in Kyoto was founded by one of the earliest Christian ministers in Japan. There is the well-known Plum Blossom School for girls in Osaka, which was founded by the members of the church there. A few missionary schools were founded and a Normal School in Tokyo, supported by the government, followed them.

Thus the education of women proceeded in a satisfactory manner. But somehow or other, it resulted in making square pegs for round holes. In many cases it happened that a girl's mind was broadened by the new education, and so the condition in which she was put afterward by marriage, seemed entirely unhappy and unbearable. The higher courses of study only served to make her kick against the pricks, thus rendering her miserable. With mind and character developed by education, she was obliged to enter the home of her husband's family. There, her ideas in regard to the training of her children, the care of her own health and theirs, must often yield to the prejudices of those under whose authority she was put.

Thus, to superficial observers, it seemed a step backward rather than forward, and the strong reaction against female education took place. Now the majority, who insisted upon the old idea, hardened and strengthened their opinion so successfully that they influenced some of the others, who had more progressive ideas, to change their opinions. There came a time when there were only a few students in the schools, and the progress which had commenced seemed to back up, like the tide of the ocean.

Yet it began again with a force that was stronger and more enduring than ever. And now it is progressing steadily and rapidly. Rapidly, it is true; but I must admit the fact that it has required a long time for many women to secure true self-confidence. They have always felt their weaknesses, and regarded themselves of "not much use in this world", without asking especially about their rights and proper condition. They have had this impression almost unconsciously—the impression that was implanted in their childhood! For they lived with their grandmothers who taught them with, "you mustn't do that, because you are a girl—not a boy".

"A person with true self-confidence is the one to succeed in his work of life." There is a vast difference in the meaning given to the phrase,—*"the true self-confidence"*. In Japan at the present time, there are two different kinds of women. The following instance that happened three or four years ago in one of the girls' schools shows us this. Among the essays from the graduating class, the teacher found two upon the same subject—women—and entirely opposite in opinion, one regarding the three obediences as most important, and the other declaring that women should have equal rights with men in this world, and both should obey justice. These two girls were educated in the same school for three years, but the education at home, especially in their childhood, was entirely different.

While I am unable to tell which of these two kinds of girls is more numerous in Japan, I trust that the time is near at hand when all the Japanese girls and women will have the true self-confidence, and try their best in any work of life, and win men to the point where they will recognize the ability and capacity of women.

In one of the most famous magazines in Japan, I find an article in regard to the new ideal of Japanese women, in which I take a great deal of interest. The writer speaks of the two kinds of *"Emancipation Movements among Women"*, one of Anglo-Saxon and the other of Teutonic origin. He discusses the difference between the two, and goes on to say that there is one high ideal which is common to both, and that is what all the women in Japan should realize. The time urges them to open their eyes and to strive for a better and more complete relation to man, to the nation and to the world. And he says at the end :

"As I consider this the newest and the most important subject at the present time, I stand as one of the most earnest observers; and also as the sincere helper, if I am needed." Whether we can often find men like this writer in Japan, I do not venture to say; but I can say that this kind of man is increasing now throughout the nation.

Thus the men's attitude toward women and the women's idea of themselves have progressed slowly and yet steadily during the last thirty years. And now we see the great change between the situation of Japanese women at the present time and that of thirty years ago. There are now many girls' schools supported by the government besides the private schools and missionary schools. Most of them are crowded with candidates every year and the small accommodations with which they began are stretched to the uttermost. Many kinds of work are open for women, and the idea of independence has grown. Their position at home and in social life has been changed proportionately.

There are yet many steps that need to be taken. One of them, which I consider most essential, is the establishment of higher schools for girls. For, with the exception of the Higher Normal School in Tokyo, no provisions for studies more advanced than those of the middle schools for boys is included in the scheme. And none of the colleges and universities for boys have opened their gates to girls. There is, however, one thing which is far more important than all the rest,—that is, the cultivation of the thought of women as individuals, with minds and souls to be trained and developed to their highest possibilities. This is what is lacking now in the public schools; and without this religious element in the educational method, the best result cannot be expected. The fulfillment of this ideal will come side by side with the growth of Christianity in the empire.

TEI NINOMIYA.

TO YOU

It seemed so hard that there should be
Just one short year of joy for me.
Oh Love, how wonderful you know
That perfect year!—how long ago,
I cannot say. Sometimes it seems
A thing that came to me in dreams—
It is so long since then.
But suddenly I smile, and thrill,
And all, dear heart, is with me still,
And love hath come again.
That love we did not understand,
We strove to meet in touch of hand,
Of lip, and meanwhile, all unseen,
Gathered the veil that hung between.
We were together,—and yet, as far
As is the space from star to star
We grew apart. How hard I tried
To tear the veil! But fast it grew.
At last the day came when I knew,
Or thought I knew, that love had died.
But you, dear heart, crazed with the pain,
Clung still, and would not break the chain
That must be loosed ere we were free.
You dragged, a heavy weight on me,
(Dear God, forgive! for I was blind)
I cut the chain, nor looked behind,
Nor saw how far you fell.
Then to my spirit came the flame;
I did not see mine was the blame
That brought my time of hell.
I only saw the rose that blew
Had vanished, leaving me but rue.
Oh, bitter bitterness I knew!

(Oh God, Thou art so great, so good!
My eyes were closed, I could not see
The wondrous thing Thou did'st for me.)
Now, Love, I know it by His grace.
Your hand must ne'er touch mine; your face
Is turned forever from my own.
God gave us all that we had won

Of right to love, gave all He could,—
More than that, even He could not.
Not His the fault that left the blot
Upon our souls, to mar the good.
Within His presence let me kneel.
Oh, what am I, that I should feel
This wondrous knowledge given?
Your soul is mine, is mine for aye—
Oh blessed glimpse of heaven!
How faintly pencilled is the line
That keeps us from the things divine!
As babe may rest on mother's breast,
So may your soul on mine!
As mother to her child may come,
So I to you, to lead you home
Into the life divine.
Oh sacred Power, stay Thou with me!
Our minds, our bodies sink in clay,
Our life is such a little day,—
So great God's majesty!
And you, my love, and you are mine
Through all Eternity!

FLORENCE BATTERSON.

THE ARRIVAL OF SULLIVAN

Sullivan, six years ago, was the prettiest, sleepest little town on the Wabash River, and it seemed to me who saw it only in summer that its very atmosphere was that of a drowsy summer afternoon. It was a tiny place in regard to population, but covering an amazing amount of space, straggling in and out with queer little quirks and turns, and running here and there like water over a school boy's slate.

In the center of the town stood the court-house, almost shut in by big maple trees; a cool-looking, smoke-gray building, low and rambling, with an odd, slanting roof that gave it the appearance of perpetually drawing up its eyebrows in faint remonstrance at something,—probably the hitch-rack that surrounded the court-house yard. Hitched to this on all four sides was always a bewildering array of vehicles belonging to the farmers who had driven into town. Here, especially on Saturdays, might be seen wagon loads of great green and white striped watermelons basking in the sun, waiting to be sold, with

their owner lying across the seat, asleep, his big straw hat over his eyes to protect them from the glaring sun. Lumbering farm wagons, loaded with roasting-ears, cabbages and onions, shoved to one side the lighter and trimmer carts of the hucksters which boasted a greater variety of vegetables. Whole families with numerous children filled some of the wagons, eating their lunch from immense baskets. Neat little runabouts, belonging to the young men, jostled the more cumbersome spring wagons of the older farmers who frowned upon such innovations. Small children dodged in and out under the feet of the lazy horses who never thought it worth their while to injure them, and a good-natured crowd of men and women went leisurely to and fro, making their purchases, or else stopping to talk to some of the townspeople who sat, chairs propped up against the buildings, incessantly whittling and talking politics.

Leaving the square, you could wander at will down the old streets. Trees, leaning toward each other across the dusty road, formed an almost complete arch overhead, and protected you from the sun as you jogged along ; or if you were walking, you followed the broad walk, past low, roomy houses, of which even the smallest seemed to be taking up as much space as possible of the green, sloping lawn, until you came to your destination, which usually wasn't far. One never went far in Sullivan without "dropping in" somewhere. Formal calling was unknown, but there were few homes in which an hour passed without bringing some visitor. This was almost the only social diversion of the older people, except the church socials, to which everybody went, and the band concerts. These were every Friday evening. It was etiquette to wear your best dress and for everyone, except the old people, to walk in company with the crowd, around and around the Square until the concert was over. Country youths and their sweethearts in white dresses and pink sashes, strolled arm in arm, munching peanuts ; bevvies of young girls, all clasping hands, threaded their way through the crowd, while the old people sat in front of the stores, or else in improvised seats about the court-house yard, placidly enjoying the scene.

Almost every summer was a family reunion. Since all the families in Sullivan were in some way related to each other, nearly every one attended, and, in addition, relatives from all parts of the county drove over. The reunion was usually held

at the home of that member of the family who had the largest lawn, and here long bench-like tables were put up, and here, too, all assembled, each one bringing with him an enormous amount of food,—for the feasting was to continue all day, and there was always a mighty crowd.

Of course there was in each family a Judge, a State Legislator, and a Deacon; the minister was invited as a matter of course, and these four were expected by all, themselves included, to make speeches,—during which we, of the younger generation, usually betook ourselves to the house to listen to the phonograph. But there was one speech at which we were always present,—that of the family wit—for what family is without one? He could always be depended upon for such funny remarks, and sly, personal digs and such humorous gestures, that we were all convulsed, and put into a good humor for further eating. And were there ever such good things to eat? Heaps and heaps of chicken, fried to a golden brown; immense boiled hams and tongues waiting to be sliced; jellies and preserves of every known kind from Damson plum to watermelon rind; appetizing loaves of home-made bread, interspersed by the general favorite “salt-rising”; cakes of every color and size, some modestly slinking into the background to make room for their large, ornate sisters, who bore wonderful, fantastic decorations upon their snow-white bosoms. Steaming pots of coffee were carried from the house, where they were being prepared,—and one could always tell where the ice-cream freezers were by keeping an eye on the children.

Besides the good things piled upon the tables until they literally groaned, there was always a load of watermelons in the background for afternoon consumption. The watermelon of Sullivan is unlike that of other places, for the sandy soil of the Wabash bottom is its native element, and here it thrives and waxes until it reaches its melting and luscious maturity. The method of eating them, too, was different here from other places. Two or three men would exchange looks, then stroll over to the wagon,—accompanied, of course, by some of the children who were always quick to scent possibilities in the eating line. A large glossy melon would be selected, preference being given to those of the darkest stripes. Then would come a solemn and impressive ceremony. No knife was to flatten the taste of this melon, nor was the grain to be injured by slicing.

One of the men would find a sharp stone and drop the melon gently and dexterously upon it so that it would divide into several parts, each of which was crowned by an apex of deep red heart that melted in your mouth. As to just how one devoured his melon without injuring it by contact of a knife it is, perhaps, as well not to speak. It was not a particularly graceful sight,—but perhaps the reader may infer the method from the comment of little Sammy Barnes who “didn’t like to eat water-melon, it mussed up his ears so”!

Of course the young people of Sullivan had numerous enjoyments. The parties especially were never-failing sources of delight. One started early, if one were a girl, and called for all the other girls, until, in a body, we took our way to the house where the party was to be held. The boys, who had formed a similar body, lurked uneasily in the neighborhood until they were sure the girls had arrived, and then they put in their appearance. The first fifteen minutes was always painful, for, on one side of the room sat the boys, conscious of their hands and feet and casting furtive glances at the girls who sat primly enough on the other side, in all the dignity of stiffly starched white muslin dresses. Then somebody would suggest a game, and soon we would all be tearing around in Old Dan Tucker or Virginia Reel, quite forgetful of our previous embarrassment. Picnics and hay-rides were frequent, too, and then there was the never-failing buggy-ride to fall back on.

The roads of Sullivan were made for just such buggy-rides,—they were so peaceful, so lazy, that you could jog along for miles without saying a word,—a very part of the road itself. There was the old North Road in particular that I loved. You came first to Busron Creek, a placid little stream, with scarcely a ripple to disturb the sweeping branches of the willows which leaned down to touch the water, and crossed on the old covered bridge, hearing the pounding hoof-beats of the horse re-echoed in the hollow roof with never failing delight. As you emerged from the bridge you always leaned forward to catch a sprig of sassafras from the clump of sassafras trees that grew there, and nibbled its spicy stem as you drove along.

The road stretched straight before you, with few declivities to disturb its tranquility. On either side were masses of flaring yellow, black-centered Spanish nettle, while above it tipped the dog-fennel, the Western substitute for the daisy, working its

way in and out of the wire fences. The purple thistle, over which swarms of pale yellow butterflies hovered, almost crowded out the green stalks of golden-rod which were to have their glory later on, but now showed nothing but long green stems and tight little green buds. So you went along, past fields of towering corn, covering acre after acre, nodding their pale yellow tassels to you as you passed, and flapping their broad sword-like leaves as if they meant to protect their big ears of corn. Sometimes you passed a farm house, whose proximity you could tell by the chickens who came running out to scuttle across the road, just in front of you. The house, set in a beech grove, with a well-sweep on one side, looked coolly inviting as you drove up, and you usually accepted the apparent invitation by stopping to ask for a drink. Now and then you passed an enormous patch of watermelons, guarded at either end by a man with a gun, who did not look so hospitable; for the farmers, long suffering victims of melon-stealing, had risen in their wrath and declared war against the invader. And so you drove on, through the long hours of the summer afternoon, steeped in the warm, drowsy spirit of the road.

Such was Sullivan six years ago, and so I expected to find it at the end of six years when I returned. Of course I knew it had grown somewhat,—my dilatory correspondence with a few friends had told me that,—but still I was expecting the same old Sullivan as I leaned eagerly out of the car window. The old station was gone, and in its stead stood a new one with a bustling crowd banging the swinging doors to and fro. As I alighted from the train I looked about me for the loafers who always used to be leaning against the building, watching the cars come in, and it was with a feeling of disappointment that I turned to greet my cousin who had come to meet me; there was not a loafer in sight. When my cousin told me that he had brought his automobile down, I was rather amazed.

"Why, I didn't know you had one," said I, to which he responded nonchalantly, "Oh yes, most of us have them now."

As we sped along I looked about me in vain for ancient landmarks. Instead of the straggling houses I had remembered, I saw block after block of cottages, all exactly alike and painfully upright, and all staring uncompromisingly at me with a strained unblinking glare which was probably due to their porchless condition. These my cousin pointed out to me as the new "addi-

tions". In my mind, they weren't additions of beauty, at any rate, but I stifled a sigh, thinking that the station end of the town always was the most objectionable, and asked my surprised cousin if he wouldn't go around to the old North Road, and come into town that way. He complied, however, and as we rode along, told me bits of news in reply to my eager questions. The old "crowd" I found were all married, and four couples out of the twelve had been divorced. Truly, Sullivan was being modernized! I asked after his daughter who was a few years younger than myself, and had been in the "baby set" six years before.

"Ruth must be quite grown, isn't she?" I asked, "and going to parties?" I added with a reminiscent smile.

"Ah—why yes," answered my cousin, rather vaguely, "she's been planning several things for you, I believe,—a dinner or so. She regretted that you didn't come a few days sooner, as she entertained her bridge club the other afternoon."

I probably should have been surprised at his remark, had not something else taken my interest from my cousin's conversation just then. We had reached the old North Road, were riding upon it, and, apart from its location and direction, there was nothing familiar about it. The same rows of cottages which I had seen about the depot, stood on both sides of the road where formerly had been corn-fields, orchards or beech groves. There was not a farm house in sight, but in the distance I saw a black, black roll of dense smoke pouring out from what seemed to be a dirty collection of barns, and the grimy tracks in the road and the sooty atmosphere told me the truth even before my cousin spoke,—this was the Green Hill Coal Mine in full swing.

I had grown subdued, almost afraid to look, and as we approached Busron Creek I shut my eyes tight,—maybe I could have the old road with me still, if I didn't look. Then a straining, grinding hum, rising and falling with the monotonous insistence that belongs only to machinery, surprised me into opening my eyes. We had reached the creek and were just upon the bridge,—not the old covered one, but a new and squeaky edifice whose iron clamps creaked as we rode over them, and whose white paint glared in our eyes. I peered down at the creek,—not the cool, placid little stream I remembered, but a dirty black, stagnant pool greeted my eyes, and, as I looked up, I saw on the bank the cause of the change, and the reason of the deaf-

ening noise,—the new straw-board works. When we had passed, I remembered that I had not looked to see if the clump of sassafras trees yet remained, but it was too late then, as we were in the town itself by that time, and I never knew.

It was lucky I was so well prepared, for the changes in town were not surprises to me. I viewed quite calmly the ornate new houses which took the place of the roomy old ones. All the trees had been chopped down, so that the streets could be paved, my cousin told me; and there was a glaring, newly painted atmosphere over everything, as if Sullivan had been encased in a coat of varnish over night. A big, red brick building met my eye, huge, square and stolid, except for two little excrescences of tin, painted over to represent stone, which stood with mathematical precision in the front of the building, like prematurely gray eyebrows on a florid face. This was the new school building which took the place of the old one with its big, cool-looking play-ground, and its beautiful old trees.

We were now in the Public Square. Of course the hitch-rack had disappeared,—you couldn't think of associating this new and bustling court-house with a hitch-rack or this court-house yard, with its uncomfortable looking benches, covered over with advertisements, with the good-natured crowd who used to loll therein. No, the crowd itself was entirely different. These were quite energetic-looking men and women who dodged in and out of the new department stores, knocking into each other with quite metropolitan-like zeal. Then a black, shiny, dome-shaped structure loomed up before me. I was resigned now to anything, and it was quite without surprise that I said to my cousin, "I see, you have a coke oven here in town." "Coke oven!"—he turned upon me in wrathful surprise—"coke oven! Why that's the dome of our new Carnegie Library!"

And then indeed had the last proof been given. I knew that Sullivan had arrived!

GLENN ALDA PATTEN.

HIGH NOON

Warm, warm, so warm and still the noon-tide air ;
The daylight swims between the sky and me ;
The great trees sigh above me drowsily,—
And doubly fair,
In summer stillness, stretches out the sea.

Over the water from an islet near
Comes the soft tinkle of a shepherd's bell,
Rising and falling with the quiet swell
Of breezes clear,
That scarcely stir the leaves in this deep dell.

Prone on the sun-sweet needles of the pine
I lie at ease, drinking in scent and sound,
And for a screen the bay-trees close around,
A fairy line.
Marking this off to be enchanted ground.

Oh ! sweet enchantment like to honeyed draughts
Of nectar, brewed on sunny hills of Spain,
Yea, bitter-sweet with a half-lang'rous pain,—
E'en as I quaffed,
The spell was broken which ensnared my brain.

Yet, still the vision of that hour abides,
And still I hear the soft wash of the sea ;
A grand andante, where in harmony
That noon-time glides,—
Sound, color, scent, in sun-wrought symphony.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE.

THE FEAR OF SORROW

In old dream days when golden fairies came
And went, and you believed in everything,
Did you not feel the coming of this woe
That you are bearing now so patiently?
I pray you, tell me truly from your heart,
Was there not then some premonition dark
That blotted for a moment the bright gold ?

Or did you always find life bright and gay
As I do now? It seems as though my life
Would ever be one happy, dreamy song,—
Ah, tell me, when did sorrow come to you?
And did he find you unprepared,
And did he strike you hard and heavily,
And did you seem alone in this great world?
I pray you, tell me,—life's so happy now!

LAURA CASEY GEDDES.

THE STEEPLE JACK

The minister's daughter had been walking in the woods all that gusty October afternoon, and the fitful rushing of the wind through the branches still filled her ears with a sound like restless waters. She stood on the porch at evening, looking across the Green and down the village street where the lights which were beginning to twinkle from low-silled windows were reflected in the dark surface of the pond behind the church. In the gloom the pond seemed to grow larger and more mysterious. Its farther bank was lost in the dimness and the girl's eyes followed the suggestion dreamily, while with the swish of low-hanging elms and willows across the grass, came again the restless lapping of water.

She did not hear the step on the path. It was a light step and the stones were overgrown with moss. But suddenly the shadow of a near presence fell across her dream and she realized that a man was standing before her. Perhaps he had come from some neighboring village to arrange for a marriage or a funeral,—she had never seen him before. But such visitors were common, and she was not startled from her dream. It lingered in her eyes as she rested them on the stranger, absently waiting for him to speak. As it happened, he only stood and gazed in silence, watching the light under the shadowy lashes while it searched far distances and followed free movements. Then the wandering spirit returned and he felt that the eyes were aware and questioning. He pulled the small cap with its ragged ribbon from the back of his head and bowed low.

"A fair word wi' ye, lass! May I trouble ye, on such a squally night, for a lantern?"

"Won't you come in?"

He bent his tall figure in the door-way and followed her into the house. A single candle flung a long ray over his baggy velveteens, glittered on the spurs at his ankles and on the tools dangling from his belt. The man and the vast shadow that he cast in the weird light filled the little room. His head and shoulders towered into the gloom thence he watched the girl's movements with eyes that gleamed with something other than the reflection of the candle-light. She opened a cupboard door and took out a lantern.

"It's all filled and cleaned," she said. "Are you going far?"

"Aye,—far," he answered.

She lifted it gravely, testing its weight.

"I think that it will burn until morning. And when will you bring it back? To-morrow is father's night at Deacon Grant's. He's only gone over to Betty Brandle's for tea to-night, so we won't need it until to-morrow."

"I shall be coming down before noon."

"Oh, are you going up the mountain!" she cried. "Then in the morning, if it is clear, you will see the ocean! They say that you can look right over the woods and the fields and the towns—everything—to the great, wide sea and the wonderful, flying ships! It's a long way to the mountain. Father is getting old; he can't go gypsying with me the way he used to,—and I've never been up the mountain. Oh, how I wish—"

He strode forward and took the lantern rather roughly from her hand. The glittering implements jangled at his side, and the girl shrank back a little. For the first time the light shone full upon his face, which was furrowed and dark, with eyes that roved restlessly under shaggy brows. The dingy flannel shirt boasted a faded red bar on one sleeve and a dilapidated star or two. The broad, rolling collar was open at the throat, disclosing a bronze column of neck and great cords that swelled and contracted with almost audible breathing. Then the restless eyes sought her own, and for a moment she felt her gaze drawn and held. The next instant he was out of the door, and there came a rushing through her brain like pent-up tides let loose. She ran out on the porch.

"Oh, I did not light it for you," she cried after the dark figure disappearing over the Green,—but it only strode on the faster. She lifted her eyes to the sky. The wind was driving the clouds from across the face of the moon.

"It is not so dark," she told herself. "He will find the way. And I must go and bring father." She directed her steps toward a light that gleamed from one of the low-silled windows.

"It's All Saints' Night," said old Betty Brandle as she stepped out-of-doors with her guests.

"There are no Saints' nights in *our* calendar," observed the minister, more dutifully than reproachfully.

Old Betty threw up both arms; her thin locks, grizzled and disorderly, blew out against the darkness. She rocked herself to and fro.

"No, no,—that'd be heathenish," she assented. "If ye like better, we'll say Hallowe'en—" she sank her voice to an awe-struck whisper. "They allus *did* tell, long's I can remember, about the fearsome things that happened on Witch Night. I never believed much in speerits until my folks began to die, but sence then I've lived more in the next world than I have in this. They was took all times o' year, but they has a way o' stealin' 'round this season, tappin' at the winders and callin' at the cracks! And when I was young," she turned suddenly to the minister's daughter, "I used to think that Jack Crilly'd come back to me on Hallowe'en. That was because the first time I ever see him was goin' down cellar backward one Witch Night and he came and looked over my shoulder into the mirror."

"Why, Betty!" cried the girl. "Did you ever have a lover?"

"Jack Crilly!" reëchoed the old woman solemnly. "But he used to go off up the mountain, and the sea was too much for him—allus callin', callin', callin'! He had *pirate* blood in him," she jerked her head in defiant assertion, "it jest drew him allus, until he *hed* to go. He ain't never come back." Then she turned a strange, bright look upon the girl. "But don't you fret," she said, "Hallowe'en's goin' to bring somebody to *you*. He's comin'—yes, he's comin'."

The girl started slightly and slipping her hand through her father's arm, drew him gently away. They walked in silence across the Green. Presently she raised her eyes to the church. Always so familiar, where her gaze rested many times a day, turned oftenest to the homely face of the old clock which made private time-pieces superfluous on the Green, yet at night it assumed something of strangeness when it loomed so still and gray with deep shadows under the pillared portico and the tall

steeple seeming to slant a bit, as one stood gazing up at it, as though it would designate the north star. Now she followed its aspiring lines until suddenly a light flashing midway up the steeple caught her eye. She uttered a little cry.

"What can it be?"

Her father stopped, following with his gaze her trembling finger.

"There!" The light flashed for a moment at one of the steeple windows, then vanished. They waited until it reappeared at a greater height.

"Some one is climbing the steeple, Miriam."

"But this time of night—and Witch Night!" She pressed her father's arm more closely. "Will-o'-the-Wisp!" she murmured. "Only I never knew that he lived in churches!" She laughed a little, excitedly. "Oh now, it's so high, it looks like the mastlight on a ship,—and see, it will pour out the light far over the dark, dark ocean!"

The fear was gone from her voice. She spoke freely, jubilantly,—but not without longing in her tone. Her father drew her on across the Green.

"The ocean!" he shuddered.

"Oh, I love it! I can hear it in my dreams!"

He walked more rapidly.

"It sings to me from great distances. If I should go up on the mountain—"

"No!"

"Father dear!—If I might only see it—"

"Oh, no!"

"Why have you never taken me?"

"I brought you safely away. Why, then, should I let you go back?" She felt him shuddering now. "I gave it what was most dear to me—"

"My mother," she whispered.

She felt his whole body grow heavier as he held her arm.

"She *would* have her little boat! She *would* sail it alone and be free, perfectly free! Father dear, if you had denied her, think how unhappy she would have been! She cared for nothing else so much! Her life would have been wretched,—like a grey gull imprisoned in a cage. I was so little then, but I remember the sea. The sound has always stayed with me. I hear it in the woods and when I wake at night,—even in the

stillness—that is the great, breathless hush of brooding waters, but most, in the winds when the waters rush and foam and call. Did they *take* my mother? I almost believe that she went to them, that she loved them!”

A melodious sound, faint but clear, of aeolian quality, borne on a passing breeze, quivered for a moment about their ears. It was the most familiar note that they knew, now etherealized—the note of the church-bell.

“Hush! Hear how the waves are rocking it in the distance!” whispered the girl.

They sat down on the broad step under the honeysuckle and the bare-stemmed woodbine. Miriam nestled against her father’s shoulder. The last rays of the candle, shining through the door-way, showed the warm gold of her hair pressed against his flowing blue-silver locks. Her eyes did not meet the dumb trouble in the eyes above her. She gazed now toward the light gleaming and vanishing high against the darkness; now toward the vague, ruffled waters of the pond below. She gazed until the church steeple seemed to sway like a mast on the high seas, and the rising night wind dragging the elm-branches across the grass, filled all her consciousness with the rolling and the breaking of waters.

Miriam lay awake that night, haunted by a sense of expectancy and excitement. Again she saw her strange visitor towering over her in the dim light, and felt herself held by his eyes. That moment had been curiously blended of fear and of joy. She had been powerless to take her gaze away and yet she believed that she had yielded it with all her heart. Renewing the experience now vividly in imagination, she was strangely elated. He had seemed so much a part of her dream! He was unlike anyone that she had ever known and he did not speak in familiar idioms. He had been so gentle when he called her “*lass*”, yet so abrupt when he had seized the lantern from her hand! He was like one who comes from a great distance, and he had brought with him a breath of something stronger, freer, than dwelt in these inland airs. She wondered if he were even now striding up the mountain-side, breaking his way through the dry, autumn branches, ploughing a path through the fallen leaves, the ragged bronze and crimson of the boughs touched into a semblance of their daytime richness by the inconstant flare of the lantern. How powerfully the night wind must be

rocking the pines and crashing through the oaks! How the slenderer trees must quiver and sway perpetually! How the loose leaves must be filling the air with their blind fluttering! How they must swirl about his feet! And he was a part of it all, so glad of the commotion, so strong, so dark,—and always with the strange, restless eyes.

Then she thought of Betty Brandle and her vagaries. Perhaps at that very hour the ghosts of Brandles past were trailing their long, smoky forms about the little, old house, wailing softly against the window-panes, or winding their invisible arms in slow, creeping embraces around Betty as she sat rocking herself to and fro on the flag-stone porch. She often sat there all night, they said, either from choice, or else because it did not occur to her to go to bed. Betty had seen strange things. Her eyes were made for the dark. Miriam knew all her stories by heart. She had listened to them ever since she was a tiny child when the old woman first came to be her “fairy godmother”, and she had more faith in them than anyone else in the village. She believed that Betty had spoken the truth. Some one had come to her, Miriam Starr, that Hallowe’en night,—come—and *gone*! This latter thought lay heavy on her heart. Yes, up the mountain! He had said that he would bring back the lantern,—yet Jack Crilly had not come back!

She felt herself floating away, following the beckoning of a light swinging in and out of deep shadow. She was lying with her eyes turned toward the window and the church beyond. Now she was conscious that the gleam appeared and disappeared at a great height; now it seemed to glimmer from a forest path. The light on the steeple and the beacon of her fancy became one,—the mysterious personage in the tower and the mountain-climber were identified. When at last she slept, it was to dream of tossing waters, riding sky-high, which bore her with them up into a world of purity and freshness and light. When she awoke, her ears still resounded with their rushing and through the tumult there came to her a sea-lover’s song. As she listened, the roaring of the waters died away, but the song burst forth stronger and stronger. She slipped out of bed and to the window. The melody drew her, as the gaze of two ardent, dark eyes had drawn her before. And then, peering out between the vines, she beheld him swinging there, high on

the steeple of the church,—the bronzed stranger in velveteens.

Early in the morning they all gathered on the Green and stood in groups, looking up at the old church. An agile figure was swaying back and forth in a loop of rope swung at a dizzy height, drawing himself up or letting himself down, as a spider uses his web. The quick ring or the prolonged grating of steel came to the listeners, a metallic accompaniment to snatches of song descending through the keen autumn air. Now it was a plaintive melody, as he swung nonchalantly to and fro; now a rollicking refrain as he clambered up the steeple-side or leaped from ledge to ledge. His hammer tinkled on the slates and sent the broken ones flying to the ground, where they were instantly seized upon by children, loitering open-mouthed and eager for plunder, on their way to school. He tapped the side of the great bell and it filled the air with unaccustomed, dim, vibrant sweetness. He drew his brush across the figures and the hands of the old clock until they gleamed in the sun with a new lustre. So all the forenoon he entertained a curious audience,—children; women who came out from the houses, from time to time, with their aprons on and shawls flung about their shoulders; farmers driving past on their way to market.

Deacon Grant, coming in with a load of multi-colored vegetables which filled his wagon with the hues of the autumn woods, viewed the actions of his fellow-townsmen rather contemptuously.

"I hired that fellow myself," he said, with a fine show of scorn. "He ain't nothin' so remarkable,—only one o' them steeple-jacks that makes a business o' riskin' their necks. This one's be'n a sailor; I ca'culate he sorter enjoys showin' off. They's sly enough an' ain't a mind to hev the trade stole from 'em. That's why they put up their riggin' in the dark, an' not 'cause they're leagued with the devil."

Old Betty Brandle had been among the first to notice the lantern-light in the dawning and to discern the dark figure swaying against the steeple. She was not so easily convinced.

"I tell ye," she persisted, "there's a *speerit*, look to it! He's *one sent*, I sh'd say. An' on Hallowe'en, too! See him hangin' there like a witch's cat,—or worse, like a tar on a vessel-top. We can't be too sure it's the Lord's work, deacon!"

And just then Miriam Starr had come out of the parsonage and across the Green. The old woman cast her a sidelong

glance—tender, yet inquisitive. Miriam stood with grave eyes lifted; she watched the man's every movement with a perceptible heaving of the breast; through parted lips she seemed to breathe in the floating sweetness of his song. They followed him as he drew himself lightly, always singing, to the topmost point, and they saw him unfasten the weather-cock from the steeple-tip. Then he began to lower himself, a long journey which held them fascinated, to the ground. The vane, which had appeared so small at the height, grew larger and larger before their astonished gaze, until, hanging just above them, it showed more than twice as tall as he. But he bore his burden safely, with careless ease. He seated himself on the church steps, ignoring the crowd, though his eyes roved to the figures of the old woman and the girl who stood apart. He dipped his brush into the can at his side and drew it across the vane, leaving glistening, golden streaks. His voice softened. The song grew more gently alluring. The words were mostly strange to his listener's ears, with "hawser" and "hatch" and "starboard watch", but there was a constant refrain of

"Come over, fair lass, come over!
For the soul of the sea is a rover,—
And hear the salt winds blow, blow, blow,
And list to the salt winds blow!"

Old Betty flung up her arms and burst into a torrent of incoherent words. Miriam heard only the name "Jack Crilly" reiterated with ominous intent. She stood, wide-eyed, trembling; now her gaze dwelt on the old woman,—now, in spite of herself, it wandered to the face of the singer. He was stroking with his brush, softly, rhythmically, in time to the refrain, while he kept his eyes fixed upon her. Once she took a step toward him, then turned and ran down the slope to the margin of the pond. Her canoe lay close to the shore. She leaped into it as lightly as though she had been a stray leaf blown by the wind, and pushed off among the withered reeds.

It was past noon when she left the boat at the lower end of the pond and slipped into the seclusion of the willow-path skirting the farther edge of the Green. Now she hurried along, her gaze bent fearfully upon the ground; now she loitered, searching the vista eagerly. When she saw the figure of a man coming toward her, she stood motionless for an instant, then sprang forward. He was still singing and walking lightly. The rhythmic freedom of his movements spoke to her of another

environment, of an element which was constantly changing beneath his feet. They came closer, their looks journeying to each other across the distance. The song died on his lips, and the dream in his own eyes met the dream in hers ; the fierce and the soft lights dwelt together.

Then he spoke.

"Lassie, why do ye nae gang awa?"

There was a strangeness in his speech, yet she understood and whispered back the wonder that was in her own thoughts.

"Oh, why did you ever leave it?"

"I have a mither," he answered, turning the cloud in his face from her. "She greets by night and by day for thinkin' that I am sprattlin' wi' the cauld wat waves."

"Greets?" she queried softly, "Greets?" The word, though unfamiliar, seemed full of sorrow. "Your mother is afraid to have you go to sea! *My* mother loved it; but she was drowned and that is why father will never take me back,—for I love it, too."

"It is in your bonny een!" he cried. "Ye maun hae seen it!"

"Not since I was a very tiny child,—but I have never forgot it, and I am always waiting—waiting—"

"But now I hae coom!" he bent close over her. Something strong, sweetly impelling, yet full of the promise of freedom, wrapped her about. His words came fast; his look, his tone grew more ardent. "We luve it, baith of us," he cried. "And we are young, lass, wi' our ain lives to live! We maunna bide by the chimla-lug safe at hame; but we maun hoy the bonny, brave skif over the blae waters, an' the kelpies winna haur! us under! We will gae up the mountain togither an' down on the ither side to the sea."

The joy and conviction with which he uttered the words lifted her spirit on wings. She cried out with gladness and faith and eagerness. Like children, they seized one another's hands. Only a moment they stood thus,—then Miriam snatched herself away. She covered her face, swaying, and moaning softly. He bent forward, looking, listening. But they spoke no word. Then she turned and fled down the willow path. On the doorstep she almost fell over the lantern. Inside, the kettle was humming impatiently on the stove. She tied on a big brown apron and began to shake out the yellow meal for her father's corncake.

The hand clasp had broken the symphony of far-sounding waters, and yet, now she knew better than ever before that if she went with the stranger up the mountain she would never come back.

That evening the minister and his daughter rustled through the leaves down the country-road,—the lantern, trimmed and re-lighted, swinging in and out of the shadow. It was a still, soft night and the minister talked about the stars. Miriam saw them shining above vast waters; saw the ships guided in their trackless course by myriad pilot-lights. She saw the figure of one who had gone down the willow-path at noon, she knew not whither. But there was the mountain rising dim in the distance through the early November night-mist—scarcely more than a grey dream-shape—and over it hung low, a red star. She believed that his face, like hers, was set toward that star,—but his feet, were they more free to follow? And then she saw a Mother—not like the mother of her own imagination—but an old woman, not very different from Betty Brandle, grey and lonely-eyed and sometimes wild in speech and action. Over there was a pale, white planet that hung above a distant town,—above her cottage, no doubt. And it was thither that he was bending his way.

At the deacon's door a flood of light streamed into their eyes for a moment. Dazzled, they stepped aside to let a dark figure pass out. But Miriam turned, catching her breath, as she felt his gaze in passing. Her father and the deacon were exchanging greetings. In the outer ring of the light, the figure paused and stood looking back at her. For a moment they both lifted their eyes to the red star. Then, once more, their looks dwelt together across the space, and each knew the dream that was in the other's eyes. He saw under shadowy lashes a light that searched far distances and followed free movements; she felt the eagerness burning beneath his shaggy brows. Then, slowly, she turned and laid her hand on her father's arm. The man, watching them, saw the girl's head so close to the stooping shoulders and flowing silver locks, the tender promise in her attitude. He saw them go into the house and the door close behind them.

Then he turned his face to the quiet, white star and strode away into the dimness.

MARION SAVAGE.

SKETCHES

FATA MORGANA

Far over the shimmering western seas,
And many a league away
Where the air is soft and skies are blue,
Is the island of Morgan Le Fay.

Round towers and battlements ivy-grown
With casements that redly glow,
Rise dark from gardens, green and old,
Where streams and fountains flow.

The flowers bloom forever fair,
There is golden fruit on the trees,
And the air is filled with delicate sounds
Of birds and citherns and bees.

Not far from the sombre castle walls
A lady sits alone ;
She rests her chin on her long white hand
As she dreams in her chair of stone.

Beneath the weight of her red-gold hair
That is bound by a jeweled crown,
Her face gleams pale, and her eyes are sad
With a sadness no years can drown.

The hardy sailor or fisherman bold
Seeks for that shore in vain;
The golden land he may behold
But never may hope to attain.

When weary of seeking, he idly floats
Through the long, warm summer day;
In the sea-path before him rises again
The island of Morgan Le Fay.

Its beauties are veiled by a silvery haze,
Its pinnacles faintly gleam,
The face of the lady is dimly fair
As the faces we see in a dream.

While his boat floats nearer and nearer the shore,
The walls and towers high
Recede and slowly fade at last
Like mist in the still blue sky.

And now the sea stretches barren and wide
Where a moment before there lay,
With all its magical beauty and charm,
The island of Morgan Le Fay.

LOUISE CARTER HILL.

The girl stopped swaying in the hammock and tapped her foot abruptly on the piazza floor. At the shock, the thimble which had been lying in her lap flew off into space, but neither of them noticed it.

"No," said the girl, "I knew you wouldn't understand. I *do* like you a great deal. It's just that I can't bring myself to have the reality so—so different from my dream. Don't you see?"

He didn't, but she went on.

"When all your life you've just been planning and thinking how splendid it's going to be to grow up, and what wonderful things you're going to do, it's *terrible* to find yourself just a plain, ordinary girl, to say nothing of marrying a plain, ordinary man in a plain, ordinary way!"

"Thank you," said Robin, bowing politely. "I've always realized my deficiencies, but—"

"Sit down, you foolish boy!" she exclaimed, laughing a little in spite of herself. "Now, if you will only keep still, I'll tell you something even more startling. Do you know, I decided not to marry you when I was ten years old!"

He murmured something about the indiscretion of youth.

"Yes," she said, warming to her subject, "it was in the *Metropolitan Gazette*!"

"So public!" he deprecated.

"It covered ten entire pages," she went on, "and it took me hours to make it all out, lying on the hearth-rug before the fire, with the whole thing spread out, colored supplement and all, on the floor around me."

"Indeed!" he acquiesced politely.

"Now, stop, Robin Humphreys!" she commanded, "or I sha'n't tell you another word, and you know you're interested."

"It's a great shock," he admitted, "and I, so unsuspecting!"

"It was Coralie Vanderbeck's wedding," she pursued, ignoring him. "She married the Duke of Pemberton, you know."

"Oh, yes!" he rejoined, as if hugely enlightened.

"It was the biggest wedding New York had ever seen, those were the very words of the *Gazette*, and she was the most beautiful heiress. I can just see those pictures of her now—the side view in the ball gown, and the full-length one in her traveling dress, and the big one on the first page in her bridal costume. Oh, she was wonderful! And there were eight bridesmaids in pink. I can remember just how their dresses were made, because I copied them, all eight, for Florabelle and Rosabelle and the rest of my paper dolls. And their diamond necklaces! Then, after the wedding, when she was the Duchess of Pemberton, they sailed for England and she was to be presented to the queen. I shall never forget how my heart thrilled with rapture when I read those words 'presented to the queen'! It was really true then! It wasn't just in fairy stories! It was as good as if I had been told that Cinderella was real, even better, for I should have infinitely preferred being Coralie Vanderbeck, because she didn't have to work while her sisters went to balls. It was true! It was possible! Well, then, I decided that when I grew up I was going to be far richer and more beautiful than the Duchess of Pemberton. Perhaps I should marry the Prince of Wales! So you see," she finished laughing, "it's something of a come-down to think of you instead."

"I see—I see," he answered gaily, "with such a rival I could scarcely hope to win the day. But if he should by any chance forget to come for you, you know; if Your Royal Highness could ever consider stooping to my lowly station, why—well, I'll be always waiting for you," he added more seriously. "And as I don't suppose you'll want a spectre at the feast—in other words, you won't ask a disappointed lover to stay to supper—I'll wend my way homeward. Good-bye," he called, running down the piazza steps, "don't forget!"

"I'll remember," she replied, stepping in through the long window.

Marcia put on a blue apron and began to cut up bananas for supper. She hummed a little tune, for she felt very happy—of

course. She had done precisely what she had meant to do. He knew that she didn't mean exactly what she had said, but then she actually had refused him and—well—it wasn't really polite of him to act so happy over it. He might at least *pretend* to take it seriously, she thought.

There were quick steps across the piazza. If Robin Humphreys had only seemed a little sorry, she thought! The long window opened. Marcia turned.

"Good afternoon," remarked Robin, affably. "I came to say that I had decided, after all, to accept your very cordial invitation to supper!"

"I'm sorry," began Marcia with dignity, "but—"

"And also," continued Robin, unfolding the newspaper he held, "I thought that perhaps you might like to see the *Evening Gazette*."

Disdainfully Marcia's eye met the staring headlines:—

"Duchess of Pemberton Sues for Divorce.

'Duke a Brute', Says Chauncey Vanderbeck.

'Has Squandered Her Millions!'"

"Robin Humphreys," said Marcia, "go and get an extra plate!"

EUNICE FULLER.

Mary could use her eyes. The flirtatious side-wise glance she enjoyed most herself, but that was only for one kind of man—the kind without brains. For

The Rapt Expression the men with brains she used a rapt expression, inscrutable and deep, while she listened to their discourse. Besides this she was a perfectly sane, commonplace girl, not at all intellectual, but very glad to be alive. She also dressed well and had an uncommonly attractive dimple.

"You may say what you like, Stanley," she said one evening, "but I *don't* like problem novels, and," she smiled as the dimple dodged in and out, "I don't think an ordinary girl ever has to solve these everlasting question-marks."

"But if life didn't have its problems," replied the young playwright gravely, "it would be full of silly butterflies who talk of nothing but yachts like Jack Old——"

"Don't slam Jack Oldwood, Stanley," she broke in, "he can't help being rich. Let's talk about something really interesting. How's your new play? Have you solved the heroine's problem for her yet?" In a moment Mary had turned on the expressive gaze—and Stanley Reed was a lost man.

"No, I haven't. She's given me all kinds of trouble, and I don't see a way out."

"Tell me about it, maybe I can help," suggested Mary with those serious eyes of hers.

"I want to show up the hideous susceptibility of human nature to the almighty dollar, but if I have the girl marry for money I can't give her a character that anyone will be interested in, and if I have her marry for love—"

"I see, your point's gone. Well, can't you introduce some one, an aged and indigent parent or something of the sort—"

"That she has to support! And so she marries for money! I see perfectly. She understands her problem and sacrifices herself to it. Exactly!" Stanley went on talking, with occasional nods from Mary, and the play was entirely mapped out before he rose to go. It didn't occur to him that that first suggestion, which anyone might have offered, was Mary's only contribution.

"I am very grateful to you," he said in his formal tone, "you must consider the play very largely yours," and he bowed himself out of the room.

Yes, Stanley Reed was a lost man. The apparent insight and intellect in two intent brown eyes had to-night completed the conquest that they had begun a year ago. It occurred to him that Mary was rather like the heroine of his play. She was a remarkable girl. He couldn't imagine her, like other girls, interested in dances, and athletics, and stupid young men like—like Jack Oldwood. On second thought, Mary was *very* like his new heroine. She had that same reserved character—she would be able to sacrifice herself to any problem. By Jove! She had a mother, too! Hardly aged and indigent—better say advanced, and of moderate means, but yet really in need of support. His heart sickened at the thought of the sacrifice that Mary might feel herself called upon to make. But who could the rich man be? He recalled her defence of Jack Oldwood that evening, and thought that they must be often thrown together at dances and dinners. Unconsciously the new play turned to life in his

mind and the characters became Mary, Jack Oldwood, and himself. How should the play end? He couldn't finish it with that haunting vision of Mary in his mind. He would lay it aside until Mary's own actions should decide its outcome—then he would write it. Would the real heroine sacrifice herself for her mother? He thought of the depth of expression in those brown eyes, and was afraid.

The next afternoon a pretty little horse was getting over a country road as best she could, for the reins were about Jack Oldwood's neck.

"I might as well tell you everything right now, Jack," the girl was saying. "I really believe that that serious little man, Stanley Reed, is horribly in love with me."

"Well, Mary, I wouldn't blame him a bit," was Jack's comment.

"No, but, Jack, he's got the queerest ideas. He thinks I'm brainy and all that sort of thing, you know. He wants me to help him solve problems, and have a deep character, and a hidden sorrow. If he wasn't sort of pathetic, he would be funny. But, *Jack!* The worst of it is that he thinks I'm in love with him—yes, he does!"

"Oh, by Jove, Mary! that's too absurd. How could he—"

"It's true. I haven't flirted an eyelash, but I've tried to sympathize with his work because I was so sorry for him, and he's misinterpreted it, and now—now you can never make him change his mind. I know that kind, he'll go down to his grave thinking all sorts of things—that I married you for your money or some such thing, and was in love with life's problems and Stanley Reed all the time. I *don't* know what to do about it."

"Poor fellow! I don't want to be hard on him, but let's leave him to his problems now, Mary."

When Stanley Reed, playwright, heard of the engagement of Mary Edwards and Jack Oldwood, he slowly drew out the manuscript and finished it. The heroine had sacrificed her ideals to support her mother, after all. This was hard to meet, tragic in its way, but to him the knowledge that a noble woman could really face and overcome her problem, was worth the price he must pay.

HELEN MARGERY DEAN.

ANALYTICS

Oh ye who love the microscope and telescope so much,
Go wring the truth from science as to double stars and such,
Go analyze the mystery of every little germ
And ferret out the history of each echinoderm.

You'll get the truth by probing deep—and nature doesn't care,
But don't probe *human* nature—oh, I beg you to beware !
For all the little friends you have will one by one depart
If you analyze their foibles as interesting art.

They haven't the emotions that you find in Henry James,
They feel completely lost amid the psychologic names
That are ticketed and labelled as belonging to themselves
When they're put upon their classified and numbered little shelves.

Don't try to sum up character and motives understand,
For there are baffling impulses you meet on every hand ;
You can't fit every feeling to your evolution-chart,
There are pure, spontaneous actions, to be counted from the start.

For if you thus do analyze, where good friends used to be,
A list of varying attributes is all that you can see ;
So instead of turning on each man this intellectual quiz
Just take him whole, and like him, too, for everything he is !

HELEN MARGERY DEAN.

An extremely high dog-cart with vivid yellow wheels, drawn
by a powerful black horse, dashed along the country-road. The
girl who drove with almost reckless dar-
ing was so striking as to eliminate ad-
verse criticism for the time being. Later,
given time for reflection, a too-brilliant,
too-vivid sense might vie with the first impression of complete
allurement and admiration.

She sat, erect, vibrant with personal magnetism. dominant
from the tawny wreath of red hair and daring contrast of red
tie to her trim feet braced with almost boyish exaggeration
and force against the dash-board.

Perhaps it was due to the driver's high seat, perhaps to her
vivid coloring, but she overshadowed the man at her side until
he looked small and insignificant. His remonstrance to her fast
driving as they rounded a curve in the rough country road

sounded womanish and nervous. Yet they had escaped a spill but narrowly.

"You aren't afraid, are you?" she challenged, turning to stare at him, when the cart had regained the angle intended by nature. If she had expected to find him white or shaken she was disappointed. He sat easily in his seat with not even the precaution of braced feet which a dog-cart usually demands.

In answer he looked at her steadily with a slight smile, and with a frown for what she saw in his gaze she pulled the lines to a slow chaffing walk.

"Well, you don't like my driving?" she challenged again. She was always challenging, he always refusing to take up the gauntlet.

"Your driving is superb," he acknowledged warmly. "I only question the advisability of a girl driving such a powerful animal."

"There is no danger."

"As I see," he concluded with an equivocal smile. "But girls don't usually drive such horses."

"Oh, public opinion; the gossip of the old tabbies at the hotel," she scoffed.

He did not reply to this and after waiting impatiently with scarlet under-lip caught between her teeth, and eyes black with easily aroused temper, she continued, "It's because I'm Western, I suppose."

"Oh no, I think not. Isn't it generally conceded that the West equals, if it does not outstrip, the East in primitive culture and refinement?" and he bowed smilingly to his temporary adversary.

"Oh! I can't understand you. Was that a compliment? Primitive? I don't like that. Or do you mean you *have* met Western girls that were not unlike Eastern ones, which proves I haven't even the West to blame for my manners and actions." She paused, breathless, scarlet with the uncertainty of her emotions.

"My dear Miss Willard," he murmured deprecatingly, yet with the quizzical smile still dominant.

But she would not let it rest there. His reticence maddened her.

"Why am I always apologizing to you? Why do I try to get your estimate of me? Why should I try to please you? Do you like this red tie?"

"It is a daring and successful contrast."

"'Daring' spoils it. You wouldn't do anything 'daring.' You wouldn't drive the highest, yellowest dog-cart in town—would you?"

This last was sensitive, appealing.

"I am at present driving in the highest, yellowest dog-cart in town and enjoying myself immensely," he rejoined.

She sat in brooding silence for a few minutes while he watched the quick flow and ebb of color in her cheeks, the restless biting of lip and tapping of foot, the sudden frown and darkened lights of eye and brow. She was a magnificent, untamed, primitive woman with glorious possibilities; he was the finished and polished exponent of English ancestry which had landed in Boston a hundred years before and had seldom left the shadowed confines of Beacon Street. It would be as impossible for him to give up the old-fashioned house in town, with its brass plate bearing his name, Horace Adams, M. D., with its associations, as it would be to ask her to give up her western plains, high spirited horses and daring colors. They had met at the quiet summer hotel in the mountains a week before. He had felt the charm of her brilliant, spontaneous nature. She had felt the power of his firm will, self-reliance and easy poise. He realized this in his aloof, critical study of the situation. So far so good. It should go no farther. He felt self-confident. Had he not always felt that? Beyond the short summer flirtation there could be nothing deeper. There was an unbridgable chasm of taste, habits, environment, friends, culture and convictions. But she—if she weakened?

As they drew up before the hotel a small bell-boy sprang to the horse's head. The man descended and stood, tall and straight, a virile figure, with the stern, thoughtful face of one who thinks and works at the same time. She jumped down, ignoring his outstretched hand, literally flung a large tip to the boy, and then turned to the man with a light remark. What she saw in his face startled her. As they stood thus she no longer dominated. He towered above her in height. Against her vivid coloring his was the black and white of the early Puritan fathers, with stern, clear-cut lines of mouth and jaw.

"I have displeased you," she said questioningly, and there was no challenge in her voice. "Wherein—will you please tell me?" It was the child pleading for approval and understanding.

"If you wish," and his tone was curt, unyielding. For the first time she felt the ungloved iron and answered it by facing him squarely and taking her whipping bravely.

"First, our eastern women do not refuse a man's assistance in dismounting from a carriage; do not tip in the presence of the gentleman who is their escort,—they leave that for him,—and again, do not tip excessively, unreasonably."

He watched the hurt look dawn in her eyes. Then she said simply, "I didn't know, but I thank you for telling me. Can't we ever be friends?" He frowned at the appeal in her voice. This was what he feared.

"I am afraid there is the distance of a continent between us—Boston and San Francisco, you know," and he laughed.

The repulse had been uncalled for, brutal. He felt this even as he uttered the words. But he was wholly unprepared for their effect upon the girl.

"Our Western men are gentlemen!" she said with blazing eyes, and left him.

The next morning she had left the hotel. He thought with irritation that he would not have fled from the situation in such a cowardly way. Finally he owned to a feeling of regret that he had never obtained her address. At last he even denounced the hotel clerk who could not enlighten him as to her destination. Then he went back to Boston and sulked. First of all he was angry with himself for caring; and finally with the girl for being able to make him care.

In such a state of mind he sauntered one day into the Touraine for lunch. At one of the tables he saw her. There was no mistaking the daring combination of red-gold hair and red hat. She greeted him cordially and then her hands went up to her hat and it was removed in an instant.

"Oh, forgive me for subjecting your æsthetic sense to such a severe shock. Really, you know, I almost believe I bought this hat in defiance of you."

"It's stunning!" He said it sincerely. "You can wear red hats and drive yellow carts and tip bell boys all your life if you'll only—" he hesitated.

She laughed a little unsteady laugh.

"It's a public hotel. You surely aren't—"

"But I am. Will you—"

"Wear red hats?"

"Oh no, not that. You must know how much I wish to say and can't." He glared fiercely at the waiter who stood in the background with what seemed to the man very large ears and round eyes.

"Is this the place one should tip?" the girl asked merrily, but she held out a very cold little hand at the same time, so that it didn't sound so cruel.

"Please put on the red hat," the man begged a little later.

But the girl, because she was wise beyond her years, tactful beyond her sex, loving beyond the limits which the man might ever reach, and because she guessed aright that his pride was fierce and untamable and that he had come to her after having offered it up on the altar of his heart, pushed the hat aside and said gently, "I never cared for red and I've sold the horse and cart."

ETHEL BELLE KENYON.

A FAIRY HORSE

"I want a horse to ride upon,"

Said a wee fairy sprite,

"I want a horse like Pegasus,

All beautiful and bright."

Then with a wicked little smile

He flew up to the sky,

And waited till the sun peeped out

As the weeping clouds sailed by.

"Ha! ha!" cried he, "here is my chance,"

And stole, without a word,

A piece of rainbow. Then he made

A tiny humming-bird.

LOUISE HOWARD COMSTOCK.

Algernon van Camp Brown paused, as he gained the top step of the Brighton High School. He paused, not from fear—oh dear, no—but merely to scan the edifice

His First Day which he was so soon to honor with his presence. For had he not been valedictorian of his class? He straightened his tie and then, to be sure that there could be no mistake, placed his report-card, on which "Department 99" could be clearly seen, on the outside of the "Metcalf's Speller" which he carried. Thus armed, he entered the well-filled hall of the school.

One of the boys came forward and greeted him with, "Well, Brown, I'm glad to see at least one smart fellow here. Shall I take you to the office?"

"Don't mind if you do," was the careless reply.

"Well, we'll take the elevator. It's the shortest way. Come on."

Algernon was led into a small room at the end of the hall and told to wait for the elevator. Dutifully, he watched the corner where it was to appear. The minutes passed and with them Algernon's patience. It was awfully hot too, he decided. Besides he didn't want to take the elevator, after all. He would walk.

The halls were crowded and he was pushed this way and that. Some one called to him, "Hello, Sonny, are you lost?" Sonny, indeed! This was insult added to injury. Finally he got up courage to ask his way to the office. As he looked, the boy addressed smiled with glee.

"Go right up that stairway to Room 23. There you'll find Doc. He'll help you out. And say," he called, as Algernon started to carry out his directions, "if the stairs are crowded, slide up the banisters."

The person seated at the desk in Room 23 looked rather young to be the principal. Algernon walked boldly up to him.

"Want to be a member of this school, eh? And you were valedictorian, were you? We'll have to advance you soon, then, I suppose." He took up a small white card and consulted a printed sheet near him. "First Latin—want it? I'll put Latin in as a starter—Virgil you know. Ever had arithmetic? Well, try Solid Geometry. Hm-m! Chemistry, Room 29. Enrollment 3. There, that'll fix you. Here, Gaynor, take this gentleman to 3. And on the way introduce him to the boys."

Algernon looked with pity upon Johnny Jones over in the corner. Jones had been the dunce of the class. Gaynor conducted him down two flights of stairs and through a long hall. On the way Algernon inquired if the person who had made out his card was Dr. Andrews, the principal.

"No," was the reply, "that wasn't Doc,—that was Cyrus Jackson. Mighty fine fellow, Cy! He helps Doc with most of the freshmen; Doc only attends to the green and unimportant ones. It isn't near class time, yet," he continued. "You wait here and I'll get some of the boys. We'll teach you how to play foot-ball."

Algernon's mother had given him careful injunctions not to engage in any rough games. But it was all right, this first time. Anything to please the boys.

These thoughts passed through his mind as Gaynor shut the door behind him. Once more he was left alone to wait. Ages passed. A lump began to rise in his throat. 'What if Gaynor had forgotten him. He tried the door. It was locked. The window was high and in his efforts to climb up to it he fell, thereby hurting his dignity as well as himself. The tears began to come.

Suddenly a bell rang—somewhere in the distance. There was the sound of tramping feet and above it a chorus of shouts. Something awful must be happening, perhaps a fire! At the thought, Algernon pounded on the door and yelled.

When the janitor opened the door there was Algernon with the tears making paths through the grime on his face.

"The fire," he gasped, "let me out quick!"

"There ain't no fire, sonny. The bell was the class bell. And the boys were only yellin' 'Brecky,' that's all. Where are you going, now?"

"Home," with a sob, "I'm going home."

As the janitor closed the basement door a white card fluttered in the wind. And on it, in large characters, was written "Department 99."

FLORENCE FULLER.

THE BIRTH OF A FANCY

Far away on the mountain side
Stand a few scattered trees;
Singly they stand, and autumn-dyed;
That is what one sees.

From far away come a violin's notes ;
Singly, they fall, like tears ;
Calm in its sea of tone each floats ;
That is what one hears.

Away to the colored trees they run,
A note to a tree, it seems,
And meeting, the note and tree are one ;
That is what one dreams.

BEE SEYMOUR HOILES.

Alice was disappointed and hurt and she did not understand. After all she had done for the class, they had elected Louise Durham chairman of the senior dance. Alice The Bluff had worked hard ; she had managed the sophomore picnic and the junior play and had really run the school paper, although another girl was editor-in-chief. It had been hard work with very little glory, and now the class had chosen another girl for the one position Alice Rogers had ever set her heart on. If the other girl had been really bright, Alice would not have minded so much, for she despised Louise. "She hasn't a brain in her head, nothing but that sickly, amiable smile of hers," Alice exclaimed fiercely.

Then the thought crossed her mind. Did amiability really count for such a lot ? She thought of all the girls who were considered the popular girls of the high school. Yes, they were all of Louise Durham's type. Had she such a bad disposition, after all ? She had always helped the girls out of their difficulties, if she *had* called them stupid. They *were* stupid, too. The girls never could have liked her. She had just been useful. If they had liked her, they would never have elected Louise. She had made a mistake somewhere, Alice acknowledged. The girls did not want her.

She choked down a sob and walked to the window. The blue sky and fresh breeze cheered her. Alice Rogers straightened her shoulders with determination. "Yes, I've made a mistake, but I won't make that same mistake again. I'll be different at college. I'll be more like," she spoke with effort as if swallowing a bitter morsel, "I'll be more like Louise. Maybe the girls will want me then."

The freshmen were seated bending over their trigonometry books. "I simply can't make head nor tail of this. If one-half the cosine—"

"Let's ask Alice Rogers."

"Goodness, you wouldn't dare,"—this was a freshman from another house.

"Why not? She's perfectly dear about it. They say she's done math. for everybody since her freshman year, and I never would have got through algebra if she hadn't explained it."

"I shouldn't think she'd have time, with Senior Dramatics and the Monthly and everything."

But the other freshman had left the room, trigonometry book in hand. She returned in a few minutes looking very much disturbed. "Girls, I don't know what's the matter with Alice Rogers. I asked her just as I've always done, if she wouldn't please explain, and she said, 'All right. But this is the last time. I'm tired of doing other people's work for them.' I was so surprised. She's always so perfectly dear. I'm sure Alice Rogers must be sick."

"What about Alice?" called a girl, walking past the open door. It was Alice's chum, Jane.

The freshman told her tale and Jane went quietly to her friend's room. There Alice sat, a little flushed, bending over a pile of papers. "My dear, can you spare me a few minutes?"

Alice interrupted, barely looking up. "No, I can't. This proof must be down at the printer's before six o'clock. Can't you see I'm busy?"

Jane departed as quickly as the freshman had, and sought some of the other seniors. "Well, I told you, something's the matter. She simply snapped my head off. You know you never heard her say a cross word in her life, and she looked so feverish."

"Girls, she's simply worked till she's nearly out of her mind. She needs a rest. But you couldn't persuade her. She'll go till she drops. If we could lock her up in her room and keep her there till she's had a good long sleep, she'd be all right again."

Jane sprang up. "I've an idea. Let's kidnap her. We were going driving Saturday, and I'll drive her out to Appleton's for supper and leave her at the farm over Sunday, and not go back for her till Monday. They haven't any horse there, so she can't help herself."

During the drive Saturday afternoon, Alice was silent. She was conscious of having been cross to her best friend, but she was tired of being pleasant. They walked up the hill back of the farm house and watched the sunset, still in silence.

Then Jane remarked that she must go and get the runabout ready to drive back. She would call Alice when she wanted her. Alice was relieved to be left alone, and sat down, chin in hand looking over across the valley. Suddenly there on the valley road was a carriage, their carriage; and Jane, that was surely her blue hat, was driving away as fast as she could. Alice ran down to the house and there the farmer's wife met her with a note. Jane's explanation was very simple. Alice needed a rest. She, Jane, would come back for her Monday. It had all been arranged and Alice would understand. The farmer's wife stood there smiling, evidently one of the conspirators. Alice drew a long breath. Well, she *was* tired.

Sunday evening found Alice again on the hill crest, looking out over the valley. She scarcely saw the trees or the meadows; she was thinking hard. "Yes, it was all a big bluff. I'm not naturally amiable. But I have bluffed it for four years, and I guess I've got to live up to the bluff." The golden sky grew rosy, then blue, and the first star came out. "Yes, I've got to live up to it the rest of my life."

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

SPRING

Spring
Is coming.
Hark!

'Tis the voice of the lark,
Singing because winter's gone,
Singing because it is morn,
Singing because spring is born.

Hark!

'Tis the voice of the lark.

Spring
Is coming.

MARY ELIZABETH LUCE.

We called him "The Daily News" and he was exactly what we called him. His real name was James Jones, but the name Jones includes so many people on the island that it really means very little and as far as establishing a person's identity is concerned, it is useless. But a name like "The Daily News" is more specific and of course everybody knew then just who was meant.

"The Daily News" did almost anything around town except attend to his trade, but how could he do that when he was a Custom House officer and there never was any custom? Assuredly he did more business than any other man on the island. He was also a club member. He belonged to two,—the Barnacle Club and the Checkers Club. The Barnacle Club consisted of all the men on the island over sixty years of age,—"The Daily News" was sixty-five. The Checkers Club was really an offshoot of the Barnacle Club, the only difference being that while they only smoked and talked at the Barnacle Club, they smoked and played backgammon at the Checkers Club.

Besides being a club man, "The Daily News" was a ladies' man. All the old maids on the island thought him "cute" and indeed when he winked his left eye and stroked his long grey whiskers he *was* cute. He was a favorite, too, with the married women. He told them all the bits of gossip which they themselves could not learn when engrossed in their household duties. With his arms folded upon the back of a kitchen chair which he was straddling, he would proceed to relate how many boats were in the harbor, how long they had been there, where they were going when they left there, and the history of every person of note on board. Or perhaps his monologue would be on the subject of Jane Compton's lover and how he had not been to see her but twice during the week and why at the church supper the night before Jane wore a red rose instead of white one.

Ah! He knew, he knew! "The Daily News" knew everything. Everything from the number of times Deacon Slocum said "Amen!" during the prayer meeting, to the number of stockings Mrs. Silas Crocker darned for Mr. Silas Crocker during the week.

He was the town-crier, doing his crying in a confidential way. He learned the news usually at the wharf as if the sea brought it to him and from there he would carry it up the narrow lane and into the broad thoroughfare called "High Street." Then he would retail it to every one he met. He had that generosity of disposition which hates selfishness and loves to share its blessings with others. He was a human "Social Column." We called him "The Daily News" and he was exactly what we called him.

MARY ELIZABETH LUCE.

EDITORIAL

We would not have the heart to talk about the season with every recurring spring, were it not that the experience which it brings is always new. It is as though we had never seen a spring before. In the darkness and travail of winter we have forgotten the long, free, out-of-door days, and now we cannot help being taken by surprise. The first intimations of softer airs set our pulses throbbing with a hope to which we have long been strangers. The weariness and indifference pass from our spirits and the unfailing fountain of our hearts leaps forth anew, like the source of a stream set free from icy fetters. The world around us is answering the sun which, day by day, circles nearer to the planet which it seemed to be forsaking. The relation of the earth and the sun is not mystical but natural, and likewise we also feel intimately the inspiration to life and growth which Easter has fraught with significance. Our awakening is akin to the revival in the world of Nature. We know ourselves not beings apart from the rest of God's creation, but an organic part of his plan, the spiritual flowering of the winter and spring of the ages. We recognize in the universal tide of life, flowing through all things, the secret of the impulse in the grass-blade and the aspiration in man. Spring binds all nature in closer union. It makes us realize how inseparable a part is humanity. We are lifted with the fanning of free wings into the blue, with the floating of clear notes into the very heavens. We are one with lowliness, contented, happy through and through, when we feel for the first time the velvety weight of clear, running water against our feet, delighting in the pure brown sands and the warmth of mossy banks.

Immutable energy inspires first one form then another, sweeping on its deathless round, proving to us the abiding life. We experience rebirth. The future is full of promise. We desire above all things to live,—and life is being given us in abun-

dance. Our nation is constantly being replenished. We are hospitable to young blood—to the pioneer and the peasant. Our country concretes their fresh ideals. Homes, schools, are ever receiving new life to better and enjoy. The individual, too, serves in many capacities in his time. Every period of life has its peculiar service. It was not long ago that we took up our college tasks and privileges, and now we are about to resign these to others whose unfinished work still lies before them. We have confided the duties and the delights of college life, one after another, to those who throng into our places, and now we yield up this last, dearest duty and delight, in the season when inspiration is new and hopes are high. Best of all, we do this with pride and confidence in those whom we have chosen to be our successors. The Board of Editors for the class of 1908 is as follows:—

Editor-in-Chief, Grace Kellogg
Literary Editor, Margaret Hallock Steen
Sketches Editor, Eunice Fuller
Alumnæ Editor, Florence Dixon
About College Editor, Miriam Alma Myers
Managing Editor, Mary Byers Smith
Assistant Managing Editor, Mary Prescott Parsons
Editor's Table, Florence Batterson
Business Manager, Harriet Carswell
Treasurer, Mildred Wilson
Alumnæ Treasurer, Katherine Doble Hinman

EDITOR'S TABLE

Ever since the day when Rosalind discovered that there are no clocks in the Forest of Arden, men have been searching for that particular greenwood. It is not an easy place to find, but a few there are who have stumbled upon it, unawares, and returned to set our hearts a-kindle. Just now, there are innumerable sign-posts pointing Ardenward. Our old companions, the mountains, beckon across the meadows, and runabouts seem ridiculously comfortable and cheap. Even the air, these first spring days, savors of something rare, something unfulfilled but delightfully near. We breathe deeply of it and our thirst for knowledge appears to be temporarily quenched, for at the mere sight of a gray sweater, over goes the frantically sought reference book and we betake ourselves to the open. Whither away? Why not to Arden! There are a dozen roads, but any one is bound to lead you there—if only you are blessed with a moderate amount of *batability*.

Now, *batability*, like all the European virtues, writhes under definition. It is an elusive, unassumable trait that reason can neither analyze nor curb. Those who have it not are prone to smile at its erratic manifestations. Like the Saducee, they have been heard to remark, with unbecoming superiority, "Thank Heaven there are still a few of us respectable folks at large!" a most unfortunate comment, for it shows that these scoffers are in a hopeless state, and far from the Arden primeval. Little do they guess that their dignity covers a painful insufficiency. They are outside Arden, but not from choice. Somewhere, in the depths of their subliminal selves, there are undeniable voids that can never be filled, artificially. *Batability*, to be genuine, must be inbred. It may have been long dormant, roused only by a bacon picnic freshman year, or by that insufferable rainy day after the prom., when something exciting had to be made to happen—but if college has succeeded in awakening it, blessed

be college! Hereafter, you will never be dependent on such circumspect amusements as the theatre and dinner-parties. The sun may have ceased to shine, and your pocket-book may be worse than empty. Given only a sudden inspiration and the right person to second it, and in ten minutes you will have turned the corner and have caught a glimpse of Arden!

Beware of the long road! Folks frequently journey forth, wearing smart lunch baskets and their happiest holiday suits, only to find it a stupid, gray waste quite unlike the Arden of story-books. As if a swarm of variously tempered minds, more or less intent on eatables, could ever hope to go beyond Whately Glen! Besides, some one invariably has to be home at seven, so that there is really no time to enjoy scenery. Even habitués of Arden find it disconcerting to devour sandwiches, with watch in hand and one ear cocked for the sound of an approaching trolley-car. And yet the grayness might still be perceptibly brightened if only a fresh atmosphere could envelope the conversation. Why do everyday things and everyday people clamor vociferously for our attention the moment we attempt to leave them behind? Arden seems to recede farther with each fresh topic. We carry our environment with us like the mud on our shoes and then complain because it is impossible to escape from our particular furrow.

Once upon a time—yes, and many times since—a man determined to leave everything and find Arden. And after much searching and many days, he came back home to discover that he had lived all his life, unknowingly in that delectable forest. "Now," he said, "I understand why I have never once seen this in my travels." And so saying, he stooped and picked—you will still find it growing there—the Blue Flower called Happiness.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

It all happened because of Lena. You never had liked Lena—her apron was so stiff and rattled so, and her cap always looked as if it would like to flap its wings and fly away; but it never did, and

How You Got Lost that was most disappointing. You had heard Lena say that there was a circus in town. You didn't know what a circus was, but Lena said that Father and Mother might take Big Brother.

"Me, too?" you asked. But Lena told you that such little girls as you never went.

Then you declared angrily that you would ask Pops and you were sure he would take you. Pops was another name for Father. When he wore the uniform with the shiny buttons and four badges over his heart, he was Pops. How proud you were of him! He would take you on his knee and you would put the end of your tiny fore-finger on the bright buttons while he told you stories about Indians, and fighting on the plains, and a wonderful general named Custer. And then it would be time to go to drill his regiment, and Pops would leave you.

Of course Pops would take you to the circus. But where was he? You toddled out to the front walk and looked around. You heard Lena calling you to come and put on a clean dress, but you hurried across the street. Suppose they really had gone to the circus without you. The thought was too dreadful. You shook your yellow curls out of your eyes and walked down to the car track. The trolley cars went down town—you had been in them—so you would follow them and then you would find the circus, and Father and Mother and Big Brother. You were sure they would be glad to see you.

They had told you not to walk on the trolley car track, so you obediently kept to the sidewalk. Only sometimes you ran out, just to make sure that the tracks were there. What a long way it was down town. Your legs ached dreadfully, but you kept on. There was the hydrant and no Lena to say that you mustn't take a drink there. You put your mouth down and took a long, cool drink. The water splashed on your dress and on your dusty little legs, bare above your white socks. You didn't care at all, until a great big girl and a little boy came to get a drink, too. They laughed at you in your wet frock and you began to cry. Your feelings were hurt and you wanted Mother. Where was Mother? There was the railway station, and that was "way down town", but you couldn't see any circus. You cried harder.

You walked back a little way, past some houses. You were crying so hard

that you couldn't see anything, and suddenly some one took your hand. You looked up, and there was a strange lady, with such a kind smile. She looked at your tear-stained face and your dirty, wet dress and you kept on crying. She said that you were lost and must tell her all about it. It frightened you to hear that you were lost.

She led you to a gateway leading up to the terrace of one of those houses. There were steps and you put up one little fat leg and then the other for each step, so that it took a long time to get to the top. The lady went in the house and brought out a dollie and a rocking-chair. Way down on the terrace, near the street, she sat down and took you in her lap with the dollie. It was a baby dollie in long clothes and you held it tenderly.

The lady wanted to know your name and that made you cry again. You told her that Father and Mother had gone to the circus. Big Brother had gone with them, and you couldn't find any circus at all. Then you cried so hard that you couldn't tell her your name. By and by you saw a carriage coming down the road. Why, there was Thomas driving. Thomas was Father's coachman. He saw you and stopped and out jumped Father, and then Mother, and you waved your fat legs at them because your arms were holding the baby Dollie in long clothes. Then you lifted a radiant face to the kind lady and told her your name.

ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON '06.

"So you are through with your work at one o'clock," remarks one visitor, eying the notice which says "Office hours, 9.30-1." "Do you ever come back in the afternoon?" she continues.

A Charity Worker's Day "Do you have any time for your embroidery at the office?" asks another acquaintance, who happens to know that fine needlework is my special dissipation.

While a third, with no attempt to conceal her ignorance, asks, "Well, what is your work, anyway?" And the answer which rises most readily to the lips is, "It would be easier to tell what we do not do, or, at least, try to do."

Knowing that such questions, strange as they seem to those who are familiar with the work of the Associated Charities, are after all honestly asked, it has occurred to me that the record of a day's work might be of interest.

But first let me define somewhat the object and aim of the organized charities, especially of those societies which deal with "needy families in their homes", the definite work of the Associated Charities, the Charity Organization Societies, and the Societies for Organized Charity. Because, unfortunately, practically the same work is done by societies having any one of these three names, often to the confusion of people outside the profession.

First: The Associated Charities deal with need—destitution—from two points of view, that of amelioration, which is often necessary without being at all satisfying, and of reconstruction. It is this latter side of the work that separates the new charity from most of the old, and that justifies the careful and thorough investigation so much maligned by those who do not know the spirit in which it is done, or the end which is sought.

Second: The Associated Charities is a clearing house for all the charities

of the city, a central office for investigation, for registration, and for coöperation.

Third: The Associated Charities should be ready with advice and information in regard to organizing such new charity or social work as the development of the city may demand. Its officers should know local needs and resources and what is done in other cities to meet such needs.

With this explanation, let me tell you briefly what actually goes on in the office of the Associated Charities in a small city.

First comes the mail. Here is a letter from a woman who asks if we can send coal, and if we can find a coat for her boy. We have known the family for years and are ready to send the aid, knowing that it will not be asked excepting when needed. The letter is both courteous and friendly, without any spirit of begging. An order for a half-ton of coal is immediately given.

The second proves to be the bill for two quarts of milk a day, sent to a consumptive. The bill will be paid by the Tuberculosis Association, but the Associated Charities must be the business agent.

The third is a note from a woman who evidently knows very little about the work. She reports a family in distress, but gives neither name nor address. She asks what can be done for the family.

And the last letter is from another city, asking if we know a family which has recently come to their city from ours, and is now asking aid. We congratulate ourselves that the mail has brought us no more new work than it has.

Meanwhile the telephone bell has begun. An official at one of our institutions asks if we think it wise to allow one of their inmates, whom we have known for several years, to go into a poor family to care for the children while the mother goes to work. She would rather work for a living, even in a poor home, than be dependent. Respecting her spirit, and feeling that she can, for a while at least, do what is required, we advise that she be allowed to try it.

The next call is a request for a "worthy woman who can iron". We wonder what the woman's definition of "worthiness" is, and whether the ability to do good ironing is not about as rare as worthiness. However, we refrain from making some of the remarks that occur to us, and promise meekly to try to find the kind of woman wanted. But this is somewhat offset by the next message, which says that a woman whom we sent to another house to do some special cleaning proved so satisfactory that the employer wished us to know it at once, that we might have no hesitation in recommending her again.

In the pauses between the ringing of the telephone bell a widow comes to ask if we have any sewing which she can do to pay for coal, as she cannot quite make her income meet expenses this week. It is a pleasure to have her come to the office, for she is always bright and cheerful, in spite of her troubles. We pick out the sewing, the thread and the buttons, without any hesitation, glad that we can give her the lift she needs, in so self-respecting a way. And this reminds us that our weekly allowance of five dollars' worth of sewing is ready in the rooms of one of our coöperating societies, and must be sent for; and that the work received and given out must be recorded.

The next individual to claim our attention is a man, who states that he has recently come to the city with his family and is in need of ten dollars to pay freight on his furniture, therefore he has come to us for the money. We are not filled with the desire to help a family come among us who are so poor that they cannot pay for transportation of household goods. However, we do not express any rash judgment in the matter, but ask a few questions in as friendly a fashion as possible. From the answers, and the lack of them, we soon learn that we are dealing with a vagrant family. Moreover, we recognize the man as one who came to us with practically the same request some years ago, and on our refusal to aid him left town, probably to try the same scheme in some other city. The man has money enough for present needs, but he has a wife and children to be considered. Not only the immediate difficulties but future possibilities, especially the results to the children of such a wandering, irresponsible life, must be taken into consideration. The mere refusal to grant the request for money does not end our responsibility towards the family. We must offer them the right kind of help towards self-help, self-support and self-respect.

The next interview is with one of our Home Savings collectors. Some of her families are in difficulties, and she wants advice that she may know what to say to them.

While this has been going on in the office, one of the force has been into the home of a family reported to us as in need. She has been not merely to see with her own eyes that there is destitution, but to talk over the situation with the burdened, and probably discouraged, wife and mother, and to learn if possible what is the wisest, the kindest, the most helpful way out of the trouble. On her way back to the office she has thought the matter over carefully and is ready to consult with the secretary, and to suggest a plan for the future. But before we can be sure that the plan is good, we must learn more of the family than can be done in one visit. People who know them, relatives, former landlords, employers, must be interviewed either in person or by letter. And all the investigation must be conducted in such a way that no harm may come to the family because of it, and if possible so that it shall not even be known that an application for aid has been made.

Time must be taken to think about the reports received, and make a record of such facts as will be wanted for future reference, not only in regard to the new family, but about each one with whom we have to deal.

Meantime the telephone bell has not stopped ringing. A reporter asks if there is any news; a landlord answers a query in regard to a family; one of the hospitals reports a tuberculosis patient in its department who evidently needs more milk and eggs than the family can afford to buy, and as this is a new case, an investigation must be made. A new visitor gives a very encouraging report of the family in which she is interested. This reminds us that we must write to a woman who has promised to visit, and tell her of a family in whose regeneration we need her help.

Various other letters must also be written before night, among them one to an institution for defectives, asking for an application blank for the admission of a child, and another to one of the state commissioners in regard to some work in which we are coöperating with them.

And so the days go, no two alike, some days trivial, some days tragic. There is no monotony and no leisure. There is much that is exasperating and discouraging, much that is amusing, much more that is pathetic. But it is all worth doing, worth the life, the strength, the vitality that the worker puts into it.

MIRIAM F. WITHERSPOON *ex'84*.

I am a much misunderstood girl. It is all due to Mary Stanton. She never was very good at describing people; she's too good-natured. But she outdid herself on me. Just because I was studying Hebrew,

The Sensitive Man the easiest language in the world, as any sane person would know, didn't she go out to the Springs, two weeks before I did, and do nothing but brag my approach with wild tales of my brilliancy and erudition. It *does* sound scholarly, I will confess to having taken some unpardonable pride in that myself. That, however, is no earthly reason for anybody's taking my character in vain in such a shameless fashion.

The very first day after I arrived, they dragged me out to a Bridge party. Now at home my Bridge playing is worse than a joke—it's town topics. Everybody runs if I so much as broach the subject. At parties it is actually comic to see how many accidents seem to have befallen the chair opposite mine where I take up my abode for the afternoon. The poor thing has everything from paralytic limbs to curvature of the spine, so as to be invariably palmed off upon the unlucky fourth comer. But now! Why, ladies with the unmistakable Bridge hand and eye vied with each other in affecting stage fright at the prospect of playing against your humble servant. In vain I protested that I did not play at all. "Ah, we know, we have heard about you," they would say, smiling in the most exasperating way. Finally we were settled. I was in a fine frenzy to find myself toppling on so shaky a pedestal, and "up against" the Bridge fiend of the place. The deal fell to me. Petrified with fright I made it the first thing that occurred to me, diamonds. There was a horrible silence, while I played from the board with cold perspiration standing like full-grown stalaguities on my brow, as I thought of the heroic efforts my partner must be exerting to restrain her horror. To my inexpressible surprise we won the odd. I sank back then, prepared for the "why in the world didn't yous" to which I was accustomed, but received in their stead most ecstatic and staggering exclamations, such as "How exquisitely you finished!" Did I? I didn't know, but wisely refrained from saying so. "What a mathematical mind you must have!" Mathematical mind! Ay, there's the rub. That woman never knew the throes I went through trying to pass off freshman algebra! But of course I only smiled depreciatingly and changed the subject with apparent modesty. So I continued to "make" on my nerve and good partners till I found myself carrying off the prize, a copy of "Fenwick's Career", which my hostess be-moaned as rather light for her guests. I was glad I had consigned "Ainlee's" to the bottom of my trunk! Then somebody chimed in again with "That all comes of having a mathematical mind." Now I ask you, "honor bright", as Ingersoll would say, was I to be blamed because those people wanted to think it took a mathematical mind to study Hebrew? How under the circumstances could I prove anything to the contrary, anyway? But that proved my Waterloo—my reputation was made.

The next thing was a dinner. A very wise man took me in—a lawyer. He was clever and jolly, well versed in general knowledge (could quote from Hamlet and the Chambered Nautilus). Altogether we got along famously. On the other side was a man—a sensitive man as I afterwards learned, alas! From battle, murder and a sensitive man deliver me! He was nice that night, however. I hadn't found out then that he was sensitive, though why I hadn't is a wonder, for he keeps it sticking out all over like quills upon the fretful porcupine. He had travelled, was interested in books of the solid kind, talked college, asked my opinion of Harvard as a place for P. G.'s—in fact, I was quite attracted to him, and might have liked him better than the lawyer. Let me cast no slur upon that legal dignitary, however; he was a saving light those weeks. Soon after the dinner he—the lawyer—invited me to a dance. My friend of the left—Mr. Hunt by name—was present, and danced several times with me. He was very quiet and seemed tired, but insisted upon dancing—encores and all. After supper, however, we settled down to sit out a dance and chat. With marvelous skill for me, I switched the conversation around to colleges, Harvard, and so to his post-graduate course again. The conversation soon got so earnest that I forgot myself and I suppose I expressed my views with rather too much vim. It was really complimentary to him, but he evidently failed to appreciate that, for he exclaimed abruptly, "Well, you see you're too bright for me any way. Shall we dance?" and proceeded to shut up like a clam for the rest of the evening. I can't imagine what I could have said that was so incomparably brilliant. Another time, after an interesting lecture on Sufism, as we were sipping lemonade, I mentioned some leading questions as to his opinions, getting nothing but non-committal replies, till he suddenly faced about with this direct attack:

"Of course you must know all about that. I wish I was intelligent and well-informed enough to discuss it with you. I'm sure it would be interesting. But you see I don't understand a word you're saying." Now wasn't that enough to floor anyone so recently emerged from sheltered academic cloisters? I took it for sarcasm and replied in kind (though I protest I am not sensitive, not a bit). I saw my mistake, however, as soon as his expression changed. Then I began to perceive the sensitiveness, but even then only darkly, as through a fog of stupid wits.

I did not have a chance to make up for my disagreeableness for nearly a week. During that time I trotted prettily about to luncheons and pink teas, dogged everywhere by that fiendish intellectual reputation. Evidently Mary had painted me a typical *bas bleu*—goggled, humped-backed (metaphorically if not actually), pedantic and insufferable. Everybody insisted upon getting my final opinion on dry historical controversies, obscure spelling, and infrequent phrases. It didn't seem to matter how many stupid mistakes I made. Everyone saw me as "the reasoning maid" who "dared to read and dared to say she'd read" (only I didn't dare to say I hadn't), and "studied Berkeley, Bacon, Hobbs and Locke". I began to sympathize with the girl in "Man and Superman" who thought she'd rather marry the man who told her her faults and surprise him, than to try to live up to the poetic ideal the other one had of her.

After a week of this involuntary scintillation there dawned a bright ray upon my scholarly horizon in the shape of a dance—so at least it appeared in

prospect. Mr. Hunt came around, and if I would be good enough to favor him, and so forth, he would like to accompany me. Once there he did not seem too anxious for dances, but the lawyer was on hand to fill up the gap, as it were. He was bright enough to have discovered that I was a very ordinary girl after all, and too conceited to have been frightened by my reputation, anyway. Naturally, I was more comfortable with him than with most.

Well, Mr. Hunt, at the beginning of his third, I think, suddenly remarked, with the utmost solemnity:

"If you don't like to dance with me so much I hope you'll just say so. I don't want to bore you." Of course I promptly supposed I must have done him some unintentional rudeness, but come to find out it was only that he had taught himself to dance, and was out searching for alights, and thought I must know all the proper rules, I danced so well. Good gracious, that mathematical mind again! I asked him if I seemed to dance by formula. I denied and protested; and thinking it necessary to a sensitive soul (which shows my consummate tact!) laid the taffy on in "slabs". Behold, he was off again! I was sorry I had felt obliged to say so much, and after I had all but stood on my head to take it back, was deeply grieved that he could not have been somebody else to make me enjoy the evening more! For the rest he was most horribly polite, while I exercised all my feminine ingenuity, not to say basket-ball agility, to improve each ensuing chance to walk on his sensitive toes with the delicate tread of a dancing elephant.

Things continued to progress from bad to worse. I began to calculate the probable effect of my remarks, as pool players calculate the angles on balls, with the natural result that I became so morbidly introspective that I couldn't get through the very simplest conversation with the man without becoming inextricably involved in yards of vague, half-finished sentences. I think my verbal contortions must have fascinated him in a way, for he would sit still, wrapped in wonderstruck silence. He really knows ever so much more than I; he is appallingly thorough; if he would only spunk up and assert himself.

We were in some amateur theatricals where he was perfectly splendid, to my surprise; but if you laughed he thought he must have done something wrong.

Of course, if I offered the vaguest criticism on any remote actor, it appeared to reflect on J. Hunt, Jr. He has a perfect genius for "construing" things into squelches. Isn't it just my luck to be thrown at such a piece of morbidity? I always was a sort of hospital for crippled beaux. How either of us stood the strain is beyond me, but we did till this fall, after he came on to Harvard, and we tried to correspond. The attempt was not very successful. Mother says I have never learned to reckon on the lack of facial expression in my letters, and I have concluded in the light of bitter experience it is very true. Then, too, I felt I must try to live up to my mathematical reputation, which did not tend to influence my literary style. I presume there was nothing exciting doing anyway, till his invitation to the Harvard-Yale game.

Now I had never seen a Yale-Harvard game, and foot-ball is an old hobby of mine. In fact, Mr. Hunt and I had had some very interesting talks of games and plays of the past. I realized now that I had unconsciously posed

as quite an expert on the game, whereas I really know practically nothing about it as now played. I could picture myself completely stripped of all my gold and tinsel trimmings before the game was half over—branded a humbug (cruel Mr. Pickwick). I suppose I made too much of it, and when I wrote, was more intent on gradually dispelling his illusions than on expressing my delight at the prospect of going. I remembered saying I understood Yale had a splendid team, and that I had only a dark blue suit to wear. I couldn't be expected to draw a smile for such a remark, or to label it Joke, non-poisonous. I do not remember anything else that could be unfavorably interpreted. But in two days, imagine my astonishment at receiving a note from his lordship, saying he should have realized, that with my "serious interests" I could not be expected to fritter away so much time in watching child's play; he was so sorry to have annoyed me, was glad I let him see just how I felt (the irony of that!) and would dispose of his tickets immediately, would always remember me most pleasantly, and remained, etc. Retracted the whole invitation, throwing all the blame on me, and leaving me not a word to say! In the meantime I had told everyone I was going, had refused Charlie Hall's invitation, and he would never ask me again when he found I didn't go and had not a vestige of excuse to offer, and I had lost forever, in all probability, a perfectly good friend, all because of Mary Stanton's insane babbling about my "serious interests".

Two things anyway I have learned; 1. Not to joke on paper except in cases of life and death; 2. To keep a sensitive man at the farther end of a ten-foot section of the North Pole!

But was girl ever more cruelly misunderstood?

MARIE MURKLAND 1906.

Woman's right to study medicine has long been conceded, but her real status in the profession is still far below her abilities.

In medicine, as in all other professions open to women, the onward rush of their emancipation movement has acquired such momentum that the individuals are intoxicated with the degree of power so quickly gained. The insatiable thirst for the yet unattained, pushes them on at all hazards, to wrest something more from tyrant man, whether it is timely or advantageous. Consequently they are inclined to ignore the essential characteristic of their sex, viz.: femininity. In the pioneer days, it required women of rugged character, of unwavering determination, strong almost to masculinity, both physically and mentally, to blaze the trail. Not but what most of them were beautiful and noble. Yet the very reflex influence of their work accentuated their natural austerity, until the professional woman became known to the world as of a decidedly masculine type. Now there is no longer any excuse for that type remaining, while the value and power of woman's work demands its rapid disappearance.

A woman can obtain such education as she desires without encountering any very great opposition, but her method of using that education determines the attitude of the world toward her. She has yet to break down the barrier of indifference, ridicule, or active opposition and to win the respect and coöperation of the men with whom she works. Social conditions limit

the number of women who do or ever will earn their living in the higher professions in Medicine or Law. Men need have no fear of competition. The jealousies and rivalries between the sexes on that score are as foolish and deplorable as they are groundless. But the burden of their removal rests wholly with the women. They must more clearly demonstrate their position. This, unfortunately, few women themselves understand. Naturally, when women took up any work hitherto done by men, they zealously tried to copy their model, and this was in most cases a physical impossibility. There is a woman's way of working and a man's way. The one supplementing the other in any line, will hasten results and raise standards.

Particularly is this true in medicine. The advent of the woman physician had a wonderfully refining influence upon that profession, and for that alone she should have been welcomed. Very few women have the physical strength or endurance for general practice, while they lose a great opportunity for noble work. For with all the variety of specialties developed in the last few years, there are numberless ways for them to cultivate their scientific ability in a feminine way. Such specialties are eye and ear, nose and throat, heart, lungs, gastro-intestinal diseases. Skin and contagious diseases are especially promising. Preventive medicine has suddenly developed as an immense study, and the research laboratory needs trained nurses. In all these departments women should feel no handicap because of her sex.

But wherever she is, a woman cannot be a truly noble woman, and impress her individuality upon the world, unless she has proved that she is a woman. She must let her femininity manifest itself in the details of dress, manners, voice, gait, etc.

The world respects a manly man and just as truly, a womanly woman.

DR. MAY SALOME HOLMES ex-'92.

52 QUEEN STREET, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, January 30, 1907.

Professor Henry Drummond was received with especial appreciation by the students of Smith College on his visits to Northampton, and it was the happy privilege of the class of '95 to number him as an honorary member. It may be of interest to some to hear from a home and city much associated with his life and work.

The house has the distinction of being the one in which Sir J. Y. Simpson lived, and where he discovered the use of chloroform as an anesthetic. At present it is the home of Sir Alexander Simpson, M. D., for twenty-five years Professor at the University of Edinburgh, an earnest Christian, of pure faith and loving deeds, deeply beloved by the students; just now making a tour through India, China and Japan to visit the colleges of the East. To the entire family, husband, wife and children, Henry Drummond was for many years a cherished friend. The eldest son, Professor J. Y. Simpson, to-day occupies Professor Drummond's Chair at the University of Glasgow, also lecturing at the New College, Edinburgh, world-famous for its advanced theological views, and where Drummond himself received training. This was the home to which Professor Drummond most often came on his week-end visits to Edinburgh during the many years of his Sunday lectures to students. Nearly every room of the large house contains portraits of the dear friend; always the same sparkling eyes, bright, clear gaze, and open,

eager expression. A particularly intimate one is that of himself and the four "boys" of the house, varying in ages from the youth of fifteen to the baby playing on the floor—his namesake. Professor Drummond's face is aglow with pride. It is of these boys he wrote to their mother when they were visiting him "Private": "Can you indicate (on a post card) anything in the wide world which I could buy, borrow or steal which could make them happy; anything edible, drinkable, scentable, seeable or feelable which could give them delight? Perhaps there is nothing, but most boys have a particular brand of chocolate or something." His comradeship with children, his naïve sympathy with and understanding of them, which led to his organization of the Boys' Brigade, and other forms of work, was part of that splendid equipment of Love which made his whole life so noble.

It was Lady Simpson's mother, Mrs. Barbour, at their Highland estate of Bonskeid, who helped Drummond to see his way to more certain work when he was becoming over-enthusiastic in pure Evangelistic service. It was a brother, Robert Barbour—poet, thinker, a prince among men—who was one of his chosen friends, and who, in answer to one to whom Tennyson's lament over Arthur Hallam had appeared extravagant, said: "Just such language would we have to use were Henry taken from us." It was another brother, Dr. Hugh Barbour, who was with him on his last Sunday evening, after his long illness, playing and singing to him favorite hymns, finally choosing the 54th Scotch Paraphrase, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord", Drummond's voice joining in clear and strong, and saying at the close, "Nothing can beat that, Hugh."

Queen Street is bordered by beautiful gardens, sloping down the hillside to Heriot Row, the home of Stevenson. Here among the trees and shrubs Professor Drummond delighted to work and think; they were a favorite resort in winter, being then more quiet and less frequented. Up on the wind-swept heights of the Castle Esplanade with its many associations one thinks of Drummond. We read how in his student days he was walking there one night with a friend, the two earnestly discussing the relation of the natural and the spiritual worlds. Pausing in his walk and glancing from the city lights beneath to the stars above, one of the questioners—he in the tartan plaid (Drummond)—exclaimed, "May not one law run through the natural and spiritual?" Already in his student days Henry Drummond had seen his vision. Below the Castle rise the square towers of New College; within its quadrangle of noble buildings, the bronze statue of John Knox, strong, stern, but sincere. Here Drummond entered into his theological studies; leaving them for two years to follow Moody, but returning here to complete his course in 1876. Out of friendships formed here grew the Gaiety Club.

Of him Moody wrote, "Some men take an occasional journey into 18th of 1st Corinthians, but Henry Drummond was a man who lived there constantly, appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teachings"; while Drummond said of the Evangelist, "He was the biggest human I ever met". An interesting fact connected with his last tour through the United States was that he gave the money received from his Lowell Institute Course to a young man, in whom he believed, to "help him in starting a magazine now having a circulation of half a million".

A train ride of an hour brings one to the historic town of Sterling, like Edinburgh seated by the Forth, with its battlemented castle high upon its rocky crags, and Grey friars' Church. Here Drummond was born and grew to manhood, and beneath the shadow of Castle Rock he lies buried. Professor Simpson, in his life of Professor Drummond, tells us of that last service; that "after the prayer a lad of the Boys' Brigade bugled 'The Last Post' and we came away with our friend imperishably imaged upon our hearts." At Glen Elm, the beautiful homestead, his aged mother still lives. Beside me is a note from her in which she says, "It is always a joy to hear of people who have been appreciative of my son's influence. Indeed, he has been a joy in the home from childhood, and it is a joy to me to hear that he has been so helpful to others, and although he is dead he still speaketh. He had very special love for all his American friends." A precious message to all who hold his memory dear.

LYDIA KENDALL FOSTER '95.

Mr. Benson strikes the key-note of his little book of essays in the first of his eighteen chapters on people and aspects of life. He looks out upon the world and its problems from the seclusion of

A Philosopher's Point of View* a small and beautiful college in Cambridge, "rich with all kinds of ancient and valuable traditions", from "spacious rooms, with a peaceful outlook into a big close, half orchard, half garden, with bird-haunted thickets and immemorial trees, bounded by a slow river." The college, in short, of Samuel Pepys, of delightful memory, whose mantle (of fluency) appears to have fallen upon this present-day philosopher, for he discourses of books, conversation, beauty, art, egotism, education, authorship, the criticism of others, priests, the simple life, games, spiritualism, habits, and religion, in as frank a manner as his famous fellow-collegian. With this difference, however: Pepys was gossip, and trivial, a *bon-vivant* with a keen eye for detail and a hunting-dog's instinct for the chase,—a materialist par excellence; Mr. Benson is intimate in his style (not gossip), but with the air of good breeding that comes from generations of cultured ancestors; an epicure, but in the highest sense, with that dual nature which yields the most satisfying results when the balances are equal; the material nicely governed by the mental.

Some one has said that this little book of essays is to her a test which she applies as a thermometer to her friends and acquaintances, in order to determine their intellectual and æsthetic temperature. Upon these epistles rests her decision as to their status. The result is at least worth the trial.

Any chapter selected at random should convince the most jaded mind that here is a bedside book, to be owned and lent, given away, quoted, read aloud, and reread. The style, irrespective of the subject, is so easy that you feel as if you had arisen from a sociable fireside conversation with an intimate friend when you have finished a chapter. The unobtrusiveness of the mere collection of words and phrases is the hall-mark of its perfection. And you feel that you have listened to opinions expressed by a man of the world, who has chosen the academic life of a scholar, rather than the uncertain rewards of business, and who is thereby enabled to view the world from afar, philo-

* "From a College Window", by Arthur Christopher Benson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

sophically and dispassionately, like a watchman from his tower on the walls.

"Live virtuously, make honest friends, read old books, lay up a store of kindly recollections, of firelit rooms in venerable courts, of pleasant talks, of innocent festivities." This rule, he tells you, will help you to grow old gracefully, and you will experience what Oliver Wendell Holmes called "the blessed anodyne" of age. You will see the disappearance of self-consciousness, the decreasing of the tyranny of convention. Your standards will perchance be lower, but you will be more tolerant. Life will not be so rapturous, but you will find it vastly more interesting. You will learn the lesson of patience, and the everlasting truth that hope is more unconquerable than grief. Live as far as possible in the day and for the day,—the *carpe diem* of old Horace's advice.

If my appreciation of this optimistic message appears too great, read the book and see for yourself.

CAROLYN SHIPMAN WHIPPLE '92.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since last issue is as follows:

'06.	Amelia G. Bent,	.	.	.	Feb. 27-Mar.	6
'06.	Mertice P. Thrasher,	.	.	.	Feb.	28
'05.	Adeline Jackson,	.	.	.	Mar.	1
'05.	Joan Brumley,	.	.	.	"	1-4
'05.	Katherine M. Wing,	.	.	.	"	1-4
'05.	Ruth E. Gallagher,	.	.	.	"	2-5
'08.	Caroline Marsh,	.	.	.	"	9-11
'97.	Eleanor Bissell,	.	.	.	"	9-12
ex-'98.	Jane Murphy,	.	.	.	"	9-12
'06.	Hazel Goes,	.	.	.	"	12
'06.	Helen Pomeroy,	.	.	.	"	12
'05.	Elizabeth Clarke,	.	.	.	"	12
'05.	Alice Lawlor Kirby,	.	.	.	"	12
'06.	Louise Ellis,	.	.	.	"	12
'06.	Helen Moore,	.	.	.	"	12
'06.	Grace Treadwell,	.	.	.	"	12
'82.	Grace Hammond Northrop,	.	.	.	"	15
'06.	Frances Manning,	.	.	.	"	15
'99.	Edith Rand,	.	.	.	"	15-17
'06.	Emma Loomis,	.	.	.	"	15-17
'06.	Helena Alford,	.	.	.	"	16-17
'06.	Emeline Cook,	.	.	.	"	16-17
'06.	Minnie Shedd,	.	.	.	"	16-17
'06.	Sue Tanner,	.	.	.	"	16-17
'06.	Mabel Parker,	.	.	.	"	16-19
'06.	Alice Foster,	.	.	.	"	16-21
'97.	Alice Fuller Lord Parsons,	.	.	.	"	21-22
'06.	Phoebe Ward Randall,	.	.	.	"	21-23
'04.	Helen Choate,	.	.	.	"	23-25
'06.	Fannie Robinson,	.	.	.	"	23-27

All alumnae who wish to secure tickets for SENIOR DRAMATICS should send their names to the Business Manager, Elizabeth B. Ballard, 80 Green Street, stating whether they prefer Thursday or Friday night. Seats will not be reserved for alumnae for Saturday night. Each alumna is allowed only one seat on her own name.

All applications for places in campus houses at Commencement must be made through class secretaries. None but classes having reunions will be considered. State in what house senior year was spent. Secretaries will please send in their complete lists to the chairman of the committee on May 1.

Alumnae wishing the 1907 Class Book can procure it by sending \$2.00 to Elinor Daniels, Hatfield House, before April 15. Express to be paid by recipient.

The Biological Society wishes to recover the book of minutes prior to September, 1898. Will anyone who can give information in regard to it kindly notify the secretary of the society, Laura Lenhart, Albright House.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Helen B. Maxcy, 20 Belmont Avenue.

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Ethel B. Kenyon, 17 Belmont avenue.

'95. Edith Chase was married to William Alonzo Newton, at Springfield, Massachusetts, February 26. Address, Elm Shade Farm, South Vernon, Vermont.

'99. Mary E. Goodnow has announced her engagement to Roland R. Cutler.

'00. Mrs. William Scott James (Irene L. Butler) sailed from New York March 5 on the S. S. Blücher, for a month's cruise to the West Indies and South America.

ex-'06. Ruth Durand was married to Mr. William Mather Lewis, Head Master of Lake Forest Academy, Illinois.

BIRTHS

'95. Mrs. Landreth H. King (Florence Lord), a daughter, Ruth Rodney, born December 19.

Mrs. Charles D. Norton (Katherine Garrison), a son, Charles McKim, born January 6.

'03. Mrs. C. F. Hepburn (Alice Smith), a daughter, Jane Alden, born March 18.

'04. Mrs. James Connolly (Ellen F. Cuseck), a daughter, Ruth, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, born February 8.

'05. Mrs. Donald McLennan (Katherine Cole Noyes), a daughter, Jane, born December 25.

DEATH.

,01. At Saranac Lake, New York, March 6, Sara Elizabeth Blodgett.

ABOUT COLLEGE

POETIC LICENSE

"The balmy spring has come again!"
Thus, boldly I began.
(You know I have poetic aspirations.)
I did not heed the chilling rain
That swished against the window-pane,
Nor mark the reasonings of my brain,
Whose clamoring protestations
Cried out with comments very plain
Against such affirmations.

But scribbling on, my sturdy pen,
"The sunny days are here."
(Still loyal to the Muse's inspiration.)
No birds are fitting in the glen,
But list! The cackling of the hen,
The birds I can imagine then,
With clear imagination,
And put them in my poem, when
I will—with exultation.

What matter that the sky is gray,
That clouds obscure the sun,
That drizzling rain drips on without cessation?
I'm sure I'm not inspired to say
"The spring is here. It's rained all day."
Spring poems do not sound that way
To my imagination.
In spring the sunbeams laugh and play
And dance in high elation.

It would be nice now, wouldn't it,
To start a rhyme to spring
With this inspiring exclamation,
"The spring, it is not nice a bit!"
Because the weather did not fit
Your rhyme! As if you could not hit
Upon some fabrication
To varnish up the truth a bit
With artful augmentation.

HELEN MAHLON SPEAR '00.

THE ELUSIVE POINT

I saw the point so clearly
When I wrote that tale last night,
But now I cannot see it
When I look in morning light.

It puzzles me. Sometimes I think
I see it there, but when
I look and think about it,
Then it vanishes again.

It must be there. Last night it was,
And if I saw it then,
I'm sure when evening comes around
I'll see that point again.

ELIZABETH SPADER CLARK '09.

There is to be a new library. Of the many phases to this ever-interesting subject one, especially worthy of consideration, is the site of the new building. Many are the suggestions as to the solution

A Plea for the Orchard of this problem. But one has gone abroad which has nigh broken many hearts. 'Tis this—the old apple orchard shall be sacrificed to give room to this new academic building! Oh, cannot we find another place quite as suitable, and at the same time preserve the orchard?

A library is, as President Seelye has said, the heart of the college. The heart is a centre. Therefore the library should be placed in a central position. Aside from this, there is of course the consideration as to the appearance of the rest of the campus. A huddled campus is one which I am quite sure none of us desire. It not only spoils the real beauty, but also the academic, calm and peaceful atmosphere which is supposed to reign over a college. Now the orchard is a pretty stretch, and adds much to the free, open feeling which we want to maintain. Aside from this it seems only right that a college placed in this vigorous New England apple country should have an orchard on its own grounds. Then also there is the everlasting problem, what would we do without it on Prom. afternoon?

The place I am going to suggest is the old Field Hockey ground, below the Chapin House. It is a hollow now, but by being filled in would become an imposing site. But this is not a central position, some may say. Well, then, let us make it one. The building would have two openings—or four, if it is to be circular. One opening must face the Wallace and Hatfield Houses, the other, College Lane. By removing the laundry on College Lane, and the other small houses which are not ornamental and by making green banks to slope down to Paradise, this road could be made very beautiful. If a large and stately entrance to the campus were made from the Lane immediately in front of the library, and if paths led to this library and driveways around it, joining to the driveways on the other parts of the campus, we would make of

this "back campus" a dignified as well as a charming approach to the college.

On the other side of the building, we would move the old gymnasium and possibly the Hatfield House, grade this slope and have walks leading from Seelye Hall to the library. The distance between the library and the recitation rooms would not be great, not in the least too great to interfere with the students' work or time.

Thus, the library, placed at one of the entrances to the campus, would certainly occupy a far more imposing site than the orchard could ever offer. Connected by walks and driveways with Seelye and College Halls and the rest of the buildings, it would assume a central position, and people would, I am quite sure, recognize it as such and soon consider it the very heart. This is in the present. Now to look forward into the future. The college must extend and enlarge itself in some direction. That direction will very probably be up Elm Street. When this happens the new approach to the campus by College Lane will become more and more useful. Its big gates open, it will be ready to welcome the stream of students who pass out or in, to or from, or about the library.

KATHARINE D. HINMAN.

March 18, in the Academy of Music, the Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs gave their annual concert, always an enjoyable event in the year. The selections were unusually good, and the audience was most spirited and enthusiastic. The Glee Club topical songs sung by Miss Morris and Miss Gruber gave much delight, as did the Banjo Club's performance of the College Medley, the tunes of the latter causing much applause as they were recognized by their respective supporters in the audience. The sweet harmonies of the Mandolin numbers were very pleasant to the listener. The Mandolin Club should be congratulated on playing with such unity and precision considering that they are such a large organization.

If anything, the program could be criticised for lack of variety and "snap", which with the encores made it seem very long. One charming feature of the evening should be noted, namely, Miss Geddes' manipulation of the properties, especially the drum.

A CHAPEL REVERY

I sit in choir each morning
 And watch the Seniors go
 Parading down the center aisle
 With measured step and slow.
 The organ peals in triumph;
 The Freshmen crane their necks;
 The Soph'mores and the Juniors stare—
 One thing doth me perplex:
 For who are these, who turn and squeeze,
 Who bend their knees, and slide?
 O, they're the faculty,
 A wriggling, wriggling down the side!

We love to watch the Seniors—
 They look exceeding wise—
 Their marcel-waves are wonderful,
 Their brains, too, we surmise.
 They sometimes wear our flowers
 (Sit still my heart!) We bask
 Adoringly in their rare smiles,
 And scarcely think to ask—
 "Who can be these, who turn and squeeze,
 Who bend their knees, and slide?"
 O, they're the faculty,
 A wriggling, wriggling, down the side.

Like hunted prey they scurry—
 There's scarcely room to pass—
 (The corpulent must make escape
 By sophomore doors). In class,
 We've deadly awe of them, and fear
 (Especially in wrath),
 For a respectful Freshman, it
 A curious aspect hath—
 To see all these, who turn and squeeze,
 Who bend their knees and slide—
 For they're the faculty,
 A wriggling, wriggling down the side.

MARION PATTON '10.

The title, "Teachings of Dante," has a rather abstruse sound, and a lecture on this subject might have lacked interest if delivered by anyone possessing a mind less clear and intuitively sympathetic than that

Lecture on Dante of Professor Dinsmore, who gave a lecture on this theme at the open meeting of the Alpha Society, on the evening of March 20th.

In introducing his subject, Prof. Dinsmore placed the great poet of spiritual life in the same class with Homer, "the poet of externals," and Shakespeare, the poet of life as experienced in this world. He also said, that Dante's belief in a great final victory prevented his writing tragedies, and that the evidences of his belief in the power of free will was an important factor in his writings.

He then spoke of the *Divina Comedia*, following the story, step by step, and drawing great moral lessons from each successive symbol.

In conclusion, Prof. Dinsmore applied the teachings of Dante to the problems and situations of our own day.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society wishes to announce the election to that Society of the following members of the senior class: Avis Adella Burns, Grace Lydia Bushee, Marion Coddling Carr, Helen Field Cobb, Ethel Harrison Cohen, Anna Fagnant, Katherine Dixon Frankenstein, Agatha Elizabeth Gruber, Mary Royce Ormsbee, Hope Sherman, Harriet Lewis Smith, Virginia Jeffrey Smith, Edna Ballard Townsend, Hope Willis, Lucy Ethel Woolf.

AN EXPERIMENT IN VERSE

Deep in a dim empurpled pool, a school of jewel-
 Like fishes play in depths cerulian cool. The drool
 Of waters gurgling o'er rocks green, whose sheen, half-seen,
 Glimmers like lustrous, polished buhl, as tool, sharp, cruel.

The pool is all a drowsy deep, where sleep can keep
 Eternal dreaminess. Here leap, or creep, and peep
 Bright water-beings who oft stray, and stay to play
 Where eddies whirl the sands and sweep a steep, gold heap.

MARION PATTON 1910.

From your earliest school days in the "baby room" up through grammar school, high school, and even college, teachers have seemed beings apart from common mortals. They are queer persons of

Concerning Teachers uncertain age, who are gifted with a knowledge of everything. They have not learned it, for they could never know so much that way. They must have been made for teachers with all those facts given to them naturally, the way good voices are given to some people, and a talent for drawing to others. Teachers have never been young. That is why they don't know enough to see you pass notes across the aisle or to tell when you are bluffing. But these are the only things they don't know. When it comes to real knowledge they always know everything.

There are two kinds of teachers different from the rest. The first kind doesn't always know things. They tell you wrong, sometimes, about fractions, or they say things that you've always been told aren't right, like "It's me", or "Who did you say it to?" But then, this kind doesn't count. They aren't real; they are only supposed to be teachers.

The other kind are so different that you can't imagine how they came to be teachers at all. They seem just like other people. They know everything, but that isn't so much against them as you might think. The most surprising thing about them is that they are young and beautiful. You always study your lessons hard for them. You wouldn't fail for anything. You like to talk to them every chance you get before and after school. Sometimes you bring them flowers. You know you love them—yes, more than anyone else in the world except your mother. You never tell anyone this. People would laugh at you if they knew. Perhaps they do know. But anyway, you would not give up loving them, even if all the world were going to find out. It is too bad that such people are teachers. Is it possible that they will ever turn into real teachers like the ones you usually have?

One summer vacation a queer thing happens. It is when you are partly through college and you are going back in about three weeks. School at home begins much earlier and one of the teachers has not come back on time. The superintendent of schools telephones to ask you to supply for two weeks, and before you know it you have said you will. Afterward you wonder how you ever could have promised. You get frightened every time you think of

it, for you are sure you don't know enough to be a teacher. You think about the different teachers to whom you have recited. You know you are not the regulation kind, the kind who have always known everything. Of course you want to be like the young, attractive ones, but you are afraid you will be like the ones who were not real because they didn't know enough.

While you are teaching you learn a great deal. You study the lessons a day ahead and learn them better than you ever learned anything before, even better than mid-years. Now you have to be able to answer any sort of questions the children may ask, whether you are quite sure you know the answers or not. Sometimes you have to bluff a little! This makes you understand, as you never did before, why teachers have always seemed to know everything. But you long for college where you can trust to not being called on, or cut if you know even too little for that.

You learn, too, why teachers object so much to whispering. They are afraid the children won't learn anything if they whisper, but they are even more afraid that the principal or the superintendent may come in suddenly and find the room out of order.

Sometimes, when you are sitting there in front of a big class and the lesson is going especially badly, you get nervous and keep wiggling your feet about under your desk. How glad you are that there is a board over the opening of the desk, so your feet don't show!

You feel yourself growing old very fast with the responsibility of being a teacher. You find that you are using the same gestures and the same phrases very often before your classes. If the children knew "Gone to the faculty meeting", you could imagine them singing it with your little sayings put in, just as you have so often sung it about the faculty.

Finally the two weeks are over. Oh how glad you are that you are going back to college instead of staying to teach for a great many more long weeks! You have never worked so hard in your life. Seventeen hours would be mere play in comparison.

Oh the joy of getting back to college to be in classes again instead of teaching them! It seems queer at first that you are sitting with the class and that some one else is up at the desk. Unconsciously you find yourself looking at things from the standpoint of the faculty, instead of from your own. You can see how stupid the class really is and how trying it must be. The faculty seem exactly like people to you now. You feel that they are not quite infallible, after all. Perhaps sometimes they are not just sure about how to answer your questions. Do they ever bluff? Poor faculty! How sorry you are for them because they can't stop and be students again, the way you did. Then you notice that their desks are just tables without any boards down the front. And this makes you more sorry for the faculty than anything else!

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS '08.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION

In English thirteen there is genius displayed,
It is writing of power, you see,
But whoever can tell me what there can be good
In English A, B, C or D?

MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS '08.

The Haven-Wesley House play was presented in the Students' Building on Saturday evening, March 2. In many ways it was most successful. The costumes were unusually artistic, being both graceful in line and harmonious in the blending of colors. There were many bits of good acting and the parts on the whole were cleverly taken and showed thought and ability in their interpretation. The King never failed to hold our interest, nor did Prince Bulbo. Prince Giglio was indeed a Prince Charming until the college scene, when he was too obviously burlesquing.

At times there was a tendency to "overdo", which made certain situations less humorous than with their possibilities they might have been. Other situations were supremely funny, especially the breakfast room scene. The acting was seldom stiff, nor was the grouping awkward. Externally the play was satisfying, except for the fact that it was a little long, but underneath this it lacked something which prevented it from being quite convincing. This without doubt was due to the character of the play itself, and we feel that another choice might have been more fortunate.

THE PERILS OF VERSE

Lucinda longed to write in verse
A masterpiece sublime,
But knew no more about the art
Than that the lines should rhyme;
And so she took that classic course
Which bears the name 8 B,
In which the talk is all of feet
And metres constantly.

After she learned their different names,
(Lambic, trochee, pyrrhic,)
Lucinda thought she might begin
To write a little lyric.
So, carefully, with notes in hand,
She sat her down to do it,
And very neat was the result
When once she did get through it.

"What logical truncation!"
She thought with great elation,
"And mark the frequent anapest which makes the line flow free;
Oh! see the neat caesura,
Indeed and this is sure a
Very model application of what good verse should be."

But very sad was the result
Of all this careful art,
And all who feel inclined to verse
Should take this well to heart;
She fondly sent it to "Thirteen",
But ah! it came to naught.
The comment was: "The metre's fine,
But you forgot the thought!"

VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN '10.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

ALPHA

President, Mason Montgomery
Vice-President, Clara Myer
Secretary, Ethel Bowne
Treasurer, Elizabeth Tyler
Editor, Eleanor Little

PHI KAPPA PSI

President, Mary Pratt
Vice-President, Alta Smith
Secretary, Margaret Edwards
Treasurer, Mabel Grandin
Editor, Mary Ormsbee

GERMAN CLUB

President, Mary Noyes
Vice-President, Agnes Vaughan
Secretary, Laura McCall
Treasurer, Margaret Hume

CLEF CLUB

President, Marion A. Niles
Secretary, Hazel Allen

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President, Mary D. Goodman
Vice-President, Ray Sheldon
Secretary, Laura Lenhart
Treasurer, Mabel Rae

CALENDAR

Apr. 15. Piano Recital by Mme. Gertrude Peppercorn Aumonier.

17. Open meeting of the Oriental Society. Lecture by Professor Fowler of Brown University. Subject: The Critical Study of the Bible and Some of Its Results.

20. Concert by the College Orchestra.

24. Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

27. Lecture by M. Bayly.

Hubbard House Play.

May 1. Lecture on Russian Folk Songs.

Open Meeting of the Greek Club. Lecture by Professor Tyler.

4. Lawrence House Dance.

7. Recital of Russian Composers.

8. Recitation of Peer Gynt by Ole Bangs.

11. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

Morris House Reception.

15. Junior Promenade.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

GRACE KELLOGG,

MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN,

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS,

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ALUMNÆ TREASURER,

KATHERINE DUBLE HINMAN.

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No. 8

ANCIENT IRISH MANUSCRIPTS

Those scholars who maintain that the old Irish manuscripts ought to be translated and studied are confronted by arguments which appear convincing to persons unacquainted with the subject. In this paper I shall endeavor to refute these arguments and to offer others in favor of a study of these ancient works. The chief arguments advanced by my opponents are, first, that the manuscripts are not genuine; second, that they are not significant; and third, that better manuscripts are still unstudied.

Are the manuscripts genuine? M. F. Cusack declares that "these documents have been studied according to the ordinary rules of literary criticism, perhaps with more than ordinary care, and that the result has been to place their authenticity and their antiquity beyond cavil".¹ That any of them existed in their present form before the twelfth century, I do not assert; but that they contain material from manuscripts of an earlier date, I do insist. O'Grady writes, "I have not met a single tale, whether in verse or prose, in which it is not clearly seen

¹ M. F. Cusack, "Illustrated History of Ireland", page 40.

that the author was following authorities before him."¹ The same writer, judging from internal evidence, dates the material of the epic, "Tân-bo-Cooalney", back to the Incarnation. "This epic," he adds, moreover, "is but a portion of the great Ultonian or Red Branch cycle, all the parts of which presuppose and support one another; and that cycle is itself a portion of the History of Ireland."²

The accuracy of the material of all the histories, annals, and Irish genealogies, and its minute correspondence to known events, show beyond doubt that they are compiled or copied from ancient manuscripts. For instance, in the Annals of Ulster, there are more than twenty records of eclipses and comets, "from A. D. 496 to 1066, the year, day and hour of which agree exactly with the calculations of modern astronomers. The solar eclipse of 664 may be cited as one example. Bede, writing many years after this eclipse, recorded it; but as he calculated backward by the erroneous method then in use, he fixed the date as the third of May, two days wrong. The Annals of Ulster give the correct date, the first of May, and even the very hour: a striking proof that the event had been recorded by some Irish chronicler who actually saw it, from whose record the writer of the Annals of Ulster copied it."³ "In the few cases also where early foreign or English writers notice Irish affairs, they are always in agreement with the Irish annals. A remarkable instance is Egenhard's record of the defeat of the Danes in 812. Testimonies of this kind might be multiplied almost indefinitely. The names of fifteen abbots of Bangor who died before 691 are given in the Irish Annals, with the respective years of their deaths. In the ancient service-book known as the Antiphonary of Bangor, which is still preserved on the continent, there is a hymn in which 'these fifteen abbots are recited in the same order as in the Annals'; and this undesigned coincidence is the more interesting because the testimonies are perfectly independent, the one being offered by Irish records which never left the kingdom, the other by a Latin composition which has been a thousand years absent from the country where it was written."⁴

The genealogies and histories in a like manner may be shown

¹ "Early Bardic Literature", page 26.

² *Ibid.*, page 37.

³ "A Short History of Ireland", by Joyce, pages 26 and 27.

⁴ Quoted by Joyce from "Reeves' Eccl. Antiq." page 153.

to agree exactly with known facts, an impossible coincidence unless contemporary records had been made. This fact is clear evidence that the present manuscripts are but compilations of older and more ancient ones. Since the histories, annals and genealogies contain ancient material, and since the others, on the authority of O'Grady, show evidence of earlier works, I think that I am justified in concluding that the material of these manuscripts is ancient and that the manuscripts are genuine.

Is the material significant? A mere catalogue of the manuscripts would supply one argument in proof of the significance of the material. To quote Joyce, "In the book of Leinster there is a very interesting list of ancient historical tales, to the number of one hundred and eighty-seven, which has been printed by O'Curry in his lectures on the 'Manuscript Materials of Irish History', on page 584. In this list the tales are classified into Battles, Voyages, Tragedies, Military Expeditions, Cattle Raids, Courtships, Elopements, Pursuits, Adventures, Caves (*i. e.*, adventures in caves), Visions, Progresses, and Lake Eruptions." "We have in our own tales," Joyce testifies, "stories belonging to every one of these classes."¹

As further proof of the significance of this material, let us compare the value of Ireland's material for her ancient history with that of Rome's. In the latter case there exists no historical account of events by a contemporary writer, native or foreign, before the war with Pyrrhus, yet classical writers, such as Livy, Dionysius and Plutarch, have offered us a history running back more than four hundred years behind that date. These writers derived their material from works, many of them no longer extant, such as the "Origines" of Cato the Censor. Ireland, for her early history, has the books of genealogies and pedigrees, the historical tales, the books of law, and the imaginative tales and poems. All these, like the works of Livy, Dionysius and Plutarch, are, also, written on the authority of ancient manuscripts not now extant.²

Moreover, these manuscripts, so rich in material for histories and literature, are by no means meagre. "Eugene O'Curry says that the great vellum manuscript books belonging to Trinity College, Dublin, and to the Royal Irish Academy have

¹ "A Short History of Ireland", page 86.

² M. Cusack's "Illustrated History of Ireland".

between them matter enough to fill 11,400 of these pages." (The quarto page of Dr. O'Donovan's edition of the "Annals of the Four Masters" is referred to.) "The other vellum manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, have matter enough to fill 8,200 pages more, and the paper manuscripts of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy together would fill, he says, 30,000 such pages more."¹ The Brehan laws had not then been transcribed.

In concluding, then, my proofs of the significance of this material, let me give two quotations from Eugene O'Curry. In these manuscripts we find, he says, "the most detailed information upon almost every part of ancient Gaelic life, a vast quantity of valuable details of life and manners".² And again in his lectures we find, "Anyone well read in the comparatively few existing fragments of our Gaedhilic literature, and whose education had been confined solely to this source, would find that there were but very few, indeed, of the great events in the history of the world with which he was not acquainted".³

The third objection of my opponents remains yet to be answered—that "Other manuscripts of greater value remain unstudied." Perhaps they do. This is not, however, to the point. It is not necessary for me to prove that these Irish manuscripts are the most valuable unstudied manuscripts in existence, but only that they contain very valuable material and much of it. The modern age, with its scientific tendencies, demands that all valuable material, physical, biological or historical, be examined and studied for what it is worth. Because scholars have neglected other valuable manuscripts is surely no reason why these also should be neglected! No one will deny that there are resources sufficient for the exploitation of all if we can but excite the necessary enthusiasm.

At this point I trust that my readers are convinced that these manuscripts are genuine and that they contain significant material. The rest of this paper, then, I shall devote to showing their value for Ireland and for the world. A study of Ireland's ancient manuscripts would give her that most valued of all national possessions—a history. As yet, strange to say, in spite of this vast wealth of material, her history has never

¹ Arnold's "Essay on Celtic Literature", page 22.

² Quoted from Arnold's "Essay on Celtic Literature", page 24.

³ O'Curry's "Manuscript Material", page 24, quoted from M. F. Cusack's "Illustrated History of Ireland", page 46.

been written. In fact, the large amount of material rather makes the task the more difficult, but the result will be proportionately the more valuable. That this history will show a most ancient and glorious past, seems very probable. We know from external evidence that in the sixth century Ireland was the school of Europe. The manuscripts go even farther back than this, claiming a national existence for Ireland 260 years before the founding of Rome.¹ Whatever may be the truth of the claim, the mere fact that Ireland had reached, in the sixth century, a high degree of civilization far beyond that of her neighbors, shows an antiquity of which any nation might be proud. Besides giving Ireland a history, we shall be rousing in her the very spirit of nationality. Once more she can raise her head proudly before the nations of the earth, feeling that Rome itself has not more of which to boast. With her revived patriotism, she will renew the struggle for Home Rule with fresh vigor. And who knows? She may at last win the victory.

From a literary point of view a study of Ireland's manuscripts would be of world-wide benefit. As President Roosevelt writes in his article entitled "The Ancient Irish Sagas" in the January "Century", "Next to developing original writers in its own time the most fortunate thing, from the literary standpoint, which can befall any people, is to have revealed to it some new treasure-house of literature". Ireland, we are convinced, has this "new treasure-house of literature". That there is a large amount of material is certain; and the greater part of the manuscripts are filled with romantic tales. Whether they are of literary value or not is the question. Standish O'Grady, whom Yeats has called "the father of us all", has published a small book, "Early Bardic Literature, Ireland". "The labor of the Attic chisel," he says, "may be seen since its invention, in every other literary work-shop of Europe, and seen in every other laboratory of thought, is the transmitted divine fire of the Hebrew. The bardic literature of Erin stands alone, as distinctly and genuinely Irish as the race itself, or the natural aspect of the island."² "The Gaelic literature," to quote Justin McCarthy, "has peculiarities, qualities and charms which are not to be found in the literature of any other race".³

1 M. Cusack's "Illustrated History of Ireland", page 81.

2 O'Grady, "Early Bardic Literature, Ireland", page 39.

3 Living Age JI. 1901, "Revival of Irish Language and Literature".

What are these characteristics of Irish literature? Many answers have been given to this question. In "The Contemporary Review" of February, 1906, we find an article by Havelock Ellis, entitled, "The Celtic Spirit in Literature". William Butler Yeats, in "Ideas of Good and Evil", writes on the same subject. But perhaps the best-known essay on "Celtic Literature" is Matthew Arnold's. All agree on the chief characteristics, of which perhaps the most striking is the vivid and decorative detail. Lady Gregory's description of Cuchulain will serve to illustrate. "His (Cuchulain's) eyebrows as black as the blackness of a spite, seven lights in his eyes, seven colors about his head, love and fire in his look. There is a blood-red spear ready to his hand, a sharp-tempered blade with a shaft of wood. Over his shoulder a crimson shield with a rim of silver, overlaid with shapes of beasts in gold." "Celtic Literature", Havelock Ellis writes, "unlike primitive literature, does not consist of bald statements, but is self-conscious, deliberate and artistic."

Presented always with this vividness of detail, the presence of the supernatural is a remarkable element of all this folklore. But most characteristic of all, perhaps, is its "natural magic", which Matthew Arnold and Yeats emphasize. "Magic," Arnold writes, "Magic is just the word for it, the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature, that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism, that the Germans had; but the intimate life of Nature, her weird power and her fairy charm." "Now of this delicate magic, Celtic romance is so prominent a mistress that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts." To illustrate from one of Arnold's examples, "More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemony amidst the spray of the meadow fountains."¹ To show the value of this legendary material compared with that of Greece, let me quote Yeats. "The Greeks, the only perfect artists of the world, looked within their own borders, and we, like them, have a history fuller than any modern history of imaginative events, and legends which surpass, as I think, all legends but theirs in wild beauty."²

¹ Arnold's "Essay on Celtic Literature", page 120.

² "Ireland and Her Arts", in "Ideas of Good and Evil".

After having shown the literary value of these manuscripts for the world, in concluding, I will give the testimony of several prominent authorities upon the value of their study. Standish O'Grady writes: "Immense it is and immense it must remain. No man living and no man to live will ever so exhaust the meaning of any single tale as to render its publication unnecessary for the study of others." Matthew Arnold considered this Celtic literature of sufficient value to write a long and famous plea for the reëstablishing of the chair of Celtic literature at Oxford. Quite recently there have come to the front men like Yeats, Standish O'Grady, and A. E., who with others of their society are using all their talent to arouse the world to a study of these manuscripts. In the January "Century Magazine" of this year, Theodore Roosevelt has contributed an interesting article, "The Ancient Irish Sagas", from which the following extracts are made. "It is greatly to be regretted that America should have done so little either in the way of original study and research in connection with the early Celtic literature, or in the way of popularizing and familiarizing the literature, and it is much to be desired that, wherever possible, chairs should be established in our leading universities." Again speaking of the Irish tales, he says: "They deserve the research which can be given only by the life-long effort of trained scholars; they should be studied for their poetry, as countless scholars have studied those early literatures; moreover, they should be studied as Victor Birard has studied the 'Odyssey', for reasons apart from their poetical worth; and finally, they deserve to be translated and adapted so as to become a familiar household part of that literature which all English-speaking people possess in common."

ELIZABETH MARY O'SHEA.

SUNSET OVER THE BERKSHIRES

Like sombre sentinels of night they stand,
Guarding the gateway of departing day;
With flaming banners flung afar o'er all the land
The setting sun moves on his martial way.

CHARLOTTE CUMSTON.

THE SHIMMERING SEA

Over the sea we gaily float,
O'er azure sea in a silver boat,
Where the pale sea-maids
Sun their dripping braids,
Away o'er the shimmering sea.

Over the sea, away from the land,
Off and away from the shining sand,
To toss on the deep,
Where the breakers leap,
Away o'er the shimmering sea.

Kiss your love once on her rose-red mouth,
Hasten ye now, for the wind is south,
Come list to its song,
For it calleth you long,
Away o'er the shimmering sea.

The sunlight lies warm on a far tropic shore,
And a new sweetheart waiteth, and mourneth she sore
That ye haste not away
From the night to the day,
Away o'er the shimmering sea.

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN.

A MODERN SLAVERY

America is facing to-day one of the greatest problems with which she has ever been called upon to grapple. Standing upon the threshold of the twentieth century, with all her boasted traditions of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill behind her, this glorious land of liberty is gazing with newly-awakened eyes upon the disclosure of as terrible a slavery as ever stained the soil consecrated to freedom by the suffering of Valley Forge. Up from the reeking cotton mills of the South, up from the blackness and danger of the coal pits, up from the blazing infernos of the glass factories and iron works, rises a cry of

pain and misery. The angels heard the cry long, long ago. The nation in its wild scramble after profit heard only the noise of the whirring wheels of the mills, saw only the clouds of smoke from the factory chimneys, and turned away with a self-satisfied air to prate of the glorious Age of Progress. Ah, but Progress at what a cost! The cry that goes up to the pure blue sky rises from the parched throats of baby slaves who have never seen it except through the cloud of factory smoke, whose lives are bounded by the factory walls, and whose hours of childhood are spent in the dizzy thunder of the mills, where the priceless gift of God's free sunlight never enters.

It is Progress which must answer for this crime. The years gone by cannot show such a blot as child slavery upon their annals. In ancient Greece and Rome the child was looked upon as the future support of the nation, and every art of civilization was brought to aid in his development. The ancient pages of the Talmud tell us that "children must not be taken from the school even to rebuild the Temple." But in these days of Christian civilization the nation is deliberately undermining her future strength in order to heap up in her treasury a few more useless millions. Even the savages, under the cloud of the darkest heathendom, obeyed the primeval impulse to protect the weak. The Kaffirs and Choctaws, when danger threatened them, threw themselves before their children to protect them with their own bodies.¹

Once, so a certain story runs, an Indian chieftain was shown the wondrous sights of New York city—bridges, towers, skyscrapers, all the ways and workings of the enormous city. When he had seen everything, one of his conductors asked him what, of all that had been shown him, surprised him most. The savage answered readily in three words. "Little children working," he said simply. Shame upon us that a savage, untutored and uncivilized, should be the one to teach us such a lesson!

But never was the lesson more needed than now. Across our broad, green land, from Atlantic to Pacific, marches a sad procession of little child-slaves, children of twelve or fourteen with the faces of old men and women, staggering beneath a burden too heavy for those twice their years. It is a long procession, this of the children, robbed of their birthright of

¹ *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for October, 1906.

childhood. There are nearly three million weary little burden-bearers in it, selling themselves hour by hour, body and soul, to the pitiless Demon of Greed. Racked in the deafening tumult of the Southern cotton mills where the air is white with flakes of damp lint, scorched and shriveled in the lurid heat and brilliant glare of the glass manufactories of New York and New Jersey, bent like old men over the roaring stream of coal in the breakers of the Pennsylvania mines — they are everywhere. There is no state in our beautiful country that is free from the taint; no state where we do not see the little toilers bending wearily over their tasks, pouring the best years of their lives into the soulless coffers of the roaring mill.

“ Oh, God, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap ! ”

The hand of the law is powerless before the immensity of this evil. Children under sixteen cannot work in the mills legally, but the mill owners find many ways of evading the law. Child labor is profitable and cheap and the doors of the factories are opened to the little wage-earners. Once they have entered the iron maw they are lost. After a few years of ceaseless toil their little bodies are so stunted and worn that their ages can hardly be guessed. They have reached their three score and ten in pain and hardship before they are out of childhood in years.

In the stifling, crowded rooms of the tenements there are toiling day after day, from early dawn until midnight, children as lovable and innocent as the little ones we see every day with their nurses in the park; but the roses are gone from their cheeks and the light of babyhood from their eyes. Even a baby's tiny fingers can be taught to twist the green tissue paper about pieces of wire stems, or to pull the stamens of the blossoms through the centers of the artificial petals.¹ So they toil with drooping heads and tired fingers to fashion the mockeries of the beautiful flowers which they have never seen. A pathetic story is told of one of these little flower-makers who was shown one day a beautiful full-blown rose. The little girl gazed at it in astonishment and awe for a long time. Then she looked up sadly to the lady who had given her the rose and asked timidly: “Do you think, lady, that God is angry at us for making our flowers so bad?”

Babies of three can help in flower making, children of four

¹ *Woman's Home Companion*, September, 1906.

can cover paper boxes or paste bags, children of eight can sew as well as any grown person on wrappers or waists—no one is too young to be of some use. Children who should be in kindergarten are employed in making cheap candies in Philadelphia, working in cellar cigar factories in Pittsburg, basting cheap garments in New York sweat shops, or sorting filthy rags in dark, underground cellars, to make dainty white paper for my lady to write her notes upon.

Everywhere the sign of the dollar is supreme. In order to heap up her ill-gotten millions, the nation seizes upon her children and coins them into money, never heeding the terrible dangers consequent upon such vandalism. In future years must be paid the penalty of the crimes of to-day. Disease lurks in the dust-choked, stifling factories and in the draughty dimness of the mines. The child-laborers are racked in the dizzy roar of the cotton mills, where they breathe into their lungs continually the cloud of white lint that fills the air. The average span of life for a child who enters one of these mills before she is ten years old is four years—four years of misery for her, recompensed at twenty-two cents a day.¹ If only the young mother could see in the dainty dress she buys for her baby the sad hours of some other child's babyhood that are woven into its delicate threads, would she take so much pleasure in its soft daintiness, do you think?

In the coal mines, too, the phantom of death is always present. Here the breaker boys are oftenest the victims. Sitting bowed over like Chinese idols beside the roaring, grinding torrent of coal in order to pick out from it, as it rushes by, the pieces of refuse and slag, these boys are forced to breathe into their lungs all day long a fine, stifling cloud of coal dust that would suffocate you in five minutes. Exposed to constant draughts of icy air, filling their growing lungs with this poisonous dust, it is no wonder that they are an easy prey to "miner's consumption" and pneumonia. Sometimes, also, there is a misstep, a little cry, and the stream of coal bears onward with it a little laborer who will never return to his place. And who can pity him when this happens? Who can say that those who are left are happier than he?

"'It is good,' say the children,
'When we die before our time.'"

¹ *Woman's Home Companion*, September, 1906.

In the glass factories the air is filled with a fine sleet of glass dust; in the furniture manufactories the little toilers breathe a perpetual rain of fine sawdust; in the tobacco factories they inhale the deadly nicotine—everywhere the grim phantom is waiting; everywhere his little victims fall!

But the weakening of the race is not the worst danger that threatens the nation from this curse of child-labor. Infinitely greater are the dangers arising from the breaking down of mind and morals for which this terrible white slavery is responsible. Bent all day over the loom or machine from six in the morning to six at night, too tired to do more than sleep the rest of the time, the child wage-earners are wrapped in a dense cloud of ignorance. Continually brought into contact with the coarsest and most wicked men, listening to the brutal oaths and vile jests of the overseers, what wonder is it that the children grow up to fill the prisons, the poor-houses and the police courts? Society is responsible for the lessons which they have been taught. It must not complain if they have learned them too well. Some one asked a little breaker boy in one of the mines if he knew God. "God?" repeated the boy slowly, "God? No, I don't know any God. I guess he must work in some other mine." In the glass factories the "carrier boys", who make hundreds of trips a day back and forth, are forced to depend upon the stimulus of liquor for strength to endure the blazing heat. At the end of a season's fire, all but ten of the one hundred and eighty-five carrier boys employed in a glass factory in Indiana, were confirmed users of intoxicants.

Thus are those whom society thinks to sacrifice to its own selfish gain being trained in the vice, armed with the degeneracy and disease which will enable them in the future to wreak a terrible vengeance upon their oppressors. Child labor! This curse must not exist much longer. Let society hear and heed the cry of the children while it is not yet too late. Let the nation hear and arise swiftly to strike the iron from the feet of the child-slave ere retribution overtake her!

"For a child's sob, in the silence, curses deeper
Than a strong man in his wrath."

DOROTHY DONNELL.

1 Edwin Markham, "The Hoe Man in the Making".

"VE MUVVER"

Elizabeth Hunting had seen every day during the music at noon on the hotel veranda "the most adorable small boy in the world". He was sometimes accompanied by a stern and pompous looking lady whom he called "Aunt Mardret", and sometimes by an exceedingly disagreeable French maid who pulled and jerked him along after her, in spite of his "Please no Mawrie". He always watched Elizabeth closely, with a hungry look in his brown eyes, and often he smiled; but all attempts at conversation were promptly cut off by his ever-watchful guardians. Twice she had seen him with a man whom she guessed to be his father, once when they played on the sands and once when they lay in a big steamer chair; but the man always seemed to be sad and dreamy and to be unmindful of the boy's presence. None of her acquaintances in the hotel knew him. The men said he seldom talked and spent his days alone in his boat. By many inquiries she managed to learn that the child's name was Donald Frederick Merton, Jr., and that he was from New York. Beyond that she heard nothing of interest. A week passed without her having made any progress in her acquaintance with the boy. One day she had given him a rose; but when he had murmured "thank you," the nurse had dragged him off with her.

"It makes me so provoked," she said to a friend. "He ought to be running around playing; but that nurse and the avenging angel, or whatever the aunt is, hang on to him so tightly that he can't even take a step alone."

One morning she was startled by some one's suddenly shouting "boo" at her. She rubbed her eyes and looked up. There, beside her bed, his face all smiles, his golden hair shaken all over his head, was Donald Frederick Merton, Jr., in his pajamas, holding tightly to him a bundle of clothes, an Indian doll, a Johnny bear, a train of cars and various other cherished possessions.

"How do you do?" she said.

"How do you do?" He spoke very slowly.

"What is it, dearie? What can I do for you?"

"You are ve most lovely lady in ve world."

The girl laughed. "Do you think so?" she said.

He nodded his head.

"How did you get in?"

"Fou ve window."

"Through the window?"

"Yes. I came along the porch woof fwum my window and now I have come to live wiv you."

"You have come to live with me? What do you mean, honey?" The girl sat up in bed, leaning way forward so that she rested her chin on the palms of her hands.

"I want you for ve mover," he smiled delightedly, "isn't that lovely?"

"What did you say, dear? I didn't quite understand. Put your things down, don't you want to, and get into bed?" He dropped his things on the floor and climbed into the bed, snuggling closely to her. "Now what is it? Tell Miss Elizabeth again." He threw back his head against her shoulder and sighed contentedly.

"I want you for ve mover, I do, you are ve most lovely lady of all ve world and I love you, you are my booful lady. Will you be my mover?"

"Why, Donald—"

"My name iss jus' Bub."

"Very well, Bub, I can't be your mother, you see? But I will be your friend."

"No," he said, and his lip quivered, "I must have ve mover. Please to be my mover for me. I want you for ve mover. I have come to live wiv you for always." He rose to his knees and settled back upon his heels, looking her straight in the eyes. "Will you be my mover?"

"Bub, dear, tell me all about it. What makes you want me to be your mother?" She drew him close to her and kissed his hair. "What is it you want?"

"I want you for ve mover," he repeated doggedly. "I love you."

"Yes, but why do you want me for your mother? Haven't you a mother?" He shook his head.

"Only got a faver and Aunt Mardret and Mawrie, and Aunt Mardret and Mawrie aren't nice, so you must be my mover."

"Dearie, don't you know I can't be your mother? I will be your friend and love you always, but I can't be your mother."

His eyes filled with tears and he threw his arms around her neck.

"No," he sobbed, "please, oh, please to be my mover! I want you to, I want you to!" She tried to comfort him, but he only repeated his little cry. "I must have a mover," he sobbed.

"Why, dearie, why must you have a mother?"

"'Cause," he said, "I want one like Tommy's. She gives him cake and cookies, and fitses him when he gets hurted, and she was so booful."

"Poor little boy," she said softly.

"And ven," he went on, "yesterday I was naughty my faver said 'at he 'pose I'd gwow up to be a bad man 'cause I hadn't any mover and 'at I would always be bad. Please, please to be my mover!"

"What am I to do?" she said half aloud. "Bub, dear, I can't. Let Miss Elizabeth tell—"

"You are not Miss 'Lisbuff, you are my mover!" he fairly screamed at her, with tears in his eyes.

Before she could reply they heard Marie's voice in the hall.

"He got out of ze bed, he was asleep and now he is gone. Where can he be, where can he be?"

Elizabeth started to get up, but the boy clung to her.

"No! no!" he cried, "I hate ve Mawrie, I hate her, I hate her. Sh! Please to be still. I will hide here under ve covers, and when vey go away to-day I will stay here wiv you." He covered himself up in the bed and Elizabeth hurried to the door of the adjoining room.

"Louise," she called. When the maid answered, she explained the situation and sent her out to tell the excited Marie that her charge was safe.

The nurse hurried to Elizabeth's door, but the child fought and screamed so that she was obliged to leave him.

"Let him stay here," Elizabeth said. "I will dress him and he will feel differently when he comes down to breakfast." So Bub won his point and Marie went away.

While Elizabeth dressed him and combed his hair he chatted happily about his toys and his games, and made plans for them to carry out. Once he hurt his finger and put it to her lips to be kissed well, and then laughed delightedly.

When they came down-stairs he held her hand tightly, and when his father stepped up to speak to Miss Elizabeth, Bub did not look at him.

"I am so sorry," the man said quietly, "I am so sorry he has troubled you. He has fallen in love with you." The man smiled a little; he looked tired and very sad. "He has talked a great deal about you to me, and I have been unable to understand, I am afraid. He must have been a great trouble."

"Really, he has been no trouble to me at all, I assure you. In fact, I have enjoyed him very much. I have certainly fallen in love with him."

The boy stood beside her, contentedly holding her hand and looking out of the window across the water.

"Will you come with me, son? You know our train leaves this afternoon." The boy shook his head. "I will tell you a story about Cæsar—Cæsar is a dog we often talk about," he explained to Elizabeth—"and about the lion of Bally Baloo." But still the boy shook his head and wound himself more closely in Elizabeth's skirts. "You shall wear my watch and go to see the engines at the station." The child looked up and smiled at this offer.

"Will you," he asked, "take ve mover, too?" A shadow passed across the man's face.

"Son, dear, won't you come with me?"

"Will you take ve mover, too?"

"Bub," Elizabeth knelt down beside him, "won't you go with father now? See how badly he feels! He wants you with him, dear. Won't you go? Miss Elizabeth will play with you some other time, and tell you stories; but now father wants you."

The child turned and put his arms about her neck. Tears were in his eyes.

"Why won't you be ve mover?" he said. "I love you, I want you for ve mover."

"What can I say to him?" She looked up at the father.

"I do not know," he said. "I do not know."

"Let me keep him for to-day. I will take care of him and play with him, and this afternoon when you go he will go with you."

So it happened that again the boy won out and spent the happiest day of his four years. She told him stories and sang

songs till the dreaded Marie came to dress him. He agreed to go because Marie promised that he might come back; but Elizabeth did not know when they left for the train, and he went away in his father's arms crying for his "mover". That night when his father came into his room to say good-night, he began again to ask about her.

"Where you 'pose she is?" he said.

"I do not know, son."

"Her face was soft, and she kissed me, and told me stories, and I love her. She iss a fairy to me. Why didn't she come wiv me?"

"I do not know, son."

"I love her for always." He sighed and rested his head against his father's arm. "I would never be naughty if she was ve mover, would I?" But the man did not answer. "I would always be happy and she would tell me stories all ve time."

"Let father tell you stories, son. Can't he take the place of a mother? He will do anything you want him to."

"No," the boy said, his eyes closing and his head getting heavier on the man's arm. "I want ve mover, I want ve mover, favers can't be movers,—don't you—see, favers can't—be movers,—favers—don't know—how."

"Oh, God," said the man under his breath as he laid the little head back on the pillow, "help me in my need!"

LAURA CASEY GEDDES.

THE JOY OF SERVICE

It was three years ago that he had first met the girl. Since that time many changes had come into his life and hers; the two greatest—his love for her, and her marriage to another man. He seldom pondered upon the strangeness of it all, for vague speculation could have but little part in his full and busy life. Yet sometimes when he sat alone towards midnight before the dying embers on his hearth, thoughts of the past would come. He had loved her deeply. He might have won her! Yes,—but no! A change in his wooing would have necessitated a change in the quality of his love—a change in him-

self. It could never have been different. He, who was accredited a leader of men, had been awkward as a boy before the woman whom he loved. His love had been so great, so pure and so holy, that he, a man of few words, had found almost none in which to tell her of it. She was warm, tender and womanlike, and made a woman's demands upon the man who loved her; to be won she must be wooed. His had been the devotion of deeds rather than words—therefore he had lost her. Words she could have understood. Without them, she could not divine the depths and heights of his love for her. And then, the conquest had been so easy that it stood to her for no conquest at all; but he knew in the bitterness of his heart that had he possessed the power to tell her of its true immensity she might have believed and perhaps have been glad. He had never blamed her even for a second, however, for her lack of comprehension, for love in him was so all-supreme that it could never attach blame to the thing beloved.

Another had come along more eloquent than he in words of love, more gifted in the art of wooing. The courtship had been short, passionate and successful. People called it an ideal match. Even the man who loved her hopelessly could not but feel a thrill of joy as, looking on silent and apparently unmoved, he beheld her happiness.

His was not the coward's heart to fly from a situation that must be faced. He turned to his work with redoubled zeal, while the woman he loved took a new place in his life. He saw her seldom, but, when they did meet, the situation was, to all outward semblance, a natural one for both; natural for him because of the wonderful effort he put forth to make it appear so; natural for her because her thoughts were not of him.

Yet, in a way, she looked up to him and admired him. He stood for something so strong and good; something which she could not express, but which she felt as an unseen strength always to be relied upon. She was glad that her marriage had not destroyed a friendship which meant much to her. She felt, almost unconsciously, a certain dependence upon his absolute sincerity and loyalty. It was not the man she admired, but what he stood for. In a way he had come to typify all that was dependable in human character. Should he ever shake her faith in him, he would shake as well her faith in human nature.

Yet to-night, as he sat before the fire, he was about to take a

step which would inevitably destroy the last tie which bound her to him. In these last few weeks, he had heard it rumored with horror that her husband had been applying for a government position in Panama; had sent in some plans for work on the canal, and was waiting in eager hope of their acceptance and his appointment. If this appointment should be given, what would follow? Would this man leave his wife alone in the North? or worse, would he take her into that infested country to be a prey to disease—perhaps death?

He had not been able to bear the torture of the situation, so, with the directness characteristic of him, he had gone to her husband and demanded to know whether the rumor were false or not. He told himself it must be false; but deep within him was a consciousness which was not quite startled to learn that rumor had been truth.

It was impossible to make this other man, blind to all save his own personal advancement, see that the step was a criminal one as far as his wife was concerned. His one argument was unanswerable: his wife was as eager for the honor as he! It was one of his winning characteristics that he made other people, his wife included, take his view-point as their own. With others she thought of herself, but with her husband she thought only of him. It was perhaps only natural that the man who had loved her most deeply, and considered her well-being the most sincerely, had never been able to call forth much consideration from her in return. At once his keen perception told him that it was useless to argue against the invulnerable egotism of this man who had the best right to look after the welfare of his wife, but who made her so secondary to himself.

Helpless at this point, he sought aid from her family physician, who had known her father and mother before her, and who loved her as his own child. The doctor was broken-hearted over the turn of affairs, but confessed himself unable to do anything. He shook his head sorrowfully.

"There is nothing I can do. I have told her the risk she runs in going there." The doctor paused, and, looking full in the eyes of the man who he knew loved her, added, "And I will tell you more than I cared to tell her—with her constitution it will in all probability prove fatal to her."

The eyes of the man opposite never wavered or faltered, but the light of a sudden unchangeable determination leaped into

them. His hands clasped the arms of the chair with a quick, convulsive grasp. In a moment he arose quietly. When he spoke, his voice was under perfect control, but it had an unusual depth and ring to it.

"She shall never go," he said, moving over and laying his hand on the knob of the door. The doctor crossed the room slowly and placed a restraining hand on his arm.

"Don't be rash, my boy, you can do no good and you may do harm. God, alone, can prevent it."

The man turned again and looked full at the doctor. "I shall not fail," he said.

The light of the fire flickered low. The man leaned forward and stirred the ashes, which sent out a rosy glow that lighted up the sombre room. He had finished his work, and the letter, stamped and addressed, lay on the arm of his chair. Upon the table was a huge roll of papers enclosed in a tube and bearing the same address. They were the plans of the finest civil engineer east of the Mississippi for work upon the Panama canal. There was no doubt in the man's mind of their acceptance and of his speedy appointment to the government position. He knew that he should succeed, for he had put all his strength and skill into this work and had offered it at such a figure that it could not be set aside. All was over, success was his; but as he sat before the fire in peaceful thought his mind was not busy with the present or future, but with the past and with thoughts of the woman whom he loved. The deep lines around his mouth softened, a tender light crept into his eyes, and his heart beat warm and glad. He might never openly show his love, but the joy of service was great.

It was two weeks later that the other man, her husband, came home one night stunned and broken. His work had been rejected,—his appointment had been denied! Bitter with his disappointment, he threw himself absolutely upon the sympathy of his wife. She did not fail him, although for a moment her own disappointment was so great as to make her incapable of realizing the fact of her husband's failure. She had believed in his success so absolutely, had been so proud of his work, and had entered so keenly into his own anticipations. But her own sorrow was set aside by the maternal instinct, strong within her, to lessen his for him.

It was a long while before she asked, and then merely because there was so little which could be said, to whom the position had been given. Her husband rose and paced the room. His face became so stern that she dreaded she knew not what. But nothing helped her to anticipate the truth. When the reply came she gave a low cry. The earth seemed to open before her and her heart grew faint.

"Oh, oh, John!" she murmured. "If he had only known how much the appointment meant to you, and to me, he would never, never have tried to win it."

To this last hope she pinned all her faith. Her husband might have shielded her now, but he did not.

"He did know! He asked me about it over a month ago, and I told him what it meant"—he hesitated—"to us both."

She stood dazed and blinded. She felt all her faith in human nature suddenly giving way. But her husband saved her by imputing the motive which her own mind could never have conceived.

"I never realized it before, dear heart, but he was jealous. I had what he could not gain, so he took what he could from me. He is different from most men—and he chose a different way. He found he could hurt me only through my work, and you through me."

Her husband gathered her to his arms and she sobbed out her sorrow on his shoulder.

"Oh!" she murmured, "to think that I could ever have trusted in him."

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

ADVERTISING AND AESTHETICS

If on some dusty library shelf, one should run across a pile of old newspapers, dating back perhaps to the fifties, the news items found in them would not differ greatly from those of some journal of to-day. Crimes of 1850 were much like those of 1907, and births, marriages and burials follow one another in the old familiar way. However, in comparing the types of advertising, one notes not only the relatively small space which the early advertisements occupy, but, what is more striking, a tone

of politeness verging on obsequiousness that casts a reflection on our "strenuous life". The popular present-day style of hallooing in "UPPER CASE", "Brobdingnagian Bargains at Liliputian Prices! Come Early!" has superseded the formal courtesy of those shop-keepers who "solicited patronage", and were "agitated by a lively sense of gratitude for past favors". The modern advertisement shows a tendency toward gratitude for *future* favors.

There has been, during the past fifty years, a remarkable growth in advertising. Where fifty years ago it was the unusual merchant who advertised, now it is the unusual one who does not. One traces the reasons for this, first in the fiercer business competition. Where formerly there may have been five kinds of soap in good repute, now there are fifty or more varieties of that grim necessity. Here it is that advertising plays its important part. We do not buy a certain brand of soap because it is an established family custom to do so, but because of some "catchy" advertisement reiterating itself in magazine, newspaper, or in the foreground of some erstwhile favorite view.

This insistence that advertising displays suggests the second reason for its growth, that is, the preoccupied public. There is no longer time to scan the genteelly inconspicuous advertisement to discover the "last cry" in shaving brushes—or in breakfast foods. The attention of the harrassed man of affairs can be arrested only by some startling word that will stick like a burr in his fagged brain, or by some glaring picture that accomplishes by sheer ugliness what a quieter beauty never might, the trapping of the unwilling gaze. In advertising, as in everything else, it is the superlative that wins. The increase of printed matter has played no small part in this growth. Ten lines in a quiet corner of a newspaper no longer suffice to bring a useful article before the public, and, what is more important, to keep it there. It must challenge us from the pages of every magazine on the reading table, it must besiege our doors with pamphlets which beguile us by their embossed paper, illustrations and conversational style, all used as skillful padding of the now dread word, advertisement.

Would that advertising had ended its work with the "printed page"! One can learn to resist the hypnotic influence that draws one to read of impossible skirt-hangers among advertising

pages; the booklets make excellent fuel for grate fires; but a mammoth bill-board that shrieks the merits of a hair-tonic in dissonant shades of red, while hiding a rosy sunset, modest by comparison, is an offense to the eye, as surely as a steam-calliope, slightly off the key, squawking "Just as the Sun Went Down", is an offense to the ear. The fatigue of travel is often doubled by this bill-board abuse. The level marshes that might be made a restful pause before entering the hurly burly of New York City are now but a nightmare of flaunting Goddesses of Liberty and huge Cape Cod fishermen.

The fact that there has been such protest against these abuses of advertising, leads one to believe that there has been a corresponding growth in æsthetic taste during the past half-century. There are three causes for this growth,—increased prosperity, wider travel and better education. It is not necessary to emphasize the fact that the first cause is effective chiefly in that it makes possible the second and third. A man makes a fortune—more money than his father had before him—and his first impulse is to better his surroundings. He discards the walnut hat-rack and the hair-cloth sofa, for a parlor set of twice its value and three times its ugliness. He tears down the white gambrel-roofed homestead and rears a salmon-pink edifice of cupolas and candy-box-lace trimming. He donates a generous sum for a new library, and insists on brow-beating the architect, with the result that the structure, when completed, reminds one of the German-block erections of nursery days. But let him, or, to give time a chance, let his children, after having been well educated, and having traveled over a large part of the Eastern Continent, come back to the unenlightened town with its bill-boards rampant and refuse heaps couchant, and if they have the stuff in them of which most American citizens are made, the æsthetic uplift begins. Chippendales, formerly discarded, imported inlaid cabinets, Oriental rugs and smoky prints now introduce a severe elegance where once was a gaudy horror of gold chairs, what-not, Brussels carpets of patterns too realistic to be lightly trodden upon, affecting chromos of the same school as "Fido and Little Darling". So, after satisfying his increased desire for the beautiful and fitting in his own home, the excellent citizen, his local pride aroused, endeavors to express his higher ideals of art in their relation to the town. "Village Improvement Societies", with their plans for better

highways, play-grounds and parks, are all a result of this growth in æsthetic taste.

With so widespread a desire for beauty and a consequent sentiment against civic disfigurement, it is evident that the worst features of advertising must soon be outlawed. Already its field has been limited by law in many places. London, with its atrocious buses and flash-light horrors, has its "Society for Controlling the Abuses of Public Advertising," an impressive title that has been mercifully shortened to "Scapa". This organization has succeeded in passing several bills that have greatly improved the state of affairs in that advertisement-plagued city. In Edinburgh and Dublin the matter of public advertisements has been justly placed for investigation and regulation in the hands of local authorities. In Belgium offensive advertising has been successfully abolished by the imposition of a heavy tax upon it.

In the United States, where the offences to good taste have been outrageous, the most efficacious of ordinances has been passed in Chicago, exacting the consent of three-fourths of the house-holders on the block, before the bill-boards may be erected; their size and distance from the street also being regulated. In most of our large cities some such measure has been adopted, indicating that although the golden age of no public advertising is yet far from us, still the general tendency is toward the abolition of its worst features. As the æsthetic tastes of the public become finer, advertising, in order to exist, will be compelled to meet its demands.

PAULINE DUSTIN JOHNSON.

SKETCHES

SONNET TO A DEAD MOTH

It lies there in a quiv'ring splotch of sun ;
All still and stiff it lies, its wings tight pressed
Against its slender body as in rest,
Its eyes two goblets whence the wine has run ;
So small 'twould seem that life had just begun,
And with such golden dust its wings are dressed
That e'en the sunlight softly gilds it, lest
It mar a work that God Himself had done.
Soon must I, too, grow still,—soon, too, must cease
To flutter round the fickle passion flame
That wanes to snare and waxes to destroy.
God grant that in His light of perfect peace
My soul may shine unmarred with the same
Pure luster that illumines this candle's toy.

BEE SEYMOUR HOILES.

It was Memorial Day in a little New England village. Deep peace hung over the elm-shaded street with its white church and comfortable houses, their green lawns and early flowers bright in the morning sun.

The Spirit of Memorial Day green lawns and early flowers bright in the morning sun. The quiet was broken by the notes of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic", and by the nearer songs and laughter of a party of college girls and men driving through on their way to a picnic. As they neared the meeting-house a Memorial Day procession came over the opposite hill.

"Oh! Let's stop and watch them," cried the New Jersey girl, and the carriage stopped by the roadside.

"I'd almost forgotten it was Memorial Day," said the girl from New England. "Our school used to march like those children after the G. A. R.'s. Isn't it a foolish performance?"

"Did you ever see such a small parade?" exclaimed the Kansas City girl. "It wouldn't reach a city block! And will you look at that dinky little band!"

The procession came up, headed by a local band, after which marched a handful of Grand Army veterans, followed by a straggling line of school children.

"Aren't those veterans pathetic?" a quiet voice broke in upon the laughing and jesting, and a sudden silence fell upon the careless crowd. They saw those same men years ago, young, strong and hopeful, marching down this same street to sacrifice life and home and love for their country. They saw them come straggling back, their ranks thinned, their youth gone, their property wasted during four years of hardship and danger. They saw them take up again the burdens of civil life. They saw them with new eyes to-day, a little band, poor and old, marching to do honor to their comrades and to the country they had served. And that laughing group who were, after all, very young, realized for a moment the meaning of patriotism and understood why it was not ridiculous,—this little parade in a country village.

MARGARET CLARK RANKIN.

UNDER THE HEDGE

She sat disconsolate and lone,
Her doll forgotten at her side,
Her kitty spurned, her tea-things strewn,
Her eyes, with longing, staring wide
Over the hedge.

Two days had passed since she had vowed
She never more with Jack would play;
But how she wished—she started up
And scurried to the secret way
Under the hedge.

My, it was dark! Still she crept on,
"Till suddenly her head went whack!
And close to her a sheepish boy
Smiled coaxingly till she smiled back,
Under the hedge.

BEATRICE CONANT.

Sitting at my window, the other afternoon, with my books in my lap in a pretense of study, I became the delighted spectator of a very sparkling little drama. It

Muzzled

was a comedy in two acts, and the dramatis personæ were a large, brindled bull-dog and a charming tiger kitten. The laughter of several workmen in a frame house which was being built across the road—the pit, to carry out the analogy—first attracted my attention. The men had stopped work and were watching with amused but absorbed interest something across the way.

There on the sidewalk crouched a tiger kitten, back up and tail bristling, and near her—almost over her—stood a brindle bull. He looked disproportionately large and powerful beside the little cat; but the latter was standing her ground bravely. The dog's demeanor was a study. He had run the cat down and was dying to press his advantage; but he knew that he was handicapped by his muzzle and he did not dare. While he could not use his teeth, he might still use his weight; but he was a bit afraid of those sharp little claws. So there he stood, puzzled, but unwilling to release the prize.

The cat, on her side, had not grasped the reason of the dog's hesitancy. She thought herself in tremendous danger, and was nerved, every inch of her, to meet it. Step by step, she retreated, so gradually as hardly to seem to move. At last she half turned and started to run. The dog sprang after her impetuously, and was met by a swift, lacerating claw. He shrank back, abashed, while the cat ran up on the piazza of a near-by house, and the pit roared.

If ever a dog looked silly, the brindle did. It left him in an undignified position. He wanted to get out of it, but, on the other hand, he did not want to seem openly to flee the field. He turned away with an elaborate pretense of carelessness and began to "nose" aimlessly along the road, as dogs will. The cat sat up and watched him. He had been too easily discouraged and she was curious. But the dog continued his rummaging, keeping an eye on the cat and working away from the house. The little cat suddenly made up her mind. She crept down the steps stealthily, and along the walk after the dog. From time to time she paused, one foot raised, her neck arched, observing him over the banks of snow which piled the gutter. At last, with a start, the dog became aware of this espionage.

Pretending not to see her, he trotted across the road, rounded the angle of a house and waited for her, his black muzzle, flapping ear, and alert, cautious eye just projecting beyond the ridge of the house. They were not visible to the cat. Scenting a trap, she hesitated, then decided to risk it. She crossed the road, too. The dog's muzzle disappeared precipitately behind the line of wall. The little cat crept along the side of the house and peered around the corner. There was nothing in sight. She crouched and awaited developments. For about five minutes she must have huddled there, the picture of still vigilance. The pit wearied of waiting, and resumed its labors. I went back to my book. Glancing up presently, I saw the dog on the farther side of the house, standing with his back toward the cat and his nose in the air. He had come completely around the building. He was uneasy, but determined to see the thing through. Why was that cat dogging, so to speak, his movements? It was an unprecedented action for a cat. He would not be intimidated.

Just about the time that I became aware of the dog's presence, the little cat also perceived it. She wheeled about and crept toward him cautiously. Mounting the balustrade of the piazza step she regarded him from this vantage-point. Her whole attitude of sleek, pretty repose was a "dare" to him to come on. He should have been "riled" to the depths of his doggy soul, but he controlled himself admirably. In this a healthy fear of her claws assisted him, though he had too much pride to show it. He trotted hither and thither with his nose to the ground and an eye to everything but the cat. All at once two strange dogs hove in sight, a smaller bull and a big Scotch collie, both muzzled. The brindle hailed them with joy. Here, at last, was a decent pretext for retreating. He barked in a conciliatory manner. They trotted up, sniffed and made friends. Presently all three tossed up their heels and capered off.

The little cat, left mistress of the field, curled up on the broad balustrade and went to sleep.

HELEN CHARLOTTE DENMAN.

RECOMPENSE

He sent me roses.
 I was so hungry, and tired, and cold—
 And he sent me roses.
 The light of their beauty filled my room,
 And the air was sweet with their faint perfume;
 My spirit strayed in a web of gold.
 Charity might have sent me bread—
 Bread for the living, flowers for the dead—
 But he sent me roses.
 Yes, I have failed, and the dream is old,
 And the days creep on, and the tale is told—
 But I have roses,
 Pink roses.

FLORENCE BATTERSON.

"Oh, I want him, I want him!" The little brown huddled heap on the bed whispered it over and over and over again.

"I've wanted things all my life and
 The Point of View never got them, and now I want him
 more than anything else, and—I *can't*
have him!"

Silence in the room except for the muffled sobs of the brown heap. She buried her head deep into the pillow, and gave way to the feelings which she had been holding down for weeks; but even in the excess of her grief, she made no sound. The events of her week's vacation in Boston passed through her head ceaselessly. Close her eyes though she might, her busy brain presented the pictures she wished to forget. Every act of his, every look, every word were indelibly stamped upon her memory, and she went over them again and again.

She threw the wet pillow aside and sat up. "What a little fool!" she said, and vigorously blew her tear-swollen nose. "I've been a fool all the way round; a fool to go to Boston—a fool to get interested in him, when I knew all the time he was—promised—to some one else. Oh! It would be easier if I thought he cared—but he doesn't—no—he doesn't."

She saw a group of laughing young people. She saw *him* as he bent over her, helping her on with her cloak. "It's a long way home," he had said, "wrap up warm." She felt his strong arm guiding her through the crowd, and remembered their talk on the car, about ambitions, and the things worth while. He had liked her ideas, had agreed, and asked advice. Platitudes,

trite, perhaps, but they had seemed new and full of meaning to her. She felt how her hand had tingled as he clasped it heartily, and saw again the look in his grey eyes as he said good-night. "I've enjoyed your being here, Miss—Margaret," he had said impulsively. "Let's hope it's not good-bye."

And it was only after he had been gone some time that the thought of the other girl had come to shadow her new-found joy—the other girl in the far-away West.

Hatred of this other girl dried the tears in her eyes now. "She has no right to him!" she whispered fiercely. "He's mine—mine because I love him! I will have what's mine!" Her anger died away in a little sob, "I want him!"

The little clock on the desk ticked louder and louder, "Want him—want him—want him." It was growing dark; the afternoon was gone. A group of chattering girls passed under her window on their way home to supper. The rattle of silver and glass came up to her. Soon the gong would sound. She lay still, with wide eyes. A new thought had come to her. Suppose he *had* cared; then the other girl would have had to go through all this. "It's very selfish of me," she whispered, "very selfish to think of no one but myself. If he is happy with her, I ought to be satisfied. I *am*." The throb of her heart gave the lie to her words. "I mean—I mean I'll try to be." She rose and made her way to her desk, drew forth a "snap-shot", and tore it slowly into tiny bits. She put the scraps swiftly to her lips; then dropped them into the basket. One more thing she must do. From her purse she took out a penny—the good luck penny that he had given her because it had the year of her birth on it—and dropped it slowly into the missionary box. It was done. The gong sounded. She turned on the light, smoothed her mussed hair, bathed her face, and put on a pretty white dress. "This is good-bye," she said softly, as she closed the door after her.

MARY SOULE HADLEY.

A BOOK

One read the words; they burned into his brain
And sent him forth to do a hero's deed.
One read, and all his joy in life seemed vain.
Here lies the book—and he who will may read.

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY.

"'Traid cat! 'fraid cat! Youse scared, you baby! He ain't no bigger nor youse! Go 'long home and tell yer mammy!" jeered the crowd.

Michael They were little street urchins gathered before a brilliantly lighted Astoria saloon, in the hope of excitement. To pass the time, they had been playing marbles or matching pennies, but now there was promise of something better.

Michael stood in their midst, his bony little fists clenched at his sides, his pale blue eyes afire with indignation, his jaw set grimly, his white face changing with conflicting emotions. Rage at last gave place to a superior pride. A friend came out of the crowd and whispered in his ear:

"He dasn't hurt a feather o' ye, Mikey. So wot's y' waitin' fer? Ye kin lick 'im easy!"

Michael deigned to look in the direction of his opponent, a little red-haired rascal whose only hope lay in Michael's refusal to fight him. He shifted uneasily as he tried to meet Michael's calm scrutiny. He was afraid that Mike was changing his mind. It took much persuading and threatening from his supporters to keep him from running away. But as Michael's gaze was withdrawn his attitude grew bolder, his chest swelled with pride, and he smiled consciously. Michael's expression was more than contemptuous as he turned to his friend.

"Oh, hell!" he said.

"Well, w'y doesn't y' swot 'im, then?" came the impatient retort. "Ye usen't to be so partic'lar."

The hard look on Michael's face softened.

"*She* died last week," he said. "She weren't much fer fightin'. She said to me alwers—" his voice broke.

The sneers that came from the crowd at this seeming show of cowardice fell on the child's ears like an insult to *her*. In a frenzy he turned upon them, but the other boy held him back.

"It's all off, fellers!" he announced, shrugging his shoulders in evidence of his own ignorance as to the cause of Michael's reluctance. "Come on, le's have a nuther game!" and the crowd separated, in grumbling disappointment.

Michael leaned in the scant shadow of a lamp-post, moodily watching, but refusing to join the players. Now and then he bit his lips, struggling not to heed the jeers cast in his direction. Above the oaths and quarrelings of the little street Arabs rose the deeper voices of an older generation, similarly employed at

the bar. Occasionally bursts of drunken laughter rose above the babel, or the noise of blows and a scuffle, with the shouts of the on-lookers. During momentary silences strains of music filled the gap, or a woman's high-pitched voice rang out a popular air. Once Michael heard his father's voice and laugh above the rest, but not a whit did it seem to disturb him.

An hour went by, and the crowd began to thin out, slouching away by twos and threes. It was nearing midnight when, in the comparative quiet, Michael again heard his father's voice raised high in drunken dispute. Presently a figure reeled out between the swinging shutter-doors. It turned with hands uplifted to face the bar-tender, who pointed a revolver from the door.

"Fork over the money," he yelled. "Fork it over, ye—"

Michael sprang forward with a shriek.

"Don't ye shoot dad!" he screamed, springing for the bartender's throat. "Ye dasn't—"

With the report of the shot the boy dropped limply to the pavement. His father staggered off. The urchin who had stood by his friend earlier in the evening bent now over the little body. He turned it over, and peered solemnly into the thin face, so white in the glare of the arc-light. "He weren't afraid," he muttered.

LUCILE PARKER

AN EVENING SONG

I fall asleep, of you to dream,
And wake to dream of you,
Watching the moonlight glance and gleam
My window curtains through.
And then I set my thoughts afloat,
When all the world is stilled,
And drift in fancy's shadow boat
On tides of hope fulfilled.

I fall asleep to find your eyes,
And, waking in the gloom,
Believe they shine in shy surprise
Across the silent room,
And every night I loose anew
A flock of whispered words,
And bid them swiftly wing to you
Like homeward faring birds.

And good it is to sleep and wake ;
 But this must still be best
 When fancy's shadow-boat shall make
 The harbor of its quest,
 When all my golden hopes come true,
 And this sweet thing shall be,
 That while I wake to dream of you
 You sleep to dream of me.

JUNE KEITH SMITH.

THE TWO FRIENDS

In a green, secluded meadow,
 In a land most fair to see,
 Lived a merry rippling streamlet
 And its friend, the apple-tree.

No one knew when first the brooklet
 Had its tinkling music sung,
 But a few old men remembered
 When the apple-tree was young.

Every spring with fragrant blossoms
 Did the glad tree greet the spring ;
 And for very joy of living
 How the happy stream did sing !

Violets caressed its borders,
 Later came the iris proud,
 And the children, seeking flowers,
 Wandered by in joyous crowd.

And at last there came a season
 When the little tree bore fruit,
 And with pride and exultation
 Deep it thrilled from tip to root.

But the children, giving verdict,
 Said the fruit was sour and poor,
 And the bitter disappointment
 Seemed beyond it to endure.

And the next crop was a failure,
 And the next—and many more ;
 Though the poor tree tried its utmost,
 'Twas as useless as before.

But at last arrived a springtime
 With new wealth of rosy flower,
 And the birds and bees and children
 Hovered rapturous round the bower.

And who cared that no fruit followed?
 For the bloom was far more sweet,
 And the brooklet sang for pleasure,
 Rippling by the glad tree's feet.

So the two grew old together,
 Making all the meadow glad,
 Dearer friends, more loved by others,
 For the sorrows they had had.

KATHERINE DIXON, FRANKENSTEIN.

It all came about because Horace and I were moon-worshippers. I don't mean by that that we lived in pre-exilic times and set up a rival worship, hostile

The Wise Mrs. Gordon to the sun-god. Not at all; but in the dim and distant past there had been One Summer, always capitalized, that had seemed made up of moonlight nights, our idol varying from a tiny horned crescent to a splendid blood-red monster-god that rose over a sea of fire which led straight to our feet. That was the enchantment of it. In a way we felt, not entirely worshipers, perhaps at times even worshiped, at least always consulted by this mighty monarch, who laid an enchanted rug all the way from his heart to our feet and bade us tread it.

The summer colony was a pretentious one for a young married couple to endeavor to assimilate. We were fortified, however, by the thought of Grandmother Collins on the Hill. Collins was a name to conjure with in the summer colony, and so, whenever we felt that our small cottage and tiny plot of ground and two servants were failing to attract sufficient attention, I would merely say to Horace "Let's go up to Collinshurst to-night. Grandmother said she wanted to see us." And that made them sit up and take notice.

This doesn't seem much to the point, but it really is, for though we couldn't afford a cottage on the water-front (and the water-front was the floor on which the moon spread her golden carpet), yet you can plainly see that we "belonged", for there was Grandma Collins with Collinshurst and the millions!

In front of our cottage was a road and beyond that the most beautiful grounds imaginable, sloping down to a long pier with a boat-house at the end and broad steps leading right down to the water, whether at ebb or flood tide. You can see at a glance that this was the most direct path to the heart of the moon we could possibly desire. The estate belonged to the Gordons, whom we knew slightly, but there was a high fence about it, and although the gates were not locked, there was a sign which said as plain as day and, yes, even plainer by moonlight, "No trespassing".

We might have asked permission, but wouldn't it have sounded ridiculous if I had said to Mrs. Gordon, always impressive in lace and diamonds, "Please may we, Horace and I, sit on your pier moonlight nights?"

Nevertheless we did sit on the pier for a whole week, and it was heavenly. The night it was full moon we could hardly wait. We just bolted through dinner and then simply tore across the street and scrambled through the gate. It was quite dark on the pier; almost ghostly with the dim boat-house looming up at the farther end, and the phosphorescent light playing on the water. So I actually jumped as I saw two figures standing near the steps and gazing across the water to the tiny disk of moon just visible above the horizon. I would have turned and fled, but Horace, however, laid a firm hand on my arm. "We'll oust them easily enough," he whispered.

As we came nearer he cleared his throat and said in a firm yet courteous tone, "I beg your pardon, but do you realize that this is private property? It does seem a shame that we should have a right to lay claim to the coast-line and forbid trespassing, but such is the case."

I gasped. The guilty wretches did the same, and, without saying a word, they fled. I might almost say they ran. Then I turned to Horace.

"Oh—oh—you!" I couldn't get farther. We both simply doubled up with stifled laughter.

We should by rights have been punished for our selfishness, but justice is blind. The moon had never been more glorious, or the sea more wonderful, or the air more sweet and warm than that evening. Oh, it was beautiful!

But that wasn't the end. The very next day Grandma Collins was serving high tea—which means that you all sit around a

table in stiff silence and eat heaps of deadly things. If you could call it dinner it wouldn't be so bad, but to call salad, and cold meats, and pâtes, and oysters, and lobster, *tea*, is enough to give anyone indigestion.

Opposite me sat Mrs. Gordon, at whom I had scarcely dared glance except to return a friendly bow. Suddenly she broke a protracted and painful silence by addressing the whole table. "The funniest thing happened last night. Mr. Gordon and I strolled down to the pier, after supper, and, will you believe it? we were ejected about three minutes later by a strange young man who stalked down upon us—oh, not alone, of course—with a girl. He simply ordered us off *his* property in the most lordly way. We were trespassing, he said!"

There was some general laughter and exclamation, "What did you do?"

"Do? We fled without a word!"

I sat dumb and frozen. *We* had ordered Mr. and Mrs. Gordon off their *own* property! I dared not raise my eyes. Suddenly, however, I realized that she was looking steadily at me across the table. What might my confusion not betray to her! Summoning all my self-control I raised my eyes to meet hers. They rested on me—surely, I was not mistaken!—with the most kindly and merry look. "But I was so glad," she continued, looking away with a smile, "to find that there are still people who enjoy the moonlight as much as Mr. Gordon and I used to; and I only hope that they will continue to keep our pier cleared of trespassers, moonlight nights!"

She meant it; there was no doubt of that. Could it be that she suspected? As for Horace and me, we felt it a duty imposed upon us; and you may be sure we fulfilled it faithfully.

ETHEL BELLE KENYON.

SPRING NIGHT

The night is soft and cool and dark,
And showering raindrops gently fall
Upon the newly-wakened earth;
Sweet and shrill the hylas call.

CARRIE GERTRUDE HILLARD.

MORNING

The deepening pink in the east
And a chorus of birds, far away,
Then a sudden cool breeze,
Shaking drops from the trees,
The glint of the sun—and 'tis day.

CARRIE GERTRUDE HILLARD.

The week before Christmas—and her first dance! How remote and trivial seemed her previous excitements now! How stupid a diversion was dancing school; and how greatly to be despised these simple affairs where the floor is cleared for dancing merely as an incident in the evening's entertainment!

Ever since her invitation had come, she had spent her time sunk in blissful revery. Now it was the afternoon. Soon it would be evening. Stimulated by this thought, she began her preparations. All her clothes must be laid out on the bed. First, her dress, fluffy white with blue ribbons, a marvel of delicacy; then the laced petticoat—her first with flounces. Her eye lingered upon it a moment in mingled admiration and regret. It seemed such a pity to hide it! When the array was quite complete she sat down and surveyed them admiringly. How beautiful she should be that evening; how witty, and how popular! She could feel the bright sayings rush to her lips; her feet tapped time to inaudible music, as, in her imagination, she swung around and around upon a stalwart masculine arm.

She could hardly eat a mouthful of supper, and as soon as possible she rushed away up-stairs to dress. It was not so simple a proceeding as ordinarily. Her hair gave her a good deal of trouble. It did not "go up" with its every-day docility, but all at once developed bad habits, such as sticking in where it should have stuck out, and vice versa. She grew quite warm over it. If it had been anybody's but her own, it is likely that she would have pulled it. And then her dress did not look quite as well on her as it had on the bed. The mirror was too truthful and gave no scope for imagination. Still, these were but petty annoyances. When she was really ready, she ran down-stairs to be admired. Then, settling her borrowed fur coat over her shoulders, she seated herself in the carriage and leaned back luxuriously. Ah, this was life!

Up-stairs, in the dressing-room, she lingered quite a while over the removal of her coat and gloves. She saw so few people whom she knew; the big, brilliantly lighted rooms looked so empty, and the hard polished floors had such a glare of publicity!

Down-stairs, her card progressed slowly. Her host brought up men, and these inscribed their names dutifully. "Aren't they nice," thought the girl, "to ask for a dance right off, as soon as they meet me!" But beyond a dumb feeling of gratitude toward them, her mind was a blank. The same thing happened each time. She said, "I'm glad to meet you." There was a slight silence, then, "May I see your card?" He took his choice of numerous vacancies, then handed it back. She received it awkwardly. After that an oppressive stillness fell, and his departing footsteps echoed loudly.

When the dancing began she suffered even more acutely, if possible. She loved to dance, but the men came in such assorted sizes! She was no sooner used to holding her head aside so that her chin should not strike her partner's shoulder than she had to learn to lean slightly backwards to give room for the next man's knee action. Fortunately, she had plenty of time to rest between her dances.

Her stock-in-trade of conversation consisted of those good old stand-bys—the excellence of the floor and the music, and the beauty of the decorations. She used these so many times that she really became fairly proficient in reciting them, and she was just beginning to enjoy herself when the sight of a familiar face suggested the awful thought, what if she should dance twice with one man! During dinner, moreover, her stock of conversation was worn so threadbare that she was at last obliged to make a great parade of chewing, in order not to have to repeat the same formula more than twice.

When at last she leaned back once more among the carriage-cushions, the whole evening seemed one hideous blur of discomfort. She had been neither beautiful, nor witty, nor popular. And she had been stepped on, and had had her dress torn. She closed her aching eyes, and a tear slid down her cheek. Alas! the only happy memory of the dance which she would have, would be of that blissful moment when she had sat in her room, tapping her foot to inaudible music.

MILDRED WILLCOX WILSON.

A CHILD-SOUL

You were so happy-hearted, gay and free,
Like white-winged bird above a summer sea ;
Untamed by sorrow, and untaught by pain.
You laughed at sunshine—and you knew not rain.
Happy with living, fitting here and there
Among life's pleasures, finding all things fair,
Loving so lightly that you took the bliss
And left the sorrow ; but the wonder this,
That others took your sorrow, and while sad
Smiled through their weeping to behold you glad.
And when death came, like life, you had no tears
But only smiles to greet it. All the fears
And terrors were to you untried, unknown ;
You said " Good-night ", and soft your soul was blown
Like some rose petal out across the deep,
As, with a tender smile, you fell asleep.

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

The enthusiastic Freshman deftly cornered a piece of banana and laid down her fork with a triumphant sigh. " Yes," she announced joyfully, " she's great ! "

The Silent Sibyl " Do you think so ? " inquired the jealous Junior. " People in our class aren't so crazy about her."

" Oh, but she is," returned the Freshman hotly, " and she's been so nice to me. I had the time of my life last night and I got so excited that I kept Sibyl awake till twelve o'clock telling her about it."

The sophisticated Senior smiled sarcastically. " Pass me the crackers," she said.

" I was about to remark," added the vindictive Sophomore with emphasis, " that your roommate was not the only one you kept awake ! "

" Hello ! " exclaimed the Junior, " there's your divinity going out to dinner with your roommate this minute. How does that happen ? I didn't know that she was in on that game, too."

The Freshman dropped her fork upon her plate with an inharmonious jangle. *She* had not known it either. But there was Sibyl, wearing *her* white boa and *her* best hat, opening the front door for *her* divinity.

The Senior smiled in a more superior manner than ever. This time it was almost in the condescending " Bless-you-my-

children" style. But the Freshman was a hero. She gasped and recovered herself. Then she smiled bravely. "Sibyl and I always like the same people," she said.

After dinner the Freshman went up to her room and thought it out amid the intricacies of the cannon-ball problem. It wasn't that she was jealous. She was quite honest with herself, and she was sure—positive—that she wasn't jealous. She had wanted Sibyl to know Anne well. She knew that they would like each other, and they might, all three, have been such good friends! No, it wasn't jealousy. It was just that Sibyl hadn't told her. Sibyl must have known Anne well all the time and she had never told. She had let her go on and on and rave about Anne and enlarge on the good time she had had with her the evening before, and she had not even mentioned the fact that she was going to take Anne to dinner the very next day! It was all right, of course, only Sibyl didn't tell her, and she would have told Sibyl, that was all! Sibyl would probably tell it as a great joke—afterward. Sibyl was so much cleverer! It suddenly occurred to the Freshman that she always had told Sibyl more than Sibyl had told her.

"I wish she would tell me things," thought the Freshman, "it would make us seem so much more like friends. When she doesn't, it makes me feel queer—just as if we were rivals!" Then a sinister thought occurred to her. "Suppose," she considered, "that I should stop telling her everything!"

The Freshman threw Mr. Wells' "Advanced Course in Algebra with Answers" across the room, and buried her face in the sofa pillows. It was horrid! The prospect looked so cheerless and friendless. But she must do it. She must be self-reliant and self-contained and clever like Sibyl. That was the way to "get on" in college, evidently. Only it occurred to the Freshman that it would be infinitely preferable to have a "best friend" than to "get on" in college. It would be hard, but she would do it. She would be just as calculating and politic as she could be. She would abjure the confidences of a roommate forever. She would copy Sibyl, and just be discreet. If she couldn't have a perfect friendship, at least she'd "get on".

The door burst open. The Freshman jumped up abruptly, and began her politic career. She made a mighty struggle at a smile. It was Sibyl. Well, she'd show her! "Hello, Sibyl," she said carelessly, "did you have a good time? Sit down and tell me about it."

"What under the ethereal dome do I want to sit down for?" inquired her room-mate. "I suppose you know they're waiting, Muriel Mather! I *do* wish you'd read your notes!" The exasperated roommate yanked viciously at the large piece of theme paper attached to the lamp shade. "What *did* you think? Thought I was trying to cut you out, I suppose! Read that. She only asked me to dinner because *you* weren't here, but of course she wanted you to come to the theatre, any way. I came back to bring you your hat and your boa. Now, hustle!"

The enthusiastic Freshman abjured her career of cold discretion with one hug. "Aren't you a dear!" she said.

"There go those Freshmen again!" said the jealous Junior. "I've never known such devoted roommates!"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied the sophisticated Senior. "Pass me that candy, will you?"

EUNICE FULLER.

EDITORIAL

Late as is the coming of spring this year, our faith in it has not diminished. We felt the first thrill of it in our veins some time ago, when the earth was still hard and gray ; and, in spite of bare boughs rattling in the bleak wind, we knew that the buds were swelling and that the sap in the trees was beginning to stir. We knew that the birds felt it, too ; for one morning we saw fivesprightly robins hopping about in the orchard. The collie next door, too, and the haughty Boston bull, and even the curly poodle, felt it ; for straightway they began frisking about on the brown lawn as though they scented the tender green blades pushing up through the matted sod. It is a great thing to feel the coming of spring while earth and sky seem still to ignore its existence. It is a sort of faith with us. We cannot predict infallibly the return of spring this year, simply because spring has so far followed upon winter. The earth may stand still in its orbit, the sun may cease to warm, and eternal winter reign ! Laws ? What are they but the statements of our observations of what has happened in the past ? They can guarantee nothing for the future. Why should we have faith in their permanence ?

I do not know. But the leaf-buds and the robins and I, all have an unreasoning faith in the coming of spring, that I know. And when the apple-blossoms begin to redden the trees, and the hepaticas and the violets appear, we shall find our faith justified, as we have found it justified before. There will be no one, however, to whom to say "I told you so" ; for the whole world shares our faith. It feels the touch, and it says, "Spring is here !" though it cannot yet see her. "She has laid her hand upon me—she is here !" The new life is in our veins ; the new courage is in our hearts. The prospect of new duties gives us joy ; with eager hands we receive the burden of new responsibility. Life is on the upward curve of the wheel, and it bears us with it, joyous and strong. What can we not attempt, what can we not do ?

The beaten track stretches out before us, across the fair valley meadow. Some of us will choose to follow it; some of us will wander far afield. 'Each in his own way. In this generation, as in every other, we are too likely to make "different" a criticism, adverse or favorable. To be sure, "difference" in itself adds a certain spice; but spice is not always desirable. Too often it renders palatable an evil dish. On the other hand, "difference" may be involved in an expression of individuality which may mark an advance step in art. Therefore it must not be made in itself an adverse criticism. True, it is hard to understand the expression of a soul that is not like anything which we have ever known; doubly hard, then, to like it. We are, perhaps, too impatient to give it the sympathetic study necessary to appreciation. We are quite likely to say, "Oh, that is nonsense!" when perhaps it is merely a little beyond us. But we know world-famous instances of ages which have thus condemned, and, in so doing, have confessed their own unintelligence.

Each in his own way, then. We are seeking the beautiful; seeking to gather it like flowers and fill our arms with it and bring it home. Let no one think that there is virtue in the garden-bordered road more than in the meadow. Wayside lilies are beautiful—but there may be blue flags down by the pool. Hill-slope and valley, meadow and garden—everywhere, in the spring, flowers grow for the lovers of them. The virtue lies in the quick eye and the eager hand. By the flowers that we bring at the end of the day, you shall know us.

EDITOR'S TABLE

"Twixt optimist and pessimist,
The difference I'll unroll;
The former sees the doughnut,
The latter sees the hole."

There is the most surprisingly large class of people who, apparently, see the hole. Apparently, we say, for no true-hearted optimist will admit that anyone could possibly avoid a view of at least the inside rim of the doughnut. But their writings tell a different tale. Stories, poems, essays—so many of them sadly insinuate "There is no doughnut now. We ate it up when we were children." And with this idea in mind, they hark back to the good old times, and insist that there is nothing at the present day to be compared with them.

It seems almost useless to protest against the awful flood of "child stories" that for some time past has swept over our magazines. Impossible little creatures that they are, they are doomed to wend their weary way, in prose and in verse, till the reaction, which has already begun, comes to a head, and they are set aside—let us hope forever. But until such blessed time shall come, let there be at least sincerity in the view point under which they are portrayed.

That this exists in all cases at present seems impossible. You read a sad little poem concerning the happiness that we knew in childhood, gone now, alas! forever. Close on its heels follows a story of the all too familiar "Father, Mother, and You" variety, with an undercurrent which says plainly, "No such joys now!" And occasionally some frank soul openly bewails her enforced residence in a "grown-up" world, and piteously yearns for that of childhood. Are we to take such expressions as a sincere avowal of the writer's spirit, or is it a literary pose?

For childhood is not a period of unalloyed bliss. In the first place, contrary to her of the essay, there is no children's world. It is a grown-up world to which children have come, to which

they must adapt themselves. This is made easier in some cases than in others—depending on the grown-ups. So much depends on grown-ups, then! Shall Susie eat bread or cake for supper, study music or learn to sew, join dancing class or Sunday school, take off her flannels in May or April? You who sentimentalize over childhood, do you remember how those flannels felt in nice warm May weather? Did those days figure prominently among the joyful ones?

Those are minor details, they will tell you; the child is happy in what is chosen for her. That is very often true, but is the child happy in having no voice in the decision, in realizing that her own intelligence is deemed insufficient for the task? That is the real tragedy of the matter. The child's intellect is inferior. She is happy in her illusions. Break them, and she is lost. She has nothing upon which she may fall back. With the years comes a surer foundation for our confidence, a broadness of view which looks beyond the things of the hour, and in the realization of a great, grand scheme of the universe finds compensation for the broken trifles. We have lived, we have worked, and we have our reward. Wordsworth claims an intimacy with nature for the youth rather than for the man, but this seems to have been his peculiar experience. Most of us feel that we have really found her only after long searching. We wake up one day conscious of a new vision, and now our souls need never go hungry again. Take away the blue sky and show us the gray—never mind! gray is just as beautiful; shut us out from that, and it is beautiful that there is no sky at all. And this sense we carry with us till the ugliest clod throbs for us with splendor, and we stand reverent before the poorest life we know because there is so much of God in it. Something has been born in us by a sort of spiritual evolution, and childhood has nothing to offer worthy of exchange. For each human life, like the great mass of all life before it, is constantly developing toward the highest, if we will only open our eyes and see it so.

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first is made."

And now spring is here, with wonderful joys that would never have been had not other springs gone before. Take life as it comes to you now, big, deep, full; merge yourself in it,

and when you have learned its lesson, stand forth, enriched, freed, calm, ready to express the joy of that maturity in your own life, your work, and your art.

The following poem has the haunting quality of some minor strain of music, infinitely sweet. In its spontaneity and evident truth to inspiration, it may well be an inspiration in itself.

ILLUSION

When Spring was come over the lonely hills,
I thought of one who was not come with the Spring.
I said, "I will rise and seek her, following
Where the heart wills.

"Surely I know love is a joyous thing,
Therefore will she not come to me when she wills,
Dancing along the meadows, skipping upon the hills,
And laugh and sing?"

There is nothing lying beyond the hills,
No sweet lost land, or love, or anything;
Only the wind cries and the flowers spring
Along the rills.

"Give me back the things that the heart wills!
Give me back the land where the stars sing!"
I wander over the meadows murmuring,
Crying beyond the hills.

—John Hall Wheelock in the *Harvard Monthly*.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

A LULLABY

Black stretch the elms 'gainst the dim, radiant west ;
Softly the glow rests on dark, sleeping hills,
Night's come, my darling ; the winds waft to rest.
Slumber and dream.

Cheerily at dawn the bluebird's glad song
Will wake from deep sleep all the slumbering flowers ;
God knows of the morrow. Rest thee in His love ;
Slumber and dream.

JOSEPHINE M. WEIL '06.

A TAIL OF WOE

Oh, little Polly Pollywog
Her mournful fate bewails :
"Oh, feet's the fashion now, and why,
Oh, *why* must one wear tails ?

"I want to be a great big frog
And wear green, shiny skin,
And bulgy eyes whose surfaces
My lovers may look in.

"I want to sit up late at night,
And oggle at the moon.
I want to hear a concert, and—
I want to hear one soon."

Oh, little Polly Pollywog
Her wretched fate bewails :
"Oh, what's the joy of wriggling
When one must still wear tails ?"

CANDACE THURBER '04.

"No, I tell you. I will have nothing to do with such nonsense," asserted Mr. Blaine emphatically. "John Dayton is the meanest man in town.

I don't care what his social position is, but I know I

A Social Lion wouldn't be under obligations to him for a paper of pins."

"I think you are too unreasonable for any good use," said Mrs. Blaine. "I don't care how mean he is. He is invited everywhere, and you know perfectly well that if we could once get him to notice us, it would help us so much in a social way. Besides, I don't believe half the mean things you men say about each other, anyway. If you won't try to do anything, I'll do it all myself," she ended defiantly.

"Oh, very well! Try it and see; but I'll warrant that you'll come out at the small end of the horn. You'll find out that I'm right—but of course I'll leave the whole matter to your better judgment," he said sarcastically.

"Even if you don't care for yourself, you ought to care some for the children. I should think you would want to be somebody on their account," pleaded Mrs. Blaine.

"The children don't seem to be very much disturbed as yet because their father is a nobody," retorted Mr. Blaine, as he looked out through the window at the children with the supposititious social aspirations. Nancy, aged six, was blissfully modelling a mud pie, and making a delightful mess of it, as well as of herself. Harold, scorning to deal in anything so effeminate as pies, had gone over into the realm of art and was moulding wonderful clay figures of somewhat doubtful character. "Neither of them seems much troubled about my social status," mused Mr. Blaine. "But of course no one can tell what wonderful workings are going on in their minds underneath that carefree appearance."

The latter part of Mr. Blaine's reflection proved to be true, in a way, for at that moment Harold, evidently disgusted because his clay figure wouldn't look right, aimed it carefully at his innocent sister and hit her squarely in the face. Of course Nancy resented such treatment, and with a wild howl of anger she rushed into the house to her mother, each cheek adorned with a large piece of clay, which her flowing tears were melting into dirty water.

"Harold threw a mud pie at me," she wailed, weeping harder at the thought of such an indignity.

"Naughty brother," chided Mrs. Blaine, hastily dragging the young lady away to see what effect soap and water would have on her face and feelings.

This domestic tragedy effectually put an end to the discussion of Mr. Blaine's social position. Nothing more was said on the subject, but Mrs. Blaine, being a woman of action, immediately began operations. Mr. Blaine attended quietly to his own affairs, although he often smiled to himself when he saw his wife laboriously endeavoring to break into the charmed circle of which she considered John Dayton the leader. Rebuffs daunted her not a whit. She was introduced to Mrs. Dayton at least seven or eight times before that lady condescended to regard her as a distinct individual. Mr. Dayton was just about as unpromising as his wife. However, Mrs. Blaine left no stone unturned. She had formerly belonged to the First Congregational Church. Now she suddenly changed to the Second Church, "because," she explained to Mr. Blaine, "the First Church is so ugly—and more congenial

people go to the Second Congregational." Of course the fact that Mr. Dayton was one of the "pillars" of the Second Church could have had nothing to do with the change. Then she joined sewing societies, to make garments for the poor and needy, just because Mrs. Dayton belonged to them. She stuffed turkeys for church suppers; her devotion to the church was warm and untiring. Mrs. Dayton, who saw that Mrs. Blaine was rather a useful person, smiled encouragingly on all these services. On such occasions Mrs. Blaine would feel partially repaid for her noble works, although she would have preferred to have her reward come in some form a little more material than a smile.

Inasmuch as the church did not prove a very good battering-ram to break down the barriers, Mrs. Blaine tried another way. Mr. Dayton's young son and Harold were in the same class at school, and Mrs. Blaine thought that perhaps the desired object might be partly obtained through Charlie Dayton. Accordingly, she artfully persuaded Harold to bring Charlie home with him after school. Charlie had no serious objections. Mrs. Blaine gave him very good pie and cake, and Charlie, like his father, had the habit of taking all he could get. The only apparent effect of this course was that poor Charlie had several violent attacks of indigestion. But truly has it been said that all things come to him who waits! One day Mrs. Blaine found at the door an envelope addressed in rather uncertain handwriting to "Master Harold Blaine and Miss Nancy Blaine." Mrs. Blaine, being a careful mother, always opened all her children's mail. So she tore open the envelope and read:—

"Master Charles Dayton requests the pleasure of your company at a picnic June twentieth, at nine o'clock."

Mrs. Blaine smiled with satisfaction. She read the invitation again and again, each time with more satisfaction. "I guess Charlie must have written it himself," she commented. Then she remembered suddenly that she had borrowed a book from Mrs. Smith, her next-door neighbor, and had forgotten to return it. Being in a hurry, she forgot to lay the invitation on the table, and instead carried it with her. Then she accidentally let it fall on the floor while she was talking to Mrs. Smith. The latter picked it up and handed it to her, remarking, "You dropped your letter, Mrs. Blaine."

"Oh, that's of no importance," said Mrs. Blaine carelessly. "Just an invitation for Harold and Nancy to Charlie Dayton's picnic on the twentieth. Of course your children are going?"

"Why—er—no. At least they haven't been asked yet," said Mrs. Smith, rather embarrassed to think she had fallen into Mrs. Blaine's trap.

"Is it possible?" said Mrs. Blaine in sweet surprise. "How very strange! I'm sure it must have been an oversight. Isn't your Stephen in Charlie's class at school?"

"No, indeed! Stephen is in the first division and Charlie and your Harold are only in the second," replied Mrs. Smith, glad to have an opportunity to tie the score.

"Oh, I didn't know that. Thank you so much for your book. Good morning, Mrs. Smith," and Mrs. Blaine went out of the door a little less triumphantly than she had come in.

That evening she remarked to Mr. Blaine, "Charlie Dayton has invited

our children to a picnic. Have you any objection to their going? I don't imagine that Mr. Dayton will harm them."

"Of course they may go. I don't care," said Mr. Blaine, amused at his wife's thrust and her pretended indifference. He had seen the triumphant gleam in her eye.

The great day finally arrived. Harold and Nancy were dressed in their best and sent off promptly at a quarter before nine—a proceeding which took considerably more time than one might expect from the mere statement of it. Mrs. Blaine had instructed them carefully about the etiquette of picnics, instructions which they, like normal children, promptly forgot. At about six o'clock they returned. Mrs. Blaine immediately began to ply them with questions, which they did not answer very enthusiastically. Moreover, when supper was served they ate ravenously, as though they had had nothing to eat for days. Mrs. Blaine was much surprised at this, and said to Mr. Blaine, "I don't believe the children had a very good time. At least, they don't seem to have had much to eat. I can't understand it."

"Of course you can't understand it," said her husband. "You don't know John Dayton."

A few days later Mrs. Blaine received a letter through the mail. She opened it and read it, very much puzzled. Then she handed it to her husband.

"What on earth does this mean? I can't see the name. See if you can make it out."

Mr. Blaine looked at it. Then he began to laugh.

"But what is it?" asked Mrs. Blaine.

"Why, don't you see?" asked Mr. Blaine.

"Mrs. Blaine, debtor,	
To Wagon for 2,	\$1.00
" Lunch " "	1.00
Total,	<hr/> \$2.00"

"But who is the creditor? I can't make it out."

"The name of the creditor is John Dayton. The items, I think you will recognize, are for Charlie's picnic. It was evidently a Dutch treat. You can't expect to get something for nothing—at least where John Dayton is concerned. I told you you didn't know him."

And Mrs. Blaine acknowledged that she didn't.

SUSIE B. STARR '05.

Among the public school children here in Chicago, the interest in the institution known as the "Penny Savings," is spreading rapidly, and will continue more and more, as the interest of the

The Penny Savings Society workers spreads. It can hardly be called "charity" in the present accepted use of the term, except in its larger sense, but it

has been called the "Basis of Philanthropy" by a recent speaker. The Penny Savings Society is not a local affair. It has its origin in New York, and its branches are reaching out wherever reports of its good work have been heard. The bank here is known as the Chicago Penny Savings Society

and is well established. Other cities have such banks as well and an active friendship for the work would make its establishment elsewhere a simple task.

The condition of the working classes at present is good in spite of—or perhaps we may be encouraged to believe, because of the present agitation against the great moneyed interests—and they are not lacking for ready money. Their children have “pennies and pennies” to spend at recess at the little shop which always flourishes near by, for sweets with which their dirty faces and ragged ill-kept clothes are constantly bedaubed.

The wretchedly poor have frequent demands made for them in the churches, in the social settlements, in the charitable institutions and—in society’s idle moments. But the contingency of the “masses” having money and having it, ignorant of its uses—the bare needs of daily life being provided—is not thought of by many of these willing workers. The starving fed, is a beautiful and appealing end for which to work and one not to be ignored, but why should the work end there while there are unemployed among us? If those pennies so idly spent on the corner shop’s sweets were turned into soap, tidy clothes and a little bank account for future use! Surely this is a demand necessary for humanity’s sake and for the common weal. It would be, too, a surer blow at the root of modern evils than the campaigns against corruption in the social, financial and political world which are waged so fiercely and too often with questionable success. The child is the seed from which a man will grow, and that the plant may be a perfect one, the seed must be cared for and trained; that the world may be a perfect one, its plants must be perfect.

The accomplishment of the American ideal will then be found and this seemingly small and simple work will do its part.

The public schools, as the common meeting place, are the ground on which the work is done, though the settlements have branches by which those at work may be reached. It is to the schools that the pennies come; then that is where they must be collected and the force of precedent and example can do its work. Therefore to the schools we go. Small books made of paste-board and marked in squares and with them, stamps to the value of the currency are provided by the Penny Savings Society. The children come and are given books, the coupons of which we keep, and stamps to the value of their grimy, sticky pennies are given them, to be pasted in the proper squares in the book.

The pride in ownership of capital is a factor not to be despised. It is surprising how quickly the stamps increase in these books; though we are sometimes given a dime and asked for a penny stamp and nine cents change! When the glorious sum of one dollar has been reached, the children are eligible as depositors in a “really truly bank.” This is the Mecca of our ambition for them, but as yet the number of them is small, not for lack of the dollars but from the suspicion of such institutions too justly felt. Still we must be content to wait for the promised “all things” which time and patience alone can bring. We are as pleased as possible when a book is shyly presented and we are asked for the two dollars and thirty-one cents to buy a new pair of shoes! We can then take heart and smile at the withdrawal of nine

cents that we strongly suspect from the morrow's sticky face, went to the inner man, leaving only the crumbs as witness to the fall.

Again, it is good to know when the fathers are interested in the savings, though it be known and shown to us only through a rain of tears over a lost book and the wail, "My pa'll whip me!" The mothers, however, are our strong help. Often, too, when we are given large sums—a dollar, or sometimes two—we know that we are helping them. Last year when one little girl brought such a sum and we expressed our delight, she said, "My ma's saving it to send to my grandma in the country. Pa'd take it away if she kept it home." Once little girl came pale and breathless and asked for her money at once. We always ask the reason and "a letter from home" to avoid if possible the withdrawal of the nine cents for candy! This child told us her father had just died that morning and "ma" needed it. If only we could impress on the workers and the children this real example of the fable of the grasshopper and the ant!

These are incidents in the poorer, smaller schools. In some of the larger ones, the "Penny Savings" is a regular institution, not struggling against ignorance and suspicion, but trusted and flourishing, and as much as fifty dollars or more is often taken in, in a day. This day comes once a week when the co-operation of the teachers, who sometimes resent the interruption, is obtained. It becomes an institution and part of the school routine, like singing and calisthenics. Elsewhere the struggle has to be with those at the head as well, and the need for work and patience is doubled.

The children know and greet us as the "Bank Ladies", but we believe that we are spared the suspicion with which presidents and cashiers are regarded. We are rather humble employees, their good friends, we hope. To teach them how to keep and—not spend and abuse—their money and so make them honest, thrifty citizens, is the end and aim of all our work. May it not be justly called the basis of all philanthropy?

FLORENCE BANNARD '06.

It was one of the dampest, foggiest mornings of the season, but the world looked bright and joyous to Christine Underwood. Christine was still at an age when the world is expected to look sunny; but,

A Prophetic Vision young as she was, it frequently looked a little dubious and she had even begun to wonder if, by the time she was twenty-five or thirty, she would not be a complete victim to melancholia. This morning, however, she began to trust the powers of youth once more. When she awoke she felt an excited little thrill. And as she "fixed" her hair on top of her head—for Christine was still at an age when it is necessary to do one's hair high in order to preserve one's dignity—she could not resist looking in the glass and thinking, "Well, I am pretty, anyway." She had often longed to be beautiful, but she herself realized that she had just missed that quality. Sometimes she thought that she had been intended to be beautiful, but by some mischance had stopped at the pretty age and had gone no further. She was not quite so tall as she ought to have been, that is, not as tall as her older sister; and her sister was her standard of beauty. Christine's eyes were bright, but they were not so large as Janet's. Yet, after

all, Christine lingered, at the end of her toilet, wondering if, perhaps, men might not like girls better who were not quite so big and handsome.

Christine's present view of life was all based on the fact that the night before, when her mother was giving a musicale, Henry James was among those present. Henry was really more a friend of Janet's than of hers, but as he was saying good-night to both of the girls, he asked them why they did not play golf any more. Then he turned to Christine,—

"Don't you want to play to-morrow morning?"

Christine had once or twice been asked to play by boys of her own age, but she was not very athletic, and rather dignified; so even these invitations had been few. The thought that Henry James, the finest looking man at Westport that summer, should really have asked her to play with him, was more than she had ever dared dream of. Janet was very nice afterwards, and seemed to be pleased for her, but Janet always was a little above the world according to Christine's mind. She seemed to have sort of a prophetic vision, for she was never surprised when anything unexpected happened.

Now that the morning had arrived, Christine felt that her career as a young lady had really begun, for she was going to play golf with Henry James, big Henry James, whom everyone admired. She ate her breakfast a little more hurriedly than usual. Janet, on the contrary, did not seem excited at all. Janet was so unsympathetic at times. But she had yielded to Christine's request to drive her over to the club.

"What time were you to meet Henry?" asked Janet, as they were bowling along at a brisk trot over the country road.

"At ten o'clock. Do you suppose we are early?"

"Why, of course we are! I thought you were in a hurry so I started right off. It is only nine now, and you know it never takes more than half an hour to drive over!"

"Well, I can't be early whatever happens," cried Christine in great consternation, for she remembered that you must always let the man get there first and wait, so that he may worry for fear you are not coming.

Janet met the emergency well. "We will drive around the Triangle and come back by the club. That will take fully an hour," she suggested.

"It seems to me this will be an awfully wet morning to play. Are you sure Henry will be expecting you?" Janet next asked, as they drove along in the heavy mist.

"People play golf in all sorts of weather. Of course it isn't too wet," replied Christine, though as they drove up to the club house, this thought gave her one last cause for anxiety. But no, there was Henry, on the veranda, tipping balls out of his bag. Christine jumped from the carriage, and took satisfaction in noticing that Henry did not even glance up at Janet as she drove away, but seemed to be shaking his bag harder than ever.

"O, I didn't know whether you would want to play, it is so wet," was Henry's first remark. He seemed quite ready, however, so Christine was not at all alarmed. She began to feel elated again, in spite of the heavy fog and the scarcity of people on the links. As she started to drive off she was sure that this morning she could drive yards and yards. But for some reason or other she did not hit the ball quite right the first time, and it rolled off into

a clump of bushes, while Henry's ball went sailing above the stone wall, far over into the next field. Christine tried again, but again the ball did not go far. She had to play four or five times before she could even get it up to the stone wall.

She would have liked to be jolly and talk to Henry even if she could not play well; but she remembered that it is one of the rules of the game not to talk, and Christine was a strict observer of rules. Henry had politely suggested that they should not keep score. Christine secretly thought that this detracted a little from the excitement of the game, but she willingly acquiesced, because she had heard that men always like to have their own way.

So they trudged along. Once in a while Henry would start some subject of conversation, but Christine was now so worried about the way she was playing, for instead of improving she seemed to be constantly doing worse, that she did not have time to listen to what he was saying.

By the time they were half way around the course, the mist was so heavy that it was almost raining. The water began to ooze out of Christine's shoes. The caddies had a sleepy air. Christine's ball kept getting into bad holes. Henry suggested that perhaps her feet were pretty wet and she would like to give it up, but Christine had heard that if there was one thing a man liked it was pluck. So she assured him that her feet were not at all wet, and that of course she wanted to play it out. They had only one more hole to play, when she had an inspiration. "I don't know exactly what is the matter with my playing. Don't you want to give me some points?" She felt that perhaps this was humbling oneself more than one ought, to a man, but she thought it had an air of confidence and comradeship about it that she had often seen in Janet.

Henry James threw away the cigarette which he had just lighted, and the look of stolid politeness lightened a little as he carefully showed Christine how to hold her club. She tried it, but the ball did not go much farther than it had before. Indeed, she was so thrilled with the way in which Henry showed her how to hold her hands that her mind was not at all on the ball. Henry James looked a little perplexed when he saw how little good his instructions were, but he tried again with a slightly better result; and even a third time, when the ball merely rolled a few inches from the end of Christine's club and then stopped. Christine was enjoying the lesson immensely, when she was startled by Henry's forceful ejaculation,

"Well, I don't know what on earth is the matter with your playing."

Christine did not know what to say under the circumstances. She had never thought that he might not be enjoying the instructions as much as she was. And now to find that he not only regarded her as a pupil, but even as a hopeless failure, was more than she could at once wholly comprehend. She only knew that it gave her an awful feeling and she wished that she had not played at all.

"My feet are pretty wet; perhaps we'd better stop after all. Perhaps my playing will be better on a sunshiny day," suggested Christine, trying to keep the tears from her eyes.

As she trudged up to the golf house in her water-soaked shoes, a great feeling of relief came over her, to see Janet standing there waiting for her, with

a sympathetic expression and looking more beautiful than ever. Henry also came bounding up the path when he saw the figure on the veranda.

"I came a little early with the carriage to take you both home to luncheon, for I thought you wouldn't want to play much longer," explained Janet in an embarrassed tone, which Christine had never noticed before.

"Then you have forgiven me for speaking when I oughtn't to have last night, and you will—" Here Henry James paused, and Christine saw an expression in his face which she was sure that no one but Janet could arouse. She was relieved that Janet was there to meet the emergency.

ELEANOR ADLER '05.

At this time of the year many of the seniors are asking the question, "For what am I especially prepared?" College has given a broad culture, but has not fitted essentially for anything; and to-day is

After College, What? an age of specialties, each of which demands a particular training. To be at the head of the teaching profession a normal training is desirable; those who are to serve in public libraries are expected to have had their two years at library school; even a housekeeper wishing to be really up-to-date takes a course in household economics—and so on.

I want to make an appeal for the sort of work every college woman is more or less interested in—work for others, and especially other women. At one of the final meetings of the S. C. A. C. W. in 1899, Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, then rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, presented to us the idea that some one in the class take up the study of theology, and showed us that there was no good reason why we should not make investigation along that line as well as any other. Combined with that thought comes the application of such knowledge, without which the mere knowing would be of little worth. Training in both these points is now offered to girls at the various training schools and deaconess houses, which can be found representing nearly every church in the large cities.

For the past two years it has been my privilege to be a member of such a school in Philadelphia, the Church Training and Deaconess House of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Here women from all over the country are living together for two years in a delightful community-life more like college than anything else; and yet a home life, too, for we are bound together by the sympathies of a like purpose. In the family, now, are graduates from Smith, Wellesley, Radcliffe, and Teacher's College, New York, besides nurses, a trained librarian, teachers, business women, and a few from a society life at home. We represent states from New Hampshire to California, besides having two American students from Osaka, Japan, and a young Chinese widow from Honolulu. The only attempt at a uniform costume is our wearing little caps, and those only because we have our own chapel in the house and our church does not approve of women entering a place of worship with uncovered heads.

The school building is made up of two old-fashioned houses which have been remodeled into one. It is situated at 708 Spruce Street in a convenient location both with regard to our outside work and to the business part of the

city. The first floor is given up to parlors, school rooms, and a dining room, the latter as pleasant as that of any campus house at Smith. Up-stair, besides the chapel and a special parlor for the students, are their private rooms, which vary in elaborateness of decoration according to the individuality of the occupant. A bright, airy infirmary looks very attractive to us, especially when tired, but it speaks well for our care that no one has been lodged there this year.

The ruling spirit and guide of all, is Deaconess Sanford, a woman of wide experience, genial temper and great tact. We have the privilege of spending an hour every evening with her in the parlor where we bring our sewing and often have music; we are also at liberty to go to her when we need aid or advice. In addition to the social hour, we are given teas once a month, by the managers, to which we may invite our outside friends, and many treats are put within our reach, such as the university extension lectures, occasional tickets for the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts, and many entertainments at country homes. Other opportunities for enjoyment are open to those whose means and time will allow. We also have parties just among ourselves with stunts similar to those at college, and thus our days are happy, busy ones. The first three days of the week are crowded with lectures, for so we get most of our information, although we have a fine library in the house where we can find the books we need for collateral reading. The instructors, nearly all of them professors from the Philadelphia Divinity School, most of them authorities in their subjects, give us much the same course of study that they give the men. Among the more academic studies are Old Testament, both from a critical standpoint and one of the contents merely, the entire New Testament with the important doctrines arising therefrom, dogmatic theology, church worship and polity based on the Book of Common Prayer, church, secular and missionary history, Sunday School pedagogy, comparative study of religions, Greek and Hebrew.

But that no women may be graduated without a more practical knowledge of woman's work, special courses in cooking and sewing followed by instructions in dressmaking and ecclesiastical embroidery, bookkeeping and basketry are offered. In order to be able to read pleasingly, lessons of real value in elocution are required, and a class of chorus singing is conducted by one of the leading choir masters in the city. Hygiene and sanitation lectures given by the dean of a large city hospital show us how to stay well and keep others so; in addition to which twenty weeks practical training in nursing in the Protestant Episcopal Hospital is expected of every student. This is taken during the summer months of the junior and senior years, and in the senior year each student is allowed to make a limited number of calls with a settlement district nurse. For those who cannot for any good reason go to the hospital or are working for a special object, work in a summer home, a holiday house, or a college settlement, or children's house, is provided.

The work of the last three days of the week is mainly in practical outside work, and as a preparation for it a course in sociology is required, taken partly here in the house, presented to us by men and women engaged in practical church, social, and settlement work, and partly by a course of lectures at the University of Pennsylvania. Our efficiency is tested and our power of judgment strengthened by our being put in charge of different societies at

churches or settlements. Children are trained in sewing schools, and taught how to make home more real by instilling into their minds a single course in domestic services in our kitchen garden classes; while we meet the working girl in various guilds and Sunday School classes and become her friend by frequent calls at her home, as well as the friend of the older women among whom we also work. Boys' work is studied in manual training classes, and in organizations run chiefly by themselves and only supervised by us. We visit the best clubs and settlements in the city, and students wishing work along special lines find what they want, some in visiting the public schools, others in a medical clinic, and still others in lessons on the organ. But perhaps the broadest training along practical lines comes in our work with the society for organizing charity where we are under the dictation of one of their paid assistants. Here we help by making calls of investigation, and are each given a family upon whom we make friendly visits and thus learn their real wants and often incidentally that more than money is generally needed to put those who are unfortunate upon their feet.

But to what does all this work lead? Let us answer by taking a look at the positions filled by our graduates, not all of whom are deaconesses, by any means. One is at the head of the Three Arts Club in New York, another has made a great success of settlement work, others are probation officers and have been in charge of a rescue home for girls; among the workers of the city missions of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis, as well as in every foreign missionary field in which our church is represented, will be found women serving as teachers, nurses, and helpers, who have been sometimes part of our family. Connected with churches in large cities and even in small towns, as well as in the highways and byways of our own country, our former students are silently making the world a little better and happier because they have both the will and the wisdom for the work.

Opportunities for immediate services on leaving the school, if the student so wishes, are amply provided for the graduates, some of whom prefer to return to their homes to labor more efficiently there than they could have without the training. The demand for trained church workers is far ahead of the supply, and many applications have to remain unanswered. But to use the words of our house mother, "The most urgent appeals, however, do not come from places where conditions are desirable from a worldly point of view. The need is for the best women, those who are most successful in secular life and yet who count it a privilege to give all they are and have to help win the victory for Christ."

ADELINE R. ROSS '99.

Almost a year ago, it was my privilege to become a resident of the Chicago Commons, a settlement house, or, better termed, a social center, on the west side of Chicago, located in a thickly populated district

Chicago Commons among the Italians, Poles, Scandinavians and Irish.

As I look back now on my first few days here I realize what a revelation it was to me, for previously my idea of a settlement was somewhat vague without attributing to it the great aim or breadth of scope which is absolutely necessary for such a movement if it is to benefit rather than harm the neighborhood.

The problem of children growing up in a densely populated district of a city had not been brought intimately to my notice before and the settlement stood for little more in my mind than a building in which the children of the crowded districts met for educational classes, primarily to be kept off the street; and a place for social occasions for the tired parents who find no helpful recreation elsewhere. The settlement performs both of these functions, but much more than this is attempted; for in its broad scope there is a far-reaching aim that it may not only have its effect on the present generation, but on the future. It tries also to aid in the solution of the great social, economic and industrial problems of a city, and in relieving the destitution of social and educational advantages which is felt in the most thickly populated and foreign portions of the city.

The first step which the settlement takes toward realizing its aim is to create a neighborly atmosphere, to be a good neighbor to all who want it, to help the family and the individual to help himself and to feel a responsibility for a standard of life among its neighbors. The spirit of neighborhood is very necessary among the foreign races who are transplanted into a country so different from their own in climatic, economic and industrial conditions, that it is only by means of a social centre we are able to assimilate the new-comer and to help him solve the many problems which are daily confronting him. Many come to us with their troubles and sorrows and if we are unable to give them the desired assistance, we can aid them in finding out, where they can be helped.

The social center seeks to find something in common with the new neighbor so as to bring the individual and the settlement into close touch and understanding of each other from the beginning. As the Chicago Commons is at present being surrounded by Italians, we are offering as much as possible in the musical and artistic lines. The demand for music in the neighborhood has made music a large feature of the work and has been developed in choral clubs, newsboy's bands, mandolin and orchestral clubs, and private mandolin, violin and piano lessons. By offering this opportunity to the people, talent which probably would have remained dormant for lack of incentive and opportunity has had a chance to express itself and the benefit gained through companionship in the clubs of those who are all working for some common purpose which is worth while, is not secondary to the knowledge of music which they have gained.

The clubs for men and women not only enjoy recreation and form a nucleus of public opinion and interest in civic affairs, but also engage in dramatic, literary, and industrial lines. For the adults and for the children we maintain a free distributing station of the Public Library, from which books are daily loaned, and also a Penny Savings Bank which is open three times a week.

Seventy little children come daily to the kindergarten, and those who are even younger and who have no care at home because of illness or the necessity of the mother's working out, come to the Day Nursery. For the very smallest children, the infants, we maintain a distributing station of sterilized milk which is sent to us by the Children's Hospital and called for here by the older brothers and sisters.

The classes and clubs we consider very important, not only for the child,

but also as a means of knowing each family connected with it. The classes are educational, consisting of cooking and sewing for the girls, and manual training for the boys, each class being eligible for the gymnasium and game work. As far as possible we try to accede to the demands of the members of the clubs in carrying out their suggestions. Thus, representing their demands of this year, we have embroidery, basketry, elocution, art, dressmaking, games, and literary clubs for the girls, and athletic, debating, reading, and game clubs for the boys.

Although there is no registration fee, weekly or monthly dues are collected which, however small, impose a responsibility on the members of the clubs and classes and maintains in them a feeling of self-respect.

The many lines of activity demand supervision, and, in order to conduct them and give a personal relation between the Settlement and the members, some responsible person always meets with the club. As it is impossible to have a large enough force of residents, living in the building, the workers come from the different parts of the city, and in volunteering their time receive an interchange of ideas and come into contact with the greatest city problems, which are human problems, demanding the co-operation of all in the solution of the social, economic and industrial welfare of the majority of the population.

SABINA MARSHALL '02.

The college has obtained reduced railroad rates of a fare and a third for all persons attending Commencement June 13-18, 1907, from all points in the jurisdiction of the New England and Trunk Line R. R. Associations.

Reduced Rates,

Smith College Commencement, 1907 *New England:* All roads will issue going tickets June 10 to 17 inclusive.

Travellers must arrive at Northampton by midnight of June 17.

Trunk Line (territory east of and including Buffalo and Salamanca, New York, Erie and Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, Wheeling, Ohio, Huntington, West Virginia, and Washington): All roads will issue going tickets June 10 to 15 inclusive. Travellers must arrive at Northampton by midnight of June 15.

Other railroad associations have not made this reduction, but travellers from points further west or south can avail themselves of reduction if they will purchase ticket to the first Trunk Line point and there purchase ticket and secure certificate.

Transcontinental: This association has granted for the round trip in their territory one first-class thirty-day fare. (For example, Pacific Coast to Chicago and return, \$72.50.) Dates of sale June 6, 7 and 8. Going limit ten days from date of sale. Final return limit October 15. Consult the agent for their concessions on stop-over privileges and diverse return route.

Certificate: This reduction will be granted only if at least 100 persons holding certificates are in attendance. A certificate must be procured when purchasing the going ticket. Certificates can be procured at all larger stations. If your station does not have certificates, purchase local ticket to nearest large station and there purchase ticket to Northampton and secure certificate. Give the agent plenty of time! Certificates are not issued on going tickets

costing *less than seventy-five cents*. Certificates are *not transferable*, and return tickets secured upon certificates are *not transferable*. If this rule is violated it debars the college from securing reduced rates on any later application. *It costs you nothing* to get a certificate. Even if your plans prevent a return journey within the requisitions of the reduced rate, *please* procure certificate, so that we may secure the necessary number.

Registration: On arrival at Northampton present your certificate and twenty-five cents for required registration fee at *Room 1, Seelye Hall*. The room will be open Friday afternoon, 2 to 5; Saturday and Monday, 9 to 1 and 2 to 5. Registration *must* be made at earliest possible moment, for until the full number of certificates is received, *no* reduction can be granted to anyone.

Return: Persons cannot purchase return ticket at reduced rate except on presentation, at the ticket office in Northampton, of their certificate which has been duly vised by the agent in Room 1, Seelye Hall. A return ticket is then procurable at one-third regular fare; must be used for a continuous passage over the same route as the going journey, on a regular train only, and the end of the journey reached by midnight of June 21.

Please observe these rules and dates very carefully, for otherwise no reduction can be had, and no refund of fare will be made in the event of failure to obtain a proper certificate.

For further information apply to

MRS. SAMUEL F. CLARKE, Williamstown, Mass.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'04. Helen A. Choate,	March 23-25
'06. Fannie Harlow Robinson,	" 23-27
'88. Lucy Brooks Weiser,	" 26
'89. May Goodwin Aireth,	" 26
'04. Helen Plaisted,	" 30
'06. Gertrude Kuhfuss,	April 14-16
'06. Ella Mosher Dunham,	" 14-21
'89. Anna Gilmour de Forest,	" 15-16
'06. Edna B. Wells,	" 18-21
'06. Fannie Furman,	" 19-26
'94. Venila S. Burrington,	" 24
'86. Hattie F. Cushman,	" 27
'01. Nellie Fosdick,	" 27-30
'06. Alice W. Barker,	" 27
'06. Louise W. Bodine,	" 27
'04. Mary Peabody Colburne,	" 28-29
'00. Helen A. Ward,	May 1

The class of '92 will hold a reunion and class supper in Northampton on Saturday evening, June 15, 1907. All members of the class, whether graduate or not, are invited to be present.

All alumnae desiring tickets for Senior Dramatics apply to Elizabeth B. Ballard, Business Manager, 80 Green Street. Each alumna may have only one ticket and she may not use another name to get another ticket. Tickets are reserved for alumnae Thursday and Friday nights only. Tickets reserved must be called for or in some way definitely claimed before 4 o'clock of the day of the performance; otherwise they will be sold. Alumnae will be held responsible for tickets thus claimed, whether they use them or not. As practically all the alumnae tickets have now been reserved, the names of alumnae who have not been provided for will be put on a waiting list. The Business Manager will hold office hours Thursday and Friday, June 13 and 14, from 10 to 12 and from 2 to 4. Tickets should be claimed at these hours. Price of tickets \$0.50, 0.75, 1.00, 1.50.

All applications for places in campus houses at Commencement must be made through class secretaries. None but classes having reunions will be considered. State in what house senior year was spent. Secretaries will please send in their complete lists to the chairman of the committee on May 1.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Harriet T. Carswell, Box 763, Northampton.

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Florence Dixon, Dickinson House.

- '94. The engagement is announced of Teresina Peck to the Rev. Wilfred A. Rowell, assistant pastor of the United Church of New Haven.
- '97. Ruth Dutilk Jenkins has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert M. Jenkins of Chicago. She sails June 8 for Europe, to spend four months, and will not be married until her return next winter.
- '99. Agnes Mynter will spend the summer studying under M. Edward Monod in Geneva and Switzerland. Her address will be Bois de Fey, 18 Chemin Leotard, Genève.
- '00. The engagement of Sarah Watson Sanderson to William Dunham Vanderbilt of New York City is announced.
- '01. Anne L. Du Bois has announced her engagement to Clarence W. Hodges of New York City.
- '02. Mrs. L. F. Gates (Josephine Lamson), has moved to Wilmette, Illinois. her address is 721 Eighth Street.
- '04. Emma Armstrong has announced her engagement to Mr. Herbert H. Oakes of Manila, Philippine Islands.

BIRTHS

- '99. Mrs. Frederick Holmes Payne (Mary Tillinghast), a daughter, Priscilla, born April 9.
- '02. Mrs. Percy S. Young (Grace Whiting Mason), a son, Percy Sacret Young, born April 12.
- ex-'03. Mrs. Abraham Lewis, Jr. (Alice Hall Jones), a daughter, Marion, born January 20.

ABOUT COLLEGE

A FRESHMAN PHANTASY

If I only were a senior, and big and tall and fair,
With lots of stunning hats and suits, and really marcel hair,
If I were in Phi Kappa, and the Council, and G. D.,
How very nice and gracious everyone would be to me !

And I'd be nice and gracious to underclassmen, too,
Not just the girls who rushed me, and a certain select few ;
I'd pick out all the shy ones, and ask them in to tea,
If I only were a senior and a big celebrity.

But I am just a freshman, and scared and short and dark,
I haven't any stunts to do, I'm not an English shark,
I don't know upperclassmen, and nobody knows me,
Oh, *would* I were a senior, and a big celebrity !

EDITH LILLIAN JARVIS '09.

THE OPTIMIST AT COLLEGE

With Apologies to "The Pessimist"

Always a chance for a circus,
Always a place for a bluff,
Always a bat out to Clary's
When you've had college enough.
Always the hope your new story
In 18 will make quite a hit,
Always the joy of revealing
The latest and juiciest bit.
Always some cynical teacher
With hidden resources to phase,
Always a senior to smile at,
Always a freshman to haze.
Always the possible prospect
Of having another marcel,
Always the nerve-easing tonic
Of a really authentic T. L.
Always a pal to confide in,
Always some hopes to confide,
Always—yes, even at college—
A most satisfactory side.

EDITH LILLIAN JARVIS '09.

OUR COLLEGE GUESTS

We give receptions for them,
They meet our friends at teas,
With luncheons and with dinners
We do our best to please.

We treat them so politely
That they can never know
How very much relieved we are
The day we see them go.

FLORENCE DIXON '08.

A COMPLAINT

I could write epics and ballads
And odes by the ream and the score;
But just when ideas come pat,
I'm told that Browning wrote that
Or that Shakespeare had said it before.

BESSIE ELLA CARY '08.

They say that it is written over the entrance of the Inferno "Give up hope, all ye who enter here!" It has often occurred to me that this would be an appropriate sentiment to carve over the door of The College Laundry our laundry or to embroider with worsted on our bags. In my mind's eye, I can see the pitiful wringing of the arms of the shirt-waist as it is carried willy nilly under that dark portal, and the look of hopeless confusion on the white skirt which always goes in "plain" and comes out "elaborate"; not to speak of the sad leave-takings among the buttons as they are borne in, never to be seen of mortal eye again.

A friend of mine once said, "When I wish variety in my clothes I send them to the college laundry, and they are sure to come back so changed that I hardly know them." Now why should this be? I do not consider that the young ladies who preside over the wash-tubs at the laundry have any right to dictate to me in the matter of fashion, but they do. And now when my friends comment on the denuded appearance of some of my garments, I can only say, "They are not wearing lace on chemises this fall, at the laundry". Buttons, too, are not in the mode. Indeed, one can almost always tell a freshman in that way, if in no other. The fresh air craze, too, is in vogue just now, and the number of opportunities those kind-hearted people at the laundry give us to take sun baths would be more appreciated if it had not been such a cold winter.

MILDRED WILSON '08.

Through an error in printing, the notice of the lecture by M. Bargy will be given in the June number of the MONTHLY.

On her way upstairs from her recitation, Margaret paused, biting her lip to keep back the tears.

"He needn't have spoken to me before the whole The Irony of Fate class," she thought. "I know I'm not doing good work. Heavens! I ought to know it! Two 'suggestions' yesterday, a lecture to-day, a scowl from Mademoiselle that meant more than anything she could say—all I need is a notice from the office.

"I say, Marg," called her roommate as she passed a classmate's door, "There's an official notice for you in our room. I brought it over from the Board. What's the matter? Isn't your chapel card in?"

"Don't know," said Margaret, feeling the tears start afresh at this unwelcome news.

She found the blue card on her desk: "Please consult me as soon as convenient. Mary Eastman, Registrar."

"Not even an 'assistant registrar' one," she groaned. "Well, I might as well get it over with."

The office was full of girls, and in the time before Miss Eastman was at liberty Margaret's remaining courage oozed away. It was a very mournful girl that at last was ushered into the private office.

What passed there need not be related. It is repeated again and again in the course of a college year; but Margaret, when she left the building, felt as though she had been utterly disgraced. Her roommate, divining that she wanted to be left alone, respected the closed door, and Margaret sat down to think.

"I can't go on with my work," she thought miserably. "Everybody will know that I have been warned, and I can't stand it. Oh! If I could only see mother, she'd understand!"

That was the idea that ran through her head till it suggested a plan.

"I believe I will go home," she said suddenly, sitting up. "I'll write a letter to Jack and tell him all about it, and ask him to send a telegram saying that mother is sick. She won't mind when I tell her, and I must go home! I must go home!"

She hardly knew what she said, as with hasty illegible scrawls she confessed everything to her older brother, who would be sure to sympathize. He would get the letter the next day, or the day after at the latest, and she was sure he would answer at once.

"I'll put it in my history and then I won't forget to mail it," she thought.

The girls refrained from asking questions, and with the prospect of a near release, Margaret partly regained her spirits. She did her French so well that Mademoiselle smiled instead of frowning, and for a second Margaret was tempted to think she might brave it out; but the very thought made her heart sink.

That afternoon as she sat looking out the window the maid knocked at her door.

"Telegram, Miss Madden," she said. Margaret tore it open.

"Come at once. Mother is dying," it read.

Her first feeling was one of impatience. Jack needn't have put it so strongly. It would be harder to explain. But the telegram was here and that was all that really mattered.

It was hard work to play the part of a girl whose mother was dying when all she could think was, "I'm going home to my mother!" But she managed to hide her joy from the awe struck girls who came in to help her pack.

"Shall I put in your books, Margaret?" asked some one.

"I'll take these, I think," she answered, taking up two from her desk. A paper dropped from one of them and fell face up. Margaret looked at it, wholly dazed. It was her letter to her brother.

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN '10.

Professor Bassett delivered the address of February 22 in Assembly Hall; subject, "The Renewal of the South". An article by Professor Bassett, "Our New School of Historians", is in *Putnam's Magazine* Faculty Notes *zine* for May.

Miss Cutler gave an address recently before the College Club of Philadelphia.

Miss Frances G. Smith published in the March number of the *Botanical Gazette* her doctor's thesis upon "The Morphology of the Trunk and Development of the Microsporangium of Cycads". Miss Smith gave a lecture, March 9, before the Botanical Society of Springfield upon "Sand-dunes and Their Flora".

Professor Pierce lectured at Clark University, March 29, before the students of psychology on "Some Points to Be Considered in Attempting to Define Mental Development".

In the *Evening Post* of New York, March 15, Miss Scott published an old New England ballad of "Sweet William". The ballad has a local and domestic tang, it tells a complete story, and so far as is known, it has never before been printed. The authentic history of this American version of "Sweet William" goes directly back to its being sung by a sailor on the ship *Active*, which was engaged in the East India trade during the closing years of the eighteenth century, plying between Salem and Calcutta.

Professor Wood gave a lecture at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in the spring vacation, on "The Use of Stories by the Old Testament Writers". Professor Wood attended the convention of "The American Oriental Society" at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, April 4-5.

At the open meeting of the Greek Club, May 1, Professor Tyler gave a most delightful reading from "The Knights of Aristophanes".

The exhibit of Professor Churchill's work at Hillyer Art Gallery, May 1-14, was of unusual interest.

Miss Adams spoke before the Philosophical Club of Mount Holyoke college, April 25, on "The Teacher as an Artist". Reviews of German articles by Miss Adams appear in the *Psychological Bulletin*, April, on "Children's Drawings", by David Katz; May, "Æsthetics of Simple Spatial Forms", Jacob Segal.

"At the New York meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a silver loving cup was presented to Professor W. F. Ganong by Professor G. F. Atkinson, on behalf of the former members of the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology, as a token of appreciation of Professor Ganong's long and efficient services as executive officer of that society."—*Science*, April 5, 1907.

The *Botanical Gazette* for April contains descriptions and figures of additional appliances for the study of Plant Physiology developed in the botanical laboratories of Smith College.

In the winter term Professor Churchill gave three lectures before the Hartford Teachers' Club: "Harmonies of Form"; "Harmonies of Color"; "Art Relation to the Education of Children".

Professor Churchill gave an exhibition of paintings in the New York School of Art, January 28-February 9, and at Powell's Gallery, 983 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Professor Story and Miss Elliott gave Richard Strauss' melodrama of "Enoch Arden" at the five o'clock recital, March 8; also at Holyoke on April 17.

On Saturday evening, April 27, the Hubbard House presented at the Students' Building "The American Citizen." They are to be congratulated first of all upon their choice of a play, for the College,

Hubbard House Play as a whole, was beginning to tire of the dramas of childhood that have furnished the material for all the recent House Dramatics. It was a keen pleasure to see once again, men and women with problems of their own to solve and not introduced merely as a background for the precocity of their unusual children.

The selection of "The American Citizen" was a fortunate one, as the plot is interesting and the lines are good. It is, however, a play which could have been carried only by the power of a magnetic personality. Miss Fletcher filled this need. She stands out, not through any force or originality in conception, but through an unusual degree of personal charm and attraction of manner. Her conception of the part of Beresford Cruger was distinctly conventional in type, but it was really convincing. She was consistent throughout, and the result was an extremely interesting performance.

Miss Norton as Beatrice Carew was attractive, but did not give full value to her lines and lacked conviction. Some of the less important parts were remarkably well filled. Miss Gerrans as Georgia Chapin showed very unusual ability. She acted with remarkable ease and self-possession. Miss Winward, who took the part of Carola Chapin, did a good piece of character work. Miss Tuthill as Simms, and Miss Gilbert as Mercury, are both to be commended for a certain agreeable freshness. The scenery committee also deserves special praise. The cast as a whole is to be congratulated for giving one of the best plays of the year and a performance which really held the attention of the audience from beginning to end. The cast was as follows:

Beresford Cruger (afterward called Carew)	Mary Fletcher
Peter Barbury	Harriet Byers
Egerton Brown	Madge Topping
Sir Humphrey Bunn	Grace Stoddard
Willie Bunn	Mildred Lane
Otto Stroble	Marjorie Deshon
Lucas	Katharine Weed
Simms	Margaret Tuthill
Carola Chapin	Helen Winward

Lady Bunn.....	Hilda Stedman
Georgia Chapin.....	Gertrude Gerrans
Annette.....	Delight Weston
Mercury	Gertrude Gilbert
Waiter.....	Elizabeth Bryan
Vendor.....	Helen Truesdale
Beatrice Carew.....	Dorothy Norton

On Monday, April 15, a recital was given in College Hall by Gertrude Peppercorn. It was unfortunate that there was such a small audience, as Miss Peppercorn played with great charm and musical appreciation.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

S. C. A. C. W.

President; Flora Emma Burton 1908
 Vice-President, Mary Byers Smith 1908
 Corresponding Sec'y, Charlotte Pasmore 1909
 Recording Sec'y, Mabel Grandin 1909
 Treasurer, Henrietta Sperry 1910

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President, Mildred Towne 1908
 Vice-President, Edna McConnell 1909
 Recording Sec'y, Edna Stoughton 1909
 Treasurer, Mary Kilborne 1910
 Asst. Treasurer, Ruth Perkins 1910

CALENDAR

May 15. Junior Promenade.

May 18. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

22. Open meeting of the Mathematics Club. Lecture by
Professor Newlin of Amherst. Subject: Mathe
matics and Metaphysics.

22. Open Meeting of the Biological Society. Lecture by
Dr. Frederick P. Gorham. Subject: Sea-Farming

25. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

29. Morris House Entertainment.

30. Memorial Day.

June 1. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Play.

5. Final Examinations Begin.

13. Dramatics Rehearsal.

14. Senior Dramatics.

15. Senior Dramatics.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

EDITORS:

GRACE KELLOGG,	
MARGARET HALLOCK STEEN,	MIRIAM ALMA MYERS,
EUNICE FULLER,	FLORENCE DIXON,
FLORENCE BATTERSON,	MARY BYERS SMITH,
MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS.	
TREASURER,	BUSINESS MANAGER,
MILDRED WILSON.	HARRIET TOWNSEND CARSWELL.
ALUMNÆ TREASURER,	
KATHERINE DUBLE HINMAN.	

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JUNE, 1907.

No. 9

IBSEN, THE REVOLUTIONIST

"Once upon a time, somewhere in Zealand, there walked behind his plough an old man in a smock frock, who had looked upon men and things until he was wroth at heart. That is a man I like." That is Christian Brinton's comment upon Ibsen. We, too, see in Ibsen just such a man—a revolutionist eager to overthrow the existing order of men and things. But are we sure that we should like him merely because he is a revolutionist and wroth at heart? Ought we not, before granting our approval, to ask him if he can give us a better world when he has destroyed the world we know? And if instead of doing that he can only reply that this is a bad world, we leave him of the smock frock to follow his plough alone. Now we can see very easily that Ibsen is wroth—his whole soul is in revolt. We read one such play as "Ghosts" and our minds are paralyzed by what seems a chaos of rebellion opening out before us. We do not see clearly what is being attacked nor what ought to be changed. We are angered, and demand a justification for having our foundations of law and order swept away. If revolution is no more constructive than this, what excuse has it for being? We are relieved to hear from Ibsen that he considers

himself quite unintelligible in the isolated play—that to understand the reason and result of his being “wroth at heart” we must follow the development of his mind through his whole work.

When first we see Ibsen he is far from the phase of thought we know in “Ghosts”. He is writing plays of Norway’s history. We feel through them the icy winds of the Norse winter blowing in the mountains, or hear the flames roaring up the chimney in the great hall of the manor house. He loves Norway’s past, and if he mourns her present weakness, he awaits a happy future when his country shall have asserted herself. But in the war between Germany and Denmark, he sees his dreams worse than unfulfilled. He thinks that Norway, far from taking the individual stand he longed for, is playing the hypocrite’s part. His country has deeply disappointed him—he is forced to give up his dreams for her future. Less and less in the succeeding years does he sympathize with Norway’s political struggles. When he revisited Norway in 1885 and found the seemingly bootless contest still going on, it seemed to him that Norway “was not inhabited by two million human beings, but by two million dogs and cats”—so near and personal did the struggle appear. To him such revolutions bear little real meaning—the whole spirit of the world’s thought must change. While he is thus criticizing Norway, he is looking for a revolution of Titanic proportions—a revolution for which his later plays should help to prepare the world. He longs for a universal revolt which shall strike deep into the roots of things. He writes: “The state must go! There will come a time when the political and social ideal in the present form will cease to exist.” And again, “Men still call for special revolutions—for revolutions in politics, in externals. But all that is trumpery. It is the human soul that must revolt.”

We are amazed at so radical a reformer. Such a man would seem a veritable fanatic. But when we ask *from what* the human soul must revolt the answer seems sane enough—we find that after all our revolutionist thinks he can give us a better world to replace the old. Men must, says Ibsen, revolt from the hypocrisy and serfdom which are corrupting the world, for “the spirits of Truth and Freedom—these are the pillars of society.” And through many of his plays Ibsen monotonously repeats these doctrines of Truth and Freedom as the chief elements of the new society toward which he looks.

This new world is to be a world of supermen, of moral giants. He uses them as standards by which to measure every-day men and women. That is one reason why his plays seem so gloomy and depressing. There is such an infinite distance between what your neighbor is and what he ought to be. But the revolution shall change that. Each man shall stand upon a pedestal of truth. Society is now corrupt partly because the lives of so many of its members are lies. Take Consul Bernick in the "Pillars of Society". That man is the "show man" of the town—his neighbors point with pride at his irreproachable morality. Yet this moral veneer, so to speak, covers a hidden crime—a crime for which an innocent man is ostracized from the community. Bernick is for his part fulfilling Ibsen's hoped-for revolution when he reveals the truth: "My fellow citizens, I will come out of the lie; it had almost poisoned every fibre in my being. You shall know all. Fifteen years ago I was the guilty man." Ibsen repeats this part of his credo in different forms. Helmer in the "Dolls' House" says to Nora, "such a dust cloud of lies poisons and contaminates the whole air of home. Every breath the children draw contains some germ of evil." This does not sound like a destructive moralist who is "wroth at heart" to no purpose. We have heard the same thing preached from the Christian pulpit; but Ibsen overwhelms us with this hideous sense of total degeneracy because he takes no account of the love-element of life. "In all his plays Ibsen has told the truth, 'told it with unsparing force and cruel conviction' but without one gleam of sweetness and light such as Matthew Arnold truly saw to be the saving elements of human existence", says the "Springfield Republican".

But, says Ibsen, after a man has freed himself from his particular web of lies, has he then attained his moral stature? Is he then a superman? No, he has taken merely the first step. Now he must complete his individuality—live out his life by himself. "The strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone", says Stockmann. To do this he must be free—spiritually free.

This war cry of Ibsen's, "freedom for the individual", has been popularized abroad chiefly in the "Dolls' House". The pretty child-wife Nora makes us think of Dora in "David Copperfield". She has been petted and spoiled by her husband

because she played with him and amused him. He addresses her constantly as his "own sweet little song-bird", his "twittering lark", or his "little skipping squirrel". But finally the shock comes to her—the realization that she has been to her husband nothing more than an attractive little doll to entertain him in his leisure hours. Then she decides that she must "sich aus leben"—live out her life, find her moral equilibrium. To do this she must stand alone, must leave her home. After she is sure of herself she may be able to take up her duties again. She says, "I only know that to go is necessary for me". And when her husband remonstrates, "Is this the way you can evade your holiest duties—to your husband and your children?" Nora replies, "I have duties toward myself." When her husband argues, "Before all else you are a wife and a mother", she contradicts him. "I no longer think so. I think that before all else I am a human being, or at least I will try to become one", and she goes out into the night. In Rosmersholm, Rosmer says of Brendal, "At least he had the courage to live out his own life in his own way. I don't think that's such a small matter after all."

When a man has cut away the lies, when his views are no longer colored by the first man whom he jostles in the street, when he has acquired a moral poise and fibre all his own, when he has the strength, in Ibsen's own words, "to will to the end what he wills"—then he may be fitted to be a member of this new society which Ibsen would substitute for the old.

But you may say, "We don't find in all of Ibsen's plays this sane and constructive outlook." That is true. The mind of this revolutionist seems itself in a state of chaos and revolution. Ibsen is not entirely coherent. He says to all, "live out your lives,"—but can we find in the blind impulse which indicates our way of life any criterion of right? Until we are actually dealing with supermen can we be sure that this following of impulse will not be productive rather of vice and rebellion? This contradiction appears in his plays. Regina and Alonig are criminals because they live out their lives, and Rebecca and Rosmer are virtuous because they commit suicide rather than thus assert their individuality. Ibsen seems not always able to carry his principles to their logical conclusion.

But what has Ibsen's revolution accomplished? "Nothing," say his enemies. "Everything," say his friends. In reality he

has accomplished nothing definite. He asks questions—and often does not answer them. He never attempts a codification of ethics. But he does attempt to create a new moral atmosphere—a new spirit. He says himself, “Allow me to drain my glass to what is to be—what is coming. I shall be satisfied with my life work if it has served to prepare the *mood* for tomorrow.” When his enemies complain of this gloomy Norwegian iconoclast who so ruthlessly tears down men’s idols, we can answer with a quotation from Ibsen himself. Some of his characters are conversing over the dead body of another. “He treated the whole round world as his football,” they said indignantly, “and he *kicked* it.” The dead man opened one eye. “But always toward the goal,” he said.

HELEN MARGERY DEAN.

JUNE

Daisies white in the fields to-night
Are waving 'neath the moon,
The little stream with its silver gleam
Is singing its old-time tune,
The soft warm breeze breathes low to the trees,
“This is the month of June”.

LILIAN DYOTT MAJOR.

ON COLLEGE FALLACIES

As the author takes up her pen to write her swan-song she is impressed by the vastness and the seriousness of her subject. She does not hope to cover the ground which might well be included under the subject “College Fallacies”, for she knows that it would require a room-to-room canvass, and lack of time prevents an exhaustive piece of original research. She knows that each girl when away from college is confronted by some peculiar fallacy which would be a profitable subject for investigation, but she feels that she must content herself with discussing a few of those which have forced themselves most insistently upon her attention. Out in the world, in the life beyond the college gates, to appropriate heresies dear to the hearts of our respected advisors, there seem to be two views of

college, the one gained from recent college fiction and the other held by those persons who without knowing anything about it "do not approve of college"; and one is about as fallacious as the other.

We have all known those cheerful optimistic people who read college stories, long and short, with a delight and credulity which makes us feel suddenly old and hardened. We, too, read them in the same way—before we came to college! But now, well, if we read them at all, it is with a melancholy skepticism and a regret that for us such things may no longer be. Fiction on any other subject the uninformed might regard with skepticism, but the "college story"—that is a different matter! It is an attractive picture that the average college story paints; it is pleasant to believe it all, and so the guileless public goes on believing, and refuses to have its ideals shattered by any iconoclast, college graduate though she may be.

I once asked a man what he thought of particularly in connection with a girl's college. He looked puzzled until I suggested, "Isn't it fudge?" and then his face brightened. "Fudge! that's it!" he cried. It seemed to me then that that is the impression usually produced by college fiction. Life in such tales seem to be one round of fudge parties, chafing-dish suppers and midnight spreads, and yet how many of us have made fudge since freshman year? How soon did we not learn that Boyden's is simpler than the chafing dish with its depressing aftermath of unwashed dishes, and that a midnight spread is about as unknown a festivity as a midnight game of tennis?

Yet even if all these glories must go, there is still the heroine to fall back on—surely she must be a truthful portrait of the average college girl. We all know her—in books. She is pretty and a trifle fly-away; she never has to study much, and her time is filled with the most amazing scrapes. What amusing encounters she has with the lady in charge and how cleverly she extricates herself! What laughable pranks she plays on the other girls, and how she fools the professors! Does it not seem strange that we give these professors so little credit for ordinary insight? They, who played the same game themselves in their undergraduate days and have watched successive generations of students do the same thing ever since!

And then those pranks! We all remember the magazine which a year or two ago published a long illustrated article

entitled "The Pranks of College Girls", and when we think of the joy with which it was read by outsiders and the disgust with which it was read by college girls themselves, we feel that, discouraging as the situation may be, there is still some ground for hope. These pranks are held to be but one manifestation of the cleverness which college girls are, by many innocent souls, always supposed to possess. They would not believe that college girls scorn these so-called pranks, any more than they would believe that we do not always talk in the witty, effervescent strain of their favorite heroines. How well I remember the disappointment of a freshman who said she had supposed everyone here was beautiful or athletic or at least clever! What a humiliating confession it was that the majority of us are just nice, ordinary girls, with no particular claims to cleverness, but a great capacity for appreciating any efforts in that line which our more gifted friends may make. Of course we can point to a few geniuses, but we must admit, however reluctantly, that they are few and far between.

Yes, it is true that most of the stories which we read give the impression that college life is one long, silly prank, and that college girls are nearly all attractive, clever, and a trifle daredevil in disposition, but we might ask, "What harm is there in this glamour which is thrown about the life and us?" Perhaps there is little harm in it for the people who really enjoy believing it all, but it does us and it does the college a great injury with those who are already prejudiced against college education for girls. Moreover, we ourselves feel in some vague way as if we were compelled to live up to all these ideas which people have of us, and often we heighten the color of our narratives and add a few witticisms, perhaps not quite original, to our conversation, from much the same motive that prompts the author of college fiction—because it is what people want.

And yet how much finer and more dignified college really is than people are willing to think. How much more we love some of those girls who in a book might be uninteresting, and how soon, on the other hand, we are bored by some of those girls who, in the same book, would pass as clever. We do have fun, and there is a spontaneity about things here that often seems lacking elsewhere, but there is also a serious side and a routine which, whether we wish to or not, we must acknowledge. For some outsiders, acquaintance with this side may take away

the glamour which has long hung over college life ; but would any of us who are here and know, change college as we know it to be to college as we used to dream it would be ?

If, however, people will persist in seeing us as we are not, this view which I have just been describing is certainly more flattering and pleasant than another opinion which we are fully as likely to encounter. I mean the idea which some worthy, yet narrow-minded persons have, that we are all, yea, every one of us, "grinds". These individuals seem to think that there is an awful profundity about our intellects ; that we have probed all sorts of uncanny subjects, and that we live in an atmosphere of abstract philosophy or still abstracter mathematics. Why is it that people will persist in accusing a girl who has gone through college of knowing an amount that is almost criminal, when no one ever feels so about a man ? The youth who has just been graduated is considered rather in the light of a joke ; no one expects him to be very wise ; he is assured that he will know a great deal more when he has been out a few years—yet a girl ! There are older people who look at her disapprovingly, and men who edge away when she approaches, in apparent fear lest she try them in the balance and find them wanting.

To be among people like this has the effect of making a girl desperate. The reputation of intellectuality seems to be one that she cannot live down ; there is always a hand ready and eager to open the door and disclose the skeleton in the closet. The girl may deny the hated charge, but she is told she is too modest, or some less charitable soul maintains that she protests in the hope of being contradicted ! She may make a perfectly innocent allusion to some fact that she has learned from her roommate who is taking abnormal psychology, and she is accused of "showing off" ! Everyone here would take her remark as a matter of course ; it is no disgrace here to know something about abnormal psychology—it is necessary to fill fourteen hours in some way—but outsiders ! Perish the thought !

After a few such experiences the most honest of us are fairly forced into the favorite college pose—that of not knowing anything at all. We do not dare admit that we ever do any work or that we have ever really learned anything or that we are interested in anything that sounds as forbidding as metaphysics or ethics ; and then our friends, who before had thought we were blue stockings, say sadly and with intense satisfaction

that, "Jane does not seem to have gotten much out of her four years away from home."

The question naturally arises now as to how we can correct erroneous impressions of both kinds so that the college life which we value and appreciate so highly may come to mean something as splendid to others as it means to us. How can we convince them that it is not all fudge and larks, nor yet all grinding either? If we take away the glamour we must put something more substantial in its place. It seems to me that a conscious sincerity is the most important thing for us in our intercourse with outside people. By that I mean a willingness to let people know that we are not all nearly so original and bright as they imagine we are.

But we must also, on the other hand, not undervalue the serious work that we do and so lower people's opinion of the college. We need not drag in by the hair those subjects which sound so appalling but which are really so perfectly simple; but while keeping them in the background we can still show an honest respect for what the college is trying to do for us.

It seems sad that, if we carry out these principles, those cherished myths of college fiction must be discredited and forgotten. Must she go, that captivating figure with her clever conversation and her perennial chafing-dish? Must that figure also go at which men have smugly railed so long, the college girl of spectacles and tightly drawn hair, with her quotations from Thucydides and her longing for the ballot? What shall we substitute that will ever adequately compensate for their loss? Gentle reader, can we not raise up as an ideal a girl who is intelligent, yet not pedantic, a good comrade yet neither hoydenish nor boisterous, not older than her age, yet not childish or silly, and who is sane, well-bred and sincere?

MARION CODDING CARR.

THE TWILIGHT GHOSTS

When the creeping shadows gather,
And one perfect golden star
Gleams through the purple dimness,
And the sky is deep and far

Then the twilight ghosts come floating
Through the mist-hung summer dale,
Softly sway, with white arms gleaming
Through their robes all silvery pale.

And the ever-stirring tree-tops
Still their evening lullaby
When down the shadowy forest
The twilight ghosts slip by.

They bend and twist and flutter
Between the tree-trunks grim,
Now they are misty moonbeams,
Now they are shadows dim.

Through the long noisy brightness
Of the summer's breath and bloom
They sleep deep in the forest,
In the glade of ever-gloom.

But when the shadows deepen
And through the purple sky
Glimmers the golden evening star,
The twilight ghosts slip by.

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN.

IN WHISPERING SILK

Alice Romney stood before the long mirror studying herself critically. She had been born to delight the eyes and so far had fulfilled her vocation conscientiously. Not that she had had the presumption to rely entirely upon her good looks,—she had supplemented them with a fair stock of knowledge gracefully acquired and always gracefully imparted, a few practical accomplishments, and a capacity for enjoying the artistic. People could not say of her that she was beautiful but shallow, ornamental but useless, good to look upon but dull. Whenever they spoke of her beauty it was without any derogatory *but*—and equally without any reference to those commendable qualities that she had taken pains to cultivate. The world was right in thinking her innocent of the ordinary sin of vanity, but little did it suspect how completely she served a higher mode of self-veneration. Her apparent devotion to other interests was, in

fact, strictly subordinate to the demands of personal attractiveness. While there must be in her no fault or lack so serious that it reflected upon her beauty, there must be no virtue so illustrious as to outshine it or even claim an equal share of attention with it. Everybody must be just sufficiently conscious that she was refined, thoughtful, capable, appreciative; but they must be supremely, actively aware that she was beautiful. In brief, Alice had deliberately decided upon the theme of her life and adapted the minutiae of her existence accordingly.

As she stood before the mirror, late that October afternoon, putting the finishing touches to her toilette, she was critical to the tips of her fingers. They moved fastidiously among the intricate laces and bits of ribbon, pinning, patting in place the dainty details of her costume. It was of silk shot with golden fires and wreathed with old lace like dim smoke. The low-cut bodice displayed her perfect shoulders. Her slender throat was clasped by fifteen luminous pearls. Her small head, gracefully poised, was crowned with an abundance of bronze-colored hair in which the golden fires repeated themselves, leaping in little flaming locks back from her white forehead. Her eyes were brown with depths like amber.

If the secret of Alice Romney's beauty had lain in her coloring alone she must have been immortalized by some one of our modern portrait painters with their passion for "symphonies". As it was, she baffled their would-be indifference to line. After the first bewildering impression of radiant color, one found himself following restful contours—the delicate, patrician features, the faultless oval of her face, the flowing lines of throat and shoulders, the queenly sweep of her garments. So vivid, yet so reposeful, she suggested a balance of the emotions and inspired those who looked upon her with so strong a sense of this in themselves, that they rested charmed and satisfied.

Alice's critical attitude on this particular occasion was due, not to any apprehension of possible failure, but to the determination that the impending conquest should be, from the outset, as complete as she could make it. It was a novel experience to be arraying herself for a poet. She had wondered much about this new friend of Paul's. It was strange that a hard-headed business man like her brother, who could never find the ghost of an excuse for anybody's expressing his thoughts in rhyme,

should suddenly have become so attached to the author of "Vibrations in Verse". Paul had sent the little volume to her fresh from the publishers with an enthusiastic letter in which he bungled language in a ludicrous attempt to praise the verses and ended with begging her to read them and be prepared to entertain the poet when he should bring him home a fortnight later. Alice had read the "Vibrations" aloud to Aunt Priscilla and found them singularly musical. Unlike the work of most young poets they contained no vivid color-imagery, but they were full of inspiring movement and wonderful, new onomatopœia. And Vinald Scott himself? What would he be like? Not quite so readily won, she thought, as other men; or else fated to surrender at the first gun—such was Alice's classification of poets. If he were naturally the first and she should compel him to be the second, why that were the most complete triumph! But how win his instantaneous, involuntary admiration? She had been pondering over this when there flashed through her mind a fragment from one of the verses:—

"All in a whispering silk she came."

She would ensnare him with the golden taffeta!

A familiar toot sounded from below. Alice looked out to see Paul's automobile scuffing along the drive. She seized a scarf, draped her shoulders in it, and with a parting glance at her image in the glass, hastened from the room. The mirror reflected a graceful exit. In the large hall Aunt Priscilla was standing, white-haired and handsome. The door was open. Paul and a stranger were coming up the steps.

"Aunt Pris! Alice! This is Mr. Scott!"

Paul hurried his friend forward eagerly, and taking Mrs. Romney's hand with a half-playful, half-serious gesture, laid it in Mr. Scott's. He repeated the little ceremony with Alice. The poet stood, tall, slender, silhouetted against the late afternoon light. The girl was pleasantly conscious that the sun, mellowing through drooping elm-branches, suffused the oak-paneled room with a rich glow and that she was standing, the center of all this radiance, in her glimmering golden gown. She yielded her hand graciously, then she saw that he was not looking at her. He was gazing abstractedly over her head and did not move his eyes until she spoke. At the first syllable he bent them suddenly to hers.

"I am—glad to know you, Mr. Scott."

Alice scarcely could tell whether she had spoken the proper greeting. She could only trust that the sentence had mechanically finished itself. For the first time in her life she was oblivious to everything except a man's eyes. They were looking through her, beyond her, to some object—or rather, some thought—immeasurably remote. She had never beheld such tranquility—like waters on a still night, or the lower sky after a storm in summer. They were the softest gray-blue color, perfectly clear save for the delicate shadow of the long lashes when they were turned toward the light; large, preoccupied, unchanging eyes that some way held her gaze while giving no response.

“Miss Romney! I am very glad!”

His voice roused her. The color flamed unnaturally into her cheeks. It was insufferable that he should have made her forget herself! Her thoughts swarmed, little, hard, hot morsels, like living coals with which mentally she was pelting him. Then Paul, the undemonstrative, drew his friend's arm through his own and led him up-stairs.

During dinner Alice recovered sufficiently from her resentment to study Vinald Scott with not too ardent a show of interest, under the subdued light of the candles. By the end of the first course she has decided that his appearance was undeniably distinguished. The conventional evening dress was just saved from being unbecoming and incongruous by a Byronic collar and loose tie which enhanced the delicacy of his features. The large, absent eyes looked out from under level brows which gave them at times a singularly intent expression. The pallor of his complexion was emphasized by the duskiness of his hair, which was thick and soft on temples and brow. If the upper part of his face was calm even to rudeness, the lower part was peculiarly restless and expressive. Alice read his criticisms of all that she said in the subtle changes of his lips. She marvelled that such a sensitive mouth should not be disagreeable. On the contrary she found it unusually attractive. It was a handsome mouth in repose and full of unexpected charm in action. When he spoke he sat erect with shoulders thrown back and face lifted, free from any suggestion of embarrassment. When anyone else was talking he inclined interestedly, deferentially, toward the speaker. Alice fancied that his ear must be as keenly attuned to the cadences of the speaking voice

as a musician's is to intonations in singing. There was criticism—no doubt unconscious—in his listening attitude. She found herself experimenting in melodious combinations, testing the quality of her own voice. The nicety with which he managed his food amounted almost to an affectation. Every movement was regulated with precise care. It was as though he measured the distance from plate to mouth, or in raising his glass, and moved the object within the space rhythmically.

Alice had slight occasion to be reminded of the impression that she was making until they adjourned to the drawing-room, when the conversation turned to music and Mr. Scott requested to know if she sang. As she seated herself at the piano she felt that she was being subjected to a more severe test than usual. She knew that she sang passably well, for she loved music and had had good training. But a beautiful girl may confidently expect to please when an equally skilled but less charming performer may not be so assured. And before Vinald Scott Alice Romney was not a beautiful girl. She had known it that first instant of their meeting, was realizing it more bitterly with every moment spent in his presence. She made a modest selection and exerted herself, she could not tell why, as she could scarcely recall ever having done before. Paul gave her a glance of hearty approval and gratitude. Why must he always be so desirous of pleasing this unendurable young man! But here was she herself, trying one song after another, urged on by the increasing determination to outdo herself. When she had finished she heard him thanking her,—but, after all, why should she care? She was so tired. She must excuse herself. She wanted to rest and be alone.

The week that followed was full of a vague excitement. Vinald Scott contrived to intimate to Alice, from time to time, that her presence was far from indifferent to him. He had liked her singing,—would she not sing for him every evening of his brief visit? The request was made so simply that she could not think it flattery or presumption. And what could she do but grant it in the same spirit! It was evident that he enjoyed her conversation, whether she chose to be wise or foolish. They sat on the veranda in the bright October sunshine and because Aunt Priscilla found it too cool to sit out-of-doors and Paul was not well-informed on topics of poetry and art, most of the talk was between Scott and Alice. It was on the third day that she had

broached the subject of his Verses. She had brought out the book and asked him to read his favorite one to her. She had made the demand graciously, holding out the little volume to him. But he had ignored her action, thrown back his head with his free gesture, and begun to recite in a low, resonant voice,

"All in a whispering silk she came."

For the second time in his presence the warm color flooded her neck and cheek. There was a slight pause when he had finished; then, like a continuation of the poem, still in the vibrant tone, he had added,

"May I ask you to wear it again before I go?"

Alice felt the hot floods surging to her heart. She could not reply for a moment. She was sitting with downcast eyes and she felt him move uneasily.

"Yes, oh yes!" she said, scarcely above a whisper, and then was terrified at such betrayal of feeling. She sprang up, speaking in a changed tone, rather breathlessly.

"Oh, sha'n't we walk a little? I—I think it's getting warm in the sun."

Paul, in the hammock at the farther end of the veranda, roused himself at her words and came quickly toward them.

"Yes," he assented, "let's take a turn in the garden. Ever see a genuine old New England sun-dial, Scott?" and he drew his friend's arm casually through his. Vinald Scott had never had that privilege.

When they reached the instrument he stood quite still until Paul released his arm. Then he swept the face of the dial with a swift, eager movement of his hand. There was such appreciation, such a startling amount of intelligence in the gesture! Alice thought the action strange, and evidently it had been done on impulse, for he took his hand quickly away and thrust it behind him.

Many such trifling personal habits of his were inexplicable to her. She came to notice more of them day by day. She soon became aware that he could recognize her presence when she entered a room behind him silently, for without turning he would address her by name. She was more convinced than ever that his hearing was phenomenally acute. Then, he was so strangely lacking in little points of etiquette which she had always taken for granted in well-bred men. She might drop her handkerchief at his very feet and he would absent-mindedly

let it lie there. She could not bring herself to stoop and pick it up. She preferred to ignore it and run the risk of losing a precious square of muslin and lace, in case Paul did not notice the mishap. And if they were on the veranda and the sun happened to shine full in her eyes, it never seemed to occur to him to change the piazza-screen. She would sit and endure the glare, rather than move her chair or call attention in any way to her discomfort.

These things were utterly inconsistent with his thoughtfulness and deferential manner in conversation. Paul was not blind to these failings, and always strove to cover them up as best he could. Alice longed to question him; there was so much that she believed he could explain. The burden and complexity of her secret feelings was becoming rather difficult to bear,—if only they might have a good, confidential talk! She had tried to open her mind to Aunt Priscilla, but Aunt was so near-sighted that she hadn't observed her guest's appalling deficiencies; she had come merely to the somewhat colorless conclusion that Mr. Scott was an amiable, unobtrusive young man who talked very well on the Symphony and Browning, and whose verses were undoubtedly clever, since "The Beacon Critic" had said so. Alice found it impossible to get Paul to herself. He was never apart from his friend. It was unreasonable that he should not let Mr. Scott out of his sight for ten minutes at a time. She wondered that the latter did not take offense at having such a close watch set upon his movements. One might have supposed that the silver was in danger.

One day Alice thought that she had found the explanation of Paul's attentiveness. She came out on the veranda just in time to see Vinald Scott walk down the sloping lawn, straight into a hydrangea bush. Shocked, astonished, he stopped, and Alice could hardly decide whether to laugh or be frightened when Paul flung himself out of the door, past her, down the lawn, and seized the poet by the arm.

"Why didn't you tell me that those dizzy attacks had come on again?" he demanded in an unnecessarily loud tone, and putting a hand on his friend's shoulder, guided him back to the house.

Alice began to wonder if Mr. Scott had chronic vertigo that he required an attendant. Or possibly—dreadful thought!—

might he not be subject to that strange malady from which she had heard that geniuses sometimes suffered,—a form of catalepsy, like sleep-walking when is one wide-awake?

There was something about the man that stirred feelings in her that had never before obtruded themselves very prominently upon her consciousness. She was a girl with a thoroughly modern mind, well-versed in Henry James, and when she was not too much in the midst of the adventure she found it fascinating material for analysis. She was obliged to confess that she admired Vinald Scott for his genius, his brilliant conversation, his unique courtesy, his distinguished personality. He was also one of the few men who had ever given her unmitigated pleasure in merely beholding them; she could find no fault with his physique or features, unless,—but no, his eyes had offended her at first, no doubt, because she could not accustom herself to their purely impersonal gaze; they were extraordinarily beautiful. But if she could not evoke in them the admiration which she won so cheaply from other men, it was all the more wonderful that she should be so keenly aware that he found her delightful. Could it be that he delighted in her beauty? She had believed him indifferent to it. But she was not intellectual or accomplished enough to appeal to a poet on these grounds. It must be that he thought her beautiful,—she recalled his recitation of the “Whispering Silk” and was assured.

She could not explain the power that he had to make her happy or miserable, nor yet this strange, new emotion which had stolen upon her unawares,—this ineffable gentleness toward the man, toward the very *thought* of him, a sort of instinctive, protecting tenderness that he seemed to inspire in others as well. She had seen it from the first in Paul’s attitude. Only her feeling, she knew, was essentially womanly, and peculiar to her own womanliness at that. No one, she was sure, could feel toward Vinald Scott precisely as she did; her relation to him must be unique. Further than this her mind refused to go. Some emotions, she had discovered, will not bear analysis.

Alice was coming down-stairs one afternoon dressed for a ride, when she saw Vinald Scott go into the drawing-room alone. She paused, grateful that the heavy carpet had muffled her footsteps. She had a sudden desire, guileless enough, to spy

upon his movements. People who interest us are often most delightful to watch when they least dream that they are being observed.

The poet crossed to a corner of the room where stood a cabinet of Japanese curios,—Aunt Priscilla's fad was Japanese curios. He opened the glass door carefully, ran his hand along the casing to the top shelf, and lifted down one of the vases. Holding it in one hand, he began deliberately to feel it over with the other, his slim, deft fingers taking in every detail of its workmanship. Alice watched him, mystified. When he had done with the first vase he restored it with elaborate care to its place, and taking out the next one repeated the performance. She saw him examine thus every piece in the case, close the door, and pass to some lacquered tables standing near. He ran his hand, lightly, understandingly, around the top of the first one, and there flashed before Alice's eye the scene at the sun-dial. What new eccentricity was this? Could it be that Vinald Scott had an obsession for touching bright objects?

Almost without realizing what she meant to do, she crept noiselessly down the stairs and slipped just over the drawing-room threshold into the shadow of the heavy portières. She watched his progress around the room with a growing fascination. The man himself was like a person possessed by a spell. He moved eagerly; his hands described many motions. Now they caressed broadly an inviting surface; now they delineated the general outline of an object; now the sensitive finger-tips glanced from one bit of carving to another or traced the delicate, lacquered designs. She saw him go from the tables to a jardinière holding a rare, flowering shrub. He stood still a moment, his face uplifted, breathing in the fragrance of the bloom. Then, with an indescribable gentleness, he reached up and took one of the glowing clusters between his hands. The action revealed to Alice all the velvety richness of the blossoms; it was as though her own fingers touched the soft mass.

Then, suddenly, a little thrill ran through her. He had reached the corner where stood a white marble bust of Alice herself. It had been made only the winter before in Florence by a noted Italian sculptor who had modelled her, life-size, following the likeness truthfully. She waited, holding her breath. And then he put his hands on the pedestal and ran them up the polished column to the statue. His fingers traced the lines of the

shoulders upward to the throat and chin. Then they paused. His hands dropped to his sides. He stepped backward, half turning. Terror gripped Alice's heart. If he should see her! She sprang back noiselessly into her corner, pulling the portières about her. The grand piano stood between her and the rest of the room; it might detract from his noticing anything unusual in the appearance of the draperies. But he had neither seen nor heard her. He turned back to the marble. In a twinkling his fingers were on the face again. Quivering with eagerness they followed the contour of lips, nose, eyes, forehead, the line of the hair. The excitement in them grew. They were vibrant with sympathy, eloquent with appreciation, the fingers of a creator inspired to a fine frenzy by the maddening beauty that he is seeking to embody. Under their touch, no less than under the Italian sculptor's, one saw the marble taking ideal form. Faster they flew, tracing and retracing the features,—until down the hall a door slammed. Scott turned like a flash, hesitated a moment, then with head bent and both arms outstretched, walked rapidly across the room and flung himself into the first seat in his path, a divan near the piano. The incident on the lawn! The dizzy attacks! Catalepsy! Was he going to swoon? Alice almost cried out; then she heard some one come whistling through the house and Paul appeared in the doorway.

"Hello! You in there! Glad to find you're getting so familiar with the place!"

"Romney!" The tone was full of relief.

"Well?"

"Your sister! She isn't here? She said she was going to ride."

"Oh, did she? Well, she's not here."

"Romney, is Alice — is your sister — beautiful?"

Paul strode across the room and sat down beside his friend. His face had become grave. He was silent for a moment; then he said, speaking in a low voice which he controlled with evident effort,

"I've never told you, I guess, but she's the most beautiful woman a man could ever —"

"Desire eyes to see."

Paul could not answer.

"The — the bust is of her?"

"Why—yes! How could you tell?" Amazement and pity contended in Paul's tone.

"I knew from the beginning—that she was beautiful, I mean. I knew by her voice, the way she moved, something in yours and Mrs. Romney's tone toward her, her natural authority with you, the delighted, little laugh that betrayed how accustomed she was to men's homage, the rustling of her gowns, the perfume of the flowers she wears,—none but a beautiful woman would dare vie with Jacqueminot roses. I knew all this, and yet I couldn't bring myself to ask you, because I had heard of people—like myself who—who had been deceived; who believed that the woman they loved must be beautiful, and then—when they could see—found that she was not. And although I should—never know,—still, in case I was mistaken—"

"But you are not mistaken!"

"I was sure of that when I found the bust."

"Ah!"

"When I try to—see her, now that I have touched it, I think that I can, almost as *you* can. I could draw perfectly every line of her face and neck. And I know that she is tall. But—but—" a hungry note crept into his voice—"isn't there something that others enjoy that I can never know? Something they call color?—which I think must be hard or soft, or cold or warm, or heavy or light,—as beautiful as music and as various."

"Yes, you are right. Oh, if I could only give it to you!"

Paul bowed his face in his hands. Vinald Scott sat very erect beside him, one arm across Paul's knee, the blue-gray eyes, without a shadow, full in the stream of dazzling sunlight pouring in at the window.

"I shall be going to-morrow. I want to thank you for not telling her. I could not have endured having her pity me! Have I behaved very awkwardly? Have I kept you cursing at my blunders? It has been the one perfect week of my life."

When the friends had gone out-of-doors together, a girl, very pale, with great, strange eyes and drawn lips, unwrapped herself from the portières. She stumbled out of the room. Suddenly she became aware of her riding habit. Outside the windows the yellow leaves were dancing and beckoning in the October sunshine. With a terrible feeling of repulsion for the

world and all its insolent loveliness, she flung herself up the stairs to her room. How could she bear to enjoy it all when he—ah, but she must enjoy it *for* him, must learn how to “give it to him”, this must be her life now. By force of habit she walked to the mirror and stood gazing at her reflection. And she had believed that no philosophy could be more in harmony with nature’s design for her than that by which she herself had once explained and regulated her life! Then there were indeed mockery in her fate—that she should give herself forever to the one man who could never see her beauty! But no, indisputably, she was his,—and it was not because she was beautiful. Henceforth she was beautiful only in so far as he should be capable of finding her so. She would learn the power by which to reveal the world,—and *herself*—and more and more to him. He was a poet whose inner vision must needs be boundless.

But how long must she wait? He could not come to her. He was forcing himself to go away in silence. He meant never to return. How could she intimate that what he longed to ask was the one gift in the world that she now lived to grant! He was going to-morrow! She must see him at once, alone, must tell him in some way. Where was the gown in which she had first gone to him? It should speak for her now—oh, so differently!

When Alice came down-stairs the house was deserted. She passed quickly through the rooms, then, throwing a cloak around her, in a fever of anxiety, she went out on the veranda. He was sitting at the extreme end of the western porch. Paul had thought it wiser, then, to leave him alone,—and safe, since he supposed that she had gone riding. She stood still, pressing the palms of her hands together. Her eyes, dumb, tender, but not with pity, rested on the quiet figure. Then she dropped the folds of her gown, which she had been holding gathered up in one hand, and moved toward him. Slowly, the rustling of the silk stole in upon his consciousness, but he did not speak until she was beside him, and then it was dreamily, incredulously.

“Is it—is it really you? I thought that I heard it in my fancy.”

He put out his hand wistfully and she lifted a susurrous fold and let it fall within his touch. The delicate fingers, quivering with eagerness, closed on the silk.

"I've—granted your wish," she faltered.

"Yes—I thank you."

"And," she continued, struggling, the tears, all invisible to him, coming into her eyes, "I—I am going to sing for you to-night—"

Then her hand, hanging by her side, felt so intimately the nearness of his own that for a moment she was without words, and in the pause his fingers touched hers. He drew his hand abruptly away with a gesture that was an apology. She took a step, impulsively, nearer him, and stood there speechless, miserable, her throat throbbing.

"Alice!" He bent toward her with a sharp cry, holding out his hand. Something glittered in the palm—a single, quivering drop. She flung herself on her knees beside him, seizing the hand in both hers, pressing it against her hot cheek.

"Alice! Alice!" She felt his arm raising her; for an instant her face was close against his. Then he put her away from him with a low moan.

"Oh no, no! How can I tell you?"

"Don't tell me! Don't tell me!"

"I am not like other men. I cannot—see you."

She spoke no word.

"You do not understand? I am blind."

"I know." He caught the faint whisper. And then her strength came to her. "Let me be eyes for you."

"Dearest! You cannot understand! I *must* tell you. I am blind, I say. I always have been blind, I always shall be blind."

"But—but—"

"You would be throwing yourself away!"

Clinging to him, with clasped hands about his neck, she laughed, a strange, sweet, exultant laugh.

"On the one man for whom my life is worth living!" she said.

MARION SAVAGE.

THE ROAD OF THE RED LEAF

*Say, was it truth or a lad's wild dreaming ?
There was never a man dared go beside—
Did the leaves drip red in the moon's pale gleaming ?
Was it only the wind that wailed and cried ?*

Ride !
The last test now," they cried.
'Was no fear as I heard,
Nor dread of coming grief ;
Straight to the road I spurred,
Where the trees meet overhead ;
And the air grows chill and dead
As I ride, as I ride
On the Road of the Red Leaf.

Ride !
Before the turn is past
My breath comes quick and fast.
"Was no one brave," they said.
—Ah God ! the sneering tone !—
"Who dared not ride alone
With the pale moon overhead
On the road that all men shun."
And they tremble, every one,
As I ride, as I ride
On the Road of the Red Leaf.

Ride !
The path begins to wind,
And the great trees close around.
From the huddling crowd behind
Comes a sudden murmuring sound.
Fear or pity now ? why they
Called me coward yesterday,
So I ride and I ride
On the Road of the Red Leaf.

Ride!
 Faster and faster yet
 Till the black horse pants for breath
 And his neck is white with sweat.
 'Comes a whisper born of death,
 And a wail upon the wind,
 Till I dare not glance behind
 As I ride, as I ride
 On the Road of the Red Leaf.

Ride!
 In the great trees overhead
 The leaves seem whispering there
 And they glisten wet and red
 Within the pale moon's glare.
 Is it living thing that heaves
 From out the fallen leaves
 As I ride, as I ride
 On the Road of the Red Leaf?

Ride!
 'Was no man went beside—
 I was not brave, they said,
 And laughed aloud, each one;
 The cross-roads lie ahead
 And the test is almost done—
 The moon's strange gleam is past,
 The pale dawn comes at last
 As I ride, as I ride
 On the Road of the Red Leaf.

*Was it wail of the wind or a soul despairing,
 That he never smiled since he left the lane?
 'Twas a pride-crazed boy that would prove his daring,
 But a stern-faced man who rode forth again.*

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY.

SKETCHES

CHILD LOST !

A little fleecy baby cloud
Was in the sky one day ;
The other clouds were mischievous
And hid themselves away.

The sky was all so big and blue
He couldn't find his home ;
And when the others left him there
The tears began to come.

They trickled down upon the earth
(The people thought 'twas rain)
Until he found Policeman Wind
Who helped him home again.

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY.

Barrows dropped last week's copy of the "Boston Globe" upon his knees and tilted his chair back to the level of the floor with a bang. The Artist and the Writer cautiously Fogs seated themselves upon the rickety sofa in the corner and plunged in with a few genial remarks about the weather. But Barrows was embarrassed. The Artist, absorbed in mentally noting down the appearance of the room—the rough chairs, the bare shelf with the clock on it, the old stove, and the covering of dirt over everything—gradually forgot to talk. The neglected conversation, supported by the Writer alone, grew a trifle monotonous ; but the Writer was persevering. He tried to turn even the weather to account.

"Yes, it's getting rather misty down at camp this time of night. Thought we'd come up here and see if we couldn't scare up some excitement," he said frankly.

"Sho, now !" remarked Barrows, chiefly to himself. "Well,

yes. It *does* git ra-ather misty here onc't in a while. Now it is plumb cur'us, the way them mists 'n' fogs 'n' things do vary. Now sometimes—say! D'I ever tell you fellers about the fog up where I was born?"

"Why—er—no, I don't believe you ever did," replied the Writer, brightening.

"Wall! I ust'er live in a little one-horse affair up on the coast, oh, up north a ways. Don't know just where it comes on the map. Anyhow, 'twas a powerful lonely place, 'nd me 'n' Pap ust'er do most 'er the work. One spring, seein' as we'd been sorter prosp'rous the summer before, he 'lowed we'd have a porch built on. Course, we'd haft'er build it ourselves, but he blowed himself ter the extent of getting a carpenter ter give him some directions about it. The carpenter, he was the shoe-maker and sorter janitor of the church, so he didn't git round to come till one awful foggy day. Didn't I tell ye we had fogs up there? Wall, now, we did, 'n' no mistake. They was *powerful* heavy, too, they was."

Barrows stopped to refill his pipe, and as he gave a few preliminary puffs, added, "Lost my pipe up thar onc't; had ter wait three weeks fer the fog ter lift, so'st I could see the ground and hunt fer it."

"Now we're off!" chuckled the Writer, nudging the Artist.

"Wall, now! 'S I was sayin'", resumed Barrows, "it was foggy that day. Ye-es! I was a-standin' round, listenin' ter Pap 'n' the carpenter talkin', while Pap told him how big he wanted the thing, 'n' suddenly the carpenter hands up a step-ladder, whips out a foot-rule, and, climbin' up that-air step-ladder, just swishes his foot-rule 'round a few times, then climbs down and draws some more lines in the air. 'Thar'!' says he, 'yer just got ter put yer timbers in ever'whar' I've drawed them lines, 'n' yer've got the foundations all ready.' Say! d'you ever see a man shovel snow when it's about two feet deep? Yer know how he cuts it round on all four sides 'n' then lifts out a big squar' chunk? Wall! That's what that carpenter had up 'n' done. He'd cut slashes down through that air fog, 'n' thar' stood a hunk of fog, jest like a shovelfull er snow."

Then he got up and began to poke the fire. Some time elapsed. "Imagination isn't really up to scratch to-night," whispered the Writer. But a minute later Barrows took up the thread of the narrative again.

"Whar' was I? Oh, ye-es! Wall, I sprained a wrist, or suthin', an' Pap, he didn't git round, some way, ter buildin' that air porch fer nigh onter two weeks. Then we started 'n' put in a timber ever'whar' we could fit one in a slit in the fog. Pretty soon we noticed it begin ter look sorter queer, but we went on a-buildin'. Wall, one day, when we got the thing most done, the fog sorter lifted a mite, and—I declar' ter Betsey! If the blasted thing warn't crooked! We was naterly mad fur a while. Then Pap, he see how it was: a little mite of a breeze must ha' struck up durin' of them two weeks, and sorter slanted that air fog-porch over to land'ard."

The Artist gave a half-subdued snort of merriment, and the Writer started in to ask, "Say, was that the place where—" when, suddenly seeing a gleam in Barrows' eye, he subsided, and Barrows relapsed into his former silence.

ALVARA PROCTOR.

A PLEA

We are the mere susceptibles;
Oh blame us not! In your far-seeing eyes
We are not wise,
But pitifully weak and prone to tears.
We cannot look beyond the patient years,
We cannot see
With your strong sanity,
Through dust and anguish of the present day,
The universe fulfil a divine plan
Of good to man,
Or with high hope our human grief allay.
The fading rose, and falling leaf,
The passing loveliness of seasons brief
Possess us. With each dying day
Our very life-blood seems to sink away.
We're pierced more keen
By poppies' sheen
Than life or death could make us feel.
Thus do we live.
The days all give
A thousand agonies, a thousand joys as real.
We wear our youth away
And die, before the twilight gray
Of philosophic years can dull the strife
Of palpitating life.

ALICE ALDEN KNAPP.

Janet suppressed a yawn as she hurried down-stairs to the early breakfast. Country life might be ideal, but a month in town had accustomed her to a later

The Minister's Need rising hour; and on this first morning of her return, the day seemed unusually young and unfamiliar at seven o'clock. Mrs. Dayton was waiting with a half-concealed excitement that Janet perceived in a moment and hastened to forestall by saying :

"You're going to let me finish breakfast before you begin to question me, aren't you?"

"Only just one question about Helen and Bob. Are they happy?"

"Absolutely devoted, of course. You may quiet your fears. Bob has really got a wife who is worthy of him and your training. I had a glorious time; but I will leave that until later. Now you must tell me all that has happened in this, my native town." Janet spoke lightly, almost mockingly, but her mother knew that under the slight sarcasm there lay a real interest in all that concerned the small town of Canaan. Mrs. Dayton did not know the true value of climax, else she would not have given her largest piece of news first.

"We have a new minister!"

"Mother!" the girl's face bore unmistakable signs of incredulity. "At last! Who can have consented to accept this country parish who will at the same time be able to fulfil the demands of this most exacting and critical community?"

"His name is Arnold Harris, and he comes from New York. He is a very superior man, they say, who has unfortunately lost the fullest power of his voice. That makes it impossible for him to take a larger church, you see."

The girl had been watching her mother in fascinated silence. Now she slowly repeated the name.

"Arnold Harris—Harris of New York. Of course, it's the same. Why, mother, I know him and he's—simply impossible for the place."

Mrs. Dayton wisely kept silence. Janet could never be hurried in her explanations, but when they came they were usually worth listening to.

"I met him the first week at Helen's. He had just resigned his New York church, and was quite broken-hearted at the thought that he must give up his profession. Why!" with a

little startled laugh, "I think I suggested a country church. I even told him how much larger a field there was in a small town than one ever dreamed in a large city—" she paused for breath.

"Yes," suggested Mrs. Dayton.

"Oh! He is not at all the man for the place. He has been an actor. Of course that was when he was very young. Later he had a change of heart, and became a minister. But that isn't the point. He will feel above his position in Canaan. He has always been accustomed to the Episcopal form of service. And his frankness in admitting that he had been an actor! In a New York church it was all right. He was the idol of the younger members of the congregation, and the elders considered him a shining example of what repentance can do. But in Canaan! Can't you see him with his vastly superior air reading the Episcopal service in our small, rigid Congregational church! Can't you see him missing Thursday prayer meeting to take in the latest Ibsen play! Can't you just see him asking Deacon Pierce if he plays bridge!"

Mrs. Dayton said nothing, but Janet had but to glance at her worried countenance to see that she was making an impression. Suddenly she laughed merrily.

"It's funny, too," she said irrelevantly; and, rising from the table, she went to the window and looked out at the small white house which was visible beyond the green hedge that enclosed the sweeping lawns.

"And he is living next door. How interesting!" Silence. "Don't you think so, mother?"

"Oh, what shall I do! Shall I notify the church committee?" Mrs. Dayton's distress was evident.

Janet turned from studying the small parsonage with a very serious light in her eyes. "Perhaps, I have too vivid an imagination. Mother, dear, we'll give Mr. Harris a chance. Isn't it probable that he talked to me in New York as to any one of his former parishioners, and that he'll treat us here as he finds us—staid, dull, country people?"

And so the matter rested.

The threatened change was to be brought about gradually, for next Sunday saw no difference in the service. As Janet started home from church the minister joined her.

"Aren't you going to stay to Sunday School?" she asked him with accusing directness.

"No," he answered easily. "The superintendent is quite capable of conducting it."

"The minister usually offers prayer."

"The minister should not be a slave to custom," he returned.

Janet's worst fears were confirmed. The rest of the walk was in silence until at last.

"Oh! I say," he demanded. "If you feel like that about it, I'll go back and conduct the class."

"Will you?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course—and—" he hesitated. "Don't you think we, you and I, could run the church better than I, a stranger, can alone? You are to tell me what I should do and I am to try and show you a few things a minister need not do, such as leading the Sunday School, although I will this once—for you."

Janet stood quite still, doubtfully regarding him during this speech. But the earnest light in his eyes, the boyish smile, worked a miracle of reconstructed judgment.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I really think you need me. You would be horribly misunderstood otherwise."

Two weeks later came a hurried note from Helen asking Janet to come to her Thursday for the opening night of a famous English actress who was to play Ibsen. Although perfectly content with Canaan, the delightful month she had spent in town still had its allurements. Janet was walking to the post-office to mail her note of acceptance when she was met by the minister, who had a New York paper in his hand.

"Have you heard that Ellen Terry is coming to New York Thursday evening?" he asked. "I want you and your mother to go down with me to see her."

Janet looked at him tensely. "Thursday evening?" she said, sepulchrally. "Prayer-meeting night! Why, you couldn't!"

"Great Cæsar! I'd forgotten!"

"Our last minister never said 'Great Cæsar,' and never forgot."

"I suppose I must give up the trip."

"Certainly."

"All right, I will. But I'm sorry you can't go, anyway."

"I'm not. I shouldn't think of going—and missing prayer meeting." With nervous fingers she crumpled the note to Helen.

"What a minister's wife you would make!" He said it lightly,

with his eyes on the distant hill-tops. "You would always be keeping me in order and making me do my duty, and, oh! everything! And you're so good yourself. It isn't the least sacrifice for you to give up going to New York. I think you even *prefer* to go to prayer meeting."

Janet slowly tore the white note into bits without answering.

"What are you doing?" he asked carelessly, for his interest was all for the changing, expressive face before him.

"Oh, I'm only destroying one of my numerous faults that would be out of place in a minister's wife," she replied.

ETHEL BELLE KENYON.

The Enterprising Freshman was not conspicuously brilliant, but somehow or other her work seemed to be done much more quickly than that of the other

The Week of Pure Reason Freshmen in the house, who all decided that her program must

be easier. As her leisure time came when her classmates were busy, it was usually spent in visiting the Juniors across the hall. There was the Brilliant Junior, who always had queer books lying around her room, and the Junior with the sense of duty, and the Sympathetic Junior.

In the many hours spent on the window seat of the Juniors' study, the Enterprising Freshman became acquainted with many sides of college life, usually hidden from Freshmen. She also received plenty of advice.

"One should be very careful about electives," said the Brilliant Junior. "Don't waste time on languages, but take the things you wouldn't get outside, particularly philosophy."

"And," continued the Junior with the sense of duty, "one should have a purpose and plan in one's life, and that's what philosophy gives. You ought to take all the philosophy you possibly can."

"Yes," added the Sympathetic Junior. "It's been very easy so far, but I don't like the prospect of writing an ethics paper. Won't you have some tea?"

But the Freshman had already left the room. One month's experience had taught her to flee whenever the ethics course was mentioned. The Junior with the sense of duty found the Brilliant Junior's views on all ethical matters, quite perverted,

and those of the Sympathetic Junior, superficial. "A careless drifting on the sea of life, without a consistent plan and a view of ultimate accomplishment," the serious minded Junior had said, one afternoon, and the Freshman beat a hasty retreat to the next room, where she explained to its astonished occupant that she wasn't having hysterics, but the serious minded Junior had been talking like the missionary at Vespers the week before.

Gradually, new and strange phrases began to appear in the Juniors' conversation. The Sympathetic Junior had expressed her dislike for pancakes, and her intention of going to Boyden's whenever these should appear. The Junior with the sense of duty arose from the couch and faced her friend. "My dear, you are no better than an out-and-out hedonist."

"At least," replied the accused, "a hedonist is comfortable to live with, and that's more than you can say for your old Kant."

"That's a very superficial view—to think that everyone else is comfortable because you are. Now if you never did anything unless you were sure it was your duty—"

"Go on," interrupted the Brilliant Junior, who had up to now been absorbed in "Hedda Gabler", "but while you're talking about duty just remember that self-perfection is the first and foremost duty."

"I beg your pardon," put in the Enterprising Freshman, "but in ethics do you have to be something different from what you are ordinarily? I always supposed I was a Baptist, but what would you call me if I took ethics?"

"An idiot. Take warning from me," answered the Sympathetic Junior, "and don't try to follow your friends when they soar, if you aren't cut out for flying."

There was dead silence in the room. Then the Junior with the sense of duty spoke. "Louise Joyce Edwards, do you mean to say that you don't enjoy this course?"

"No, I don't," answered Louise Joyce Edwards.

"And that it isn't giving you a freedom and a grasp which you never had before?" questioned the Brilliant Junior.

"No, it isn't," answered the culprit.

"Well, you are hopeless," sighed both.

"I really must be going," said the Freshman, and slipped out, feeling that the silence was ominous.

Not till the next day did she have courage to return. Thinking that it must be over by this time, she knocked confidently.

"Come in," said a voice in a level and chilling tone. The Enterprising Freshman entered. The couch was vacant, and in one upright chair sat the Brilliant Junior reading "*Marcus Aurelius*". On the other side of the room, in the Morris chair without springs, sat the Junior with the sense of duty, darning stockings. In the bedroom beyond was the Sympathetic Junior, reading the volume the Freshman had learned to recognize as Kant.

"I didn't mean to interrupt. You didn't have the 'busy' sign up," began the Freshman.

"You are not interrupting," answered the Junior with the sense of duty, in an even, icy tone. "We are merely trying to live a life of pure reason for a week."

"Pure reason!" gasped the Freshman.

"Yes, Kant's doctrine, you know. Live a life free from emotion. We are not to laugh nor cry, nor feel pleasure nor pain, nor any emotion, for a week."

"Oh, you'll die!" protested the Freshman.

"Not at all," went on the level voice. "It is a trifle inconvenient at first. We have to have our meals sent up, because the girls at table try to make us laugh. I was going to walk, but I found that gave emotions of pleasure—"

"I should think reading would be just as bad," commented the Freshman, glancing at the others.

"Try *Marcus Aurelius*, he's safe! Couldn't possibly give you an emotion of pleasure if you read him for hours," replied the Brilliant Junior, and returned again to her book.

"I came to bring your mail," said the Freshman. "Here's a letter for Louise," and she went into the bedroom and handed her the envelope.

Before she could leave the room, came a groan from the Sympathetic Junior, as she sat staring at her letter. "Oh, girls! what shall I do? It's from Dick. The Yale-Princeton game! I can't help being pleased!"

The spell was broken. "Oh, my dear, how lovely! A week from to-day. You'll have the time of your young life. It's simply great!" the Juniors chorused.

"But, oh dear, I can't help being pleased," moaned the Sympathetic Junior.

"Nonsense," said the Brilliant Junior. "I've had so many emotions these last two minutes that it doesn't matter if I have a few more."

"But," said the Junior with the sense of duty, recovering herself, "since we agreed to try it for a week, we ought to. The game is a week from to-day. We started in this morning at eight. The train doesn't go till 10.30, so you can go without breaking the agreement."

"I'll have to have all sorts of new things," the Sympathetic Junior went on, "a new hat and coat, and I do love pretty things. I can't help but enjoy getting them."

"Have some one else get them. Here's Jane—she's about your size."

The Freshman protested that that method would be apt to produce emotions of displeasure, should the purchases be unbecoming.

"Go and get the stuff like a sensible mortal," advised the Brilliant Junior.

But the Junior with the sense of duty was unmoved. "She promised she'd try it for a week, and Jane can do the errands just as well as not."

The Enterprising Freshman departed with the necessary instructions. The Brilliant Junior met her at the door.

"This pure reason is all stuff and nonsense," said the Brilliant Junior.

"Yes," assented the Freshman faintly.

"And it's making Louise unhappy."

"Yes," again, in a firmer tone.

"Well, then, we'll break it up," said the Brilliant Junior, and together they started for the milliner's.

Two hours later the conspirators returned, with boxes and bundles. "There!" said the Enterprising Freshman, "we've brought the things up on approval."

A very woe-begone Junior arose from reading the doctrines of Kant and reached for the hat-box. "I'll just see if it fits," she said, glancing questioningly at the Junior with the sense of duty.

"I suppose that is reasonable," answered that Spartan.

One glance into the box and the silence was broken. The Sympathetic Junior was laughing and laughing immoderately as she raised aloft a mass of lace and feathers of astonishing dimensions and color. Preposterous as the hat was, the coat was worse, and as she gazed from one creation to the other, the Sympathetic Junior laughed again.

The Brilliant Junior seized her opportunity. "Louise, you have laughed and you are laughing. You can't keep up this pure reason bluff any more."

The Junior with the sense of duty fiercely turned on her. "You did it on purpose—I know you did!"

The Brilliant Junior grinned. "Anger," she proceeded, "is also an emotion. Oh, come there, give it up! Be sensible! Here ends the week of pure reason! Come, Louise, do make us some tea!" Marcus Aurelius joined Kant in the outer darkness, and the tea-kettle was brought forth.

MARY ROYCE ORMSBEE.

ENCHANTMENT

Out of the sea, the great, gray sea,
A fairy voice came calling me,
It sang in my ears the live-long day,
It rose from the sea with the moon's bright ray,
And the song that it sings to my heart alway
Is, "The sea is thy love forever and aye."

Over the sea, the bright blue sea,
A mystic hand is beckoning me,
And aye as the white waves shoreward foam,
They seem like horses to carry me home
To the heart of the world, long leagues away,
For the sea is my love forever and aye.

Out on the sea, the fair, fair sea,
The light of the world shines bright for me,
For my heart no earthly love can own,
Since it beats for the fairy sea alone;
And till earth grows old and the stars decay,
The sea is my love forever and aye.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE.

LORDS OF THE SEA

The gallant, stately galleons swing out from ports of Spain,
And join the chase to southern seas for reaping golden gain,
To lade them deep with priceless gems men glean along the shore,
With ingots from the silver mines and gleaming golden ore;
And still they glide and swing and swim adown the sunset trail,
The gorgeous, crimson galleons o'erhung with press of sail.

The sea-stars watch their ghost-like line as down the waves they pass,
 And hear the wistful chanting swell, that marks the midnight mass.
 The moon-wind sweeps the mists away, the solemn night wears on,
 And in their poops the twinkling lights are dying one by one;
 Yet on they float in phantom-wise; nor fear nor awe can stay
 The craft of Spain when Charles the king has sent them on their way.

And now the day in splendor breaks beneath the high-arched skies,
 The sails flash back the sunrise red into the seamen's eyes,
 And on the west horizon vast a cloud is seen—Oh, cry!
 Ye sailor at the mainmast head, "Thank God! Land, land is nigh!"
 They sail in pride of quest achieved along the Golden Main,
 The mighty galleons glorious, that are the joy of Spain.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE.

Harrison lay stretched out on the long divan and punctuated his remarks by violent kicks at the sofa pillows just out of reach.

"I tell you it's an outrage

The Return of the Prodigal and ought to be dealt with violently. I can't understand

that boy! Why, he isn't old enough to support himself, to say nothing of taking care of a wife! Great Scott! Why didn't you tell us before, Neil?"

"Well, didn't I tell you as soon as I was dead sure? I didn't want to start a rough house on suspicion. I—" Neil was getting angry and walked up and down the room, hurriedly.

"You aren't sure now, are you?" Davis was sitting quietly in the window, "you are only acting on suspicion still."

"Suspicion? Suspicion!" Neil stopped in his excitement, as though his muscles had been suddenly paralyzed by rage. "What more do you want in the way of facts? I guess if your room-mate had borrowed every white tie you had, if he'd taken to shaving *twice* a day, if he always had engagements for every evening, if he took to singing when he tumbled into bed and began again when he was dressing in the morning, if he'd told you to be sure not to miss a new picture in the Metropolitan, if he asked you if you possessed any of Heine's poems and was trying to brush up his German, if he'd given up a fishing trip because he couldn't afford it, what would you think? I guess *you'd* know it was a girl, too. And then yesterday, Bob Carter told me that Gordon had asked how much his expenses were and how much a man needed to get married on. And didn't I

see him in Tiffany's the other day at the ring counter? He said he was buying a birthday present for his sister! Since when has he taken to giving her rings? What else do you want? Would you like to have a man yell it from the house-tops? Great Scott! do you think I'm an idiot?" Neil threw himself into a chair, exhausted by his outburst.

"Well, who's the girl?" Davis asked.

"How the devil do I know? If he hasn't told me he's engaged, he's not told me whom he's engaged to. You're the worst idiot I've had the pleasure of meeting."

"Shut up, Neil; you're too crabbed to live. How are we going to find out the facts?" Harrison came to his feet suddenly.

"Say, Neil, has he given up cigarettes yet?"

"No, why?"

"You ought to know. If there's really a girl, he'll have to give up cigarettes. They always do."

"That's a little hope, but you know Gordon, and you know his cigarette habit, and I have my doubts if any girl could—" but he was unable to finish, for the outer door slammed and they knew that the subject of their conversation had come home.

"Hello," he said as he entered the room. "Jove! but this place is thick with smoke!"

"Well, what if it is? You're not objecting to smoke, are you?" Neil snapped at him.

"You'd better take a day in the country. This hot weather's ruined your disposition completely."

"Oh Lord! Is dinner ready?" asked Davis. "You're up, Harry, go and see."

"I'll go," and Gordon hurried out. Neil gave a long groan.

"You can't tell me," he said, "that he isn't in love! Great Scott! he's cheerful!"

At dinner, beyond complaints about the steak and the heat, there was no conversation. Gordon endeavored to make a few remarks, but meeting with no encouragement, lapsed into silence until coffee was served.

Then he asked, "Have you people seen 'The Dancing Man' at the Majestic? There are great songs in it. You don't want to miss it."

"Let's go," suggested Davis. "We four haven't been off for an age."

"All right," agreed Neil, "I'll telephone for seats. Where did you say it was—the Majestic?"

"Yes, and get them at the club, they have the best ones." Neil had started for the telephone when Davis spoke, but Gordon stopped him.

"Don't get one for me, Neil, I can't go."

"Why not?" asked Harrison, taking his cigarette case from his pocket. "Have one?" He passed them to Gordon.

"No, think I'll smoke a pipe."

"You, smoking a pipe after dinner! For pity's sake, Gordon!" Davis attempted a laugh.

"Any objection?" Gordon began to feel the change in their attitude. He drew out his pipe and filled it carefully.

"What's the matter, Gordon? Aren't you well? Are your lungs affected?" Neil leaned on the back of his chair, looking straight at his room-mate. "I haven't noticed that you've been coughing any lately."

"Look here, what's the matter with you, anyway? I haven't stopped smoking cigarettes, and it would be none of your business if I had. I realize that I smoke too much and I'm cutting down on the number, that's all. Anything more, gentlemen?" He looked around the table; the three men were watching him closely. He started for the door, but turned suddenly. "What's the matter with you all, anyway? There's something wrong here and I'd like to know what it is and set things right at once."

Davis walked over to him. "Oh, nothing, Gordon, only a fancied neglect on our part. We thought you'd rather deserted us of late and we were annoyed."

"Oh," said Gordon, turning away, "I suppose so."

"Now what in the name of goodness did he mean by that?" asked Davis.

"I don't know and I don't care." Neil brought his fist down heavily on the table. "It means nothing to me. He's too meek! If he isn't in love he ought to be. There's nothing else that would excuse his meekness."

"I wish," Harry had been sitting quietly since Gordon left the room, "I wish we could follow him and find out who the girl is, and—"

"Right you are. I'll find out this minute." Neil jumped to his feet and started for the door, but Harry stopped him.

"No you don't," he said, "you'd get mad and spoil the whole affair. You let Davy do that, he has more tact." Neil smiled

sheepishly, for he was forced to admit the truth of the accusation. He went into the den to await results.

Davis found Gordon standing before Harrison's dresser. "I couldn't find any white ties in either Neil's or my possession, so I've tried yours and Harry's."

"Help yourself, of course. I have a few pearl studs perhaps you'd like."

"No thank you," Gordon selected a new white tie, "I have Neil's—lost mine quite a while ago. There, that's fixed at last."

"Where are you going to-night, anyway, in your evening clothes?" Davis was busy looking over some papers on his desk, and Gordon smiled slightly as he answered him.

"Mrs. Demorest gives a box party at 'You never can tell'. Beastly bore! You know I've seen it twice."

"Why do you go? I thought you hated that sort of thing."

"Oh I don't know," he said, returning to his own room.

Davy hurried into the den. "It's all right," he said. "Gordon's to be in a box party at 'You never can tell'. No better place to see all that's going on. Shall we go?"

"Well, rather, but make it standing-room in price."

Gordon came to the door. "Good-night," he said cheerily. "I'll be late."

Neil threw his book on the floor with a vengeance, as soon as Gordon had left. "'I'll be late'," he repeated sarcastically, "'I'll be late'. That makes me tired! Since when has he told us he'd be late? Since when has he accounted to us for his time? He—"

"Shut up, Neil! Come on, we'll go and see what's doing and find out who the girl is."

The three were disappointed in their search, however. Not only was Mrs. Demorest not having a box-party, but Gordon was nowhere to be found.

They had returned to the rooms when Gordon came in. Neil's conversation had all the evening been punctuated with, "He'll pay for this, all right. How'd he catch on? I'll fix him!" But when Gordon entered he forebore to make comment.

"Hello," said that gentleman, "aren't you sitting up a trifle late?"

"Not so very. Mamma sometimes lets us sit up." Davy's tone was sharp. "You seem to be the early bird."

"It's not so late, after all, only one-thirty. Jove!" yawning,

"but I'm sleepy! Good-night. Neil, come on to bed! The firm of Goodwin, Hunter and Fraser will need your brains tomorrow." He went down the hallway and into his room. The men heard him whistling strains from a popular comic opera.

"He makes me tired!" Harry rose from his chair. "How he can be so happy and elated on a night like this I can't see! How's a fellow going to sleep when it's so hot?"

"You ought to be thankful you're not his roommate, anyway. How'd you like to go to sleep to the tune of 'du lieber Schwan' or something equally sentimental? I have a good notion to congratulate him."

"Don't do that, Neil. We may be all wrong, and if you did and he really is engaged we'd feel worse than ever. It's better to remain in doubt." Davis leaned far out over the window-ledge. "Wonder who she is, though!"

"Come on, Davy, let's to sleep, 'sweet me child, 'tis late'."

"Cut that out, Harry, and come down to earth. Did you blow up the cook this morning for that cream? And may I suggest that we have some other kind of potatoes besides those you are pleased to call German fried?"

"Great Cæsar's Ghost, Neil, may I request you to go to bed! You've done nothing but blow all day. If you don't like my housekeeping, you can do it yourself. I'm sure I'm willing to resign in your favor. Now clear out!"

"I wish you had Gordon for a roommate. How'd you like to go to sleep to that?" A merry whistle sounded from his room. "Oh, well, good-night."

The disturbed condition of affairs continued for some weeks. Neil kept on being disagreeable; Davis and Harry learned to ignore him; as for Gordon—they saw him only when he returned to his rooms to dress and at breakfast. At other times he left them quite alone.

Finally one night, after about three weeks of turmoil and trouble, when the men returned to their rooms, they found Gordon sitting alone in the dark window looking out over the city with his arm thrown over Dinky, his dog. Harry turned on the light.

"What's the matter?" he said, "dreaming?"

"Not exactly." Gordon turned toward them. His face was drawn and white. "Just sort of," he said, turning to the window again, and was silent. The other men talked of many

things—the races, the theatres and business, when suddenly Davis said :

“Oh, Gordon, have you heard the news?”

“I guess not,” said Gordon slowly. “I don’t know much ; what is it?”

“Why, I met Lee Graham to-night, and he said Marian Freeman had announced her engagement to Karl Morton ; that they were to be married at once and leave for the Philippines.”

“Yes,” said Gordon, “that’s the one thing I did know—she told me so to-night. Give me a cigarette, will you, Harry?” There was a long pause while he lighted it. Neil watched him closely and cursed himself inwardly for a brute. Davis looked anxiously at the tired face, and Harry held the match for him. “Don’t you think,” Gordon turned and looked at them all, “don’t you think we ought to have an old-time spree at Coney before the summer’s over?”

LAURA CASEY GEDDES.

AT SEA

The long smooth sweep of the waves
Underneath our prow,
The glitter of spray on the crest,
The crimson-stained glow in the west—
And twilight now.

Behind us our trail gleams afar,
A phosphorescent light,
Dim before us the dream isles lie
Where the Lords of the sea and the sky
Guard the portals of night.

ELOISE PRINDLE JAMES.

MUSHROOMS

To-day what do you s’pose I found
Out on a grassy little mound?
I know you’ll be surprised—yes, very—
It was a fairies’ cemetery !
There buried in a little ring,
They lie as still as anything,
With cunning tombstones, pink and white,
I never saw a sadder sight !
And, what is harder still to say,
I’m sure they weren’t there yesterday.
I really hate to think it’s true
So many died at once, don’t you?

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS.

EDITORIAL

Rain again to-day! "What," exclaims the Corridor, "going off in the rain?" Yes, indeed! The *wanderlust* is in our blood, and the rain sets it stirring. The Corridor shrugs its shoulders, but places rubber coats and sou'westers at our disposal; then, after seeing us properly fitted out, goloshes, car-fare and all, it suffers us to depart, with only the parting admonition, "Don't get wet!"

Wet! What are we out for if not to get wet? We hide our sou'westers under the corner bushes and lift our foreheads joyously to the rain. The front seat of an open car is the place for us, we feel. The motorman remonstrates, in grandfatherly tone, "Pretty wet, out here!" "Oh, we don't care!" we assure him, "we like it!" A whirr and jangle of bells and brakes—we are off! Who says motoring? Give us the front seat of an open car! Down the stretch of empty road we swoop; the rain dashes in our eyes; the wind shrieks past us. We sing aloud against the storm, and the rush and roar beat our voices back into our throats. Ah-h! We slow for the up-grade! How tender the wet, fresh leaf-buds show on the trees; how vivid the green blur of the nearer hills stands out against the dull grayish-blue of the farther hills, lost, range upon range, in the mist. An unwonted silence falls upon us. Next year at this time—what use for slickers and sou'westers then? We shall be far away, then, from this beautiful round world that belongs all to us. The rain will beat upon the pane, and the little gutters will swell to foaming yellow rivers, and we shall not dare go out. Nowhere shall we be able ever to duplicate the joyous experiences that college life has permitted us to have. Is it indeed true, as the old alumna tactfully assured us, that the four happiest years of our life will soon be behind us?

Many an alumna has found it so, in all probability. Of course there will be, at the first, a thrill. We shall feel our-

selves free, independent! Standing for ourselves! All the world before us! Then we shall realize our mistake with a sinking of the heart. Never less free, never less independent, never having found it harder to stand for ourselves, very little of the world before us, and that little so different! The real world is so much harder and sterner than our college world; it is so much more serious to make a mistake there; the issues are so much graver; so much bigger things are at stake. Social competition is so much keener. There is so much tardier a recognition of personal worth, and so much duller an appreciation of personal attainment. Yet, if all this is true, it is none the less true that success is worth correspondingly more there than here. The greater the obstacle, the greater the triumph of overcoming. The thing to do is to seize hold upon life and crush the joy out of it. It must yield up its wine under press of strong feet.

The seizing hold is the thing. How to do it? After we had been a little while at college many of us found that we had not *grasped*; that the life was eluding us. There was a struggle, a time of restlessness and doubt when we felt ourselves entirely out of key with our environment, but when, for our own peace of mind, we strove doggedly to adapt ourselves. And then, suddenly, while we thought we were still far away, we found that we were there. We had dropped into that own particular place that no one else can fill. We found ourselves moving easily, smoothly, in our environment, without friction, without strain, and living became a sort of rapture. In striving to adapt ourselves we had grasped the life. That is the secret of it: to seize hold by friendly alliance; to meet the demands of the environment in order to make demands in return; to treat life diplomatically. This we must have learned, if we have learned nothing else at college. College is not life. We have not learned how to live, but we have learned how to learn that. We are freshmen all over again. Humbly and diligently we must set to work to adapt ourselves to our new environment. Life holds joys above and beyond those that we have known here. If we come to life in the same spirit in which we came to college, I make no doubt that our "happiest years" still lie in the future.

EDITOR'S TABLE

There were so many ghosts out to-night! We went over to College Hall, poking about, and the place was full of them. Around the bulletin board where the freshmen crowd all day—why, they fairly trod on our toes. You can almost always find them there at night when the building is empty of all living people except just you, and perhaps a friend. What are they? Ghosts of long-ago college girls, or just poor little lonely ghosts that drift in—unknown, homeless ghosts that have no other place to go?

They were a friendly crowd. One or two of them followed us out and trailed behind, close at our heels, as we walked over to Seelye. They worried Anne; she doesn't know them as well as I do. She asked them to go away—poor hurt things! They started to go, but I called after them and asked them to stay. We sat down on the steps of Seelye, and they hesitated uneasily before us. We could almost see their anxious faces. They must have decided to leave us, for presently we felt them gone. Then, by and by, we saw them back at College Hall, peering out of the little windows under the roof, and one of them moved a tiny red light in the hall below.

Oh! it was just the night for ghosts! Only part of the world was there, it was so dim and gray, and yet so silvery clear,—like your mind when all the rest of it goes to sleep and only the little thread of the unknown things runs bright. The steeple of the Catholic Church darkened into a vague, soft blackness against the sky, and a little tree lived suddenly in a pale light. It glistened like a thorn tree. (I wonder if there are thorn trees, and where one finds them. I should like to see another in the moonlight.)

Then a white ghost, wrapped in an old-fashioned black mantle, went slowly up the driveway. We knew it was a ghost because she made no sound when she moved and there was no

shadow behind her on the white walk. And more dead people came in through the shadowy dream-gates; but I looked away for just a moment, and when I turned again, they were gone. That is sometimes the way with the dead people who come by the dream-gates. One mustn't crystallize too much in the Land of Shadows.

Anne was delighted. She had never been so near the ghosts before. (They walk almost every night, but she had never happened to meet them.) She wanted to fix on one all her own.

"Listen to the ghost wailing in Music Hall!" she said.

The air stood clear, still. Something seemed to clap its hands, once, twice, and laugh. A violin screamed sharply, horribly.

"I wish some one would lay it," said I, wearily.

Then we went home.

At the Academy of Music, April 22, the Amherst Dramatic Association in "Twelfth Night".

From the beginning to the end, when the company promenade about the stage, while the property boys swung the lanterns and the Fool sang so beautifully that nobody wanted to go home, the presentation was absolutely charming,—and what better can be said for "Twelfth Night"? The play throughout had the Elizabethan atmosphere which it had attempted. We forgot that we were witnessing an amateur performance given by college boys, and lost the sense of how well they were doing it in the pleasure of the thing done, which is, to say the least, unusual at College Dramatics. Shakespere was being played, as he was originally intended to be played, by men, and this added to the interest and reality of the Elizabethan effect.

Of course the acting was not above criticism. There were traces of self-consciousness here and there in the minor parts, particularly that of Fabian, and in the scene where Viola and Sebastian are reunited, Orsino's smiles seemed to say, "I knew it all the time", when we can't believe that he did. Also, the female attendants might have been more feminine in walk and attire.

But, as a whole, the play was very successful. There had been conscientious work done; every actor had a clear conception of his part, which he consistently maintained, and which

was in harmony with the others. Feste's conception was pleasing, rather more intellectual than clownish, and his voice, delightful. Sir Toby was genuinely funny, and Antonio was exceptionally well done. Malvolio was admirable in the portrayal of all phases of his character, rising, at the end, to real tragedy. Viola was charming and real, and the conception of Olivia left nothing to be desired. Impetuous where she should be impetuous, contained where she should be contained, womanly and comely; for once we saw the Olivia whom Orsino and Sebastian loved. It is with pleasure that we see such excellent work done by any college organization.

The fourth annual concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in the Academy of Music, Wednesday evening, April 24.

This concert was noticeable in two respects: the leadership of Dr. Muck and the omission from the program of a solo number. Dr. Muck, himself no mean pianist and composer, came to America from the Royal Opera in Berlin. For years the Boston Symphony has had rigid and conservative training under Mr. Gericke. They played as one man. But that they were in a rut is undeniable. By his strong and penetrating personality, Dr. Muck has added to this accuracy, the spirit and elasticity formerly lacking.

The traditional solo number in the middle of the program has served to break the monotony. Omitting this was a bold stroke. But the danger of sameness is removed when the orchestral numbers themselves provide sufficient variety. Such was the case at this concert. The opening overture, so peculiarly sane and yet far away, proved a happy introduction to the more modern music which was to follow.

Strauss' "Don Juan," whatever else it may be, is masterful and extraordinary. Strauss' compositions represent musical symbolism at its height. Dr. Muck's interpretation reduced the symphonic poem from mere noise to an almost intelligible and highly interesting production. The few measures for solo violin were rendered with the perfect precision of which Mr. Hess is assuredly a master. The last half of the program was devoted to the Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique." This individual modern product—sometimes weird, sometimes martial, sometimes cynical, and always sad, never fails to arouse

the strongest emotions, though they be of various kinds. Such a huge work demands perfect execution, and this the "Symphonie Pathétique" certainly received from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

THE PROGRAM

- Weber—Overture to the Opera Oberon.
Richard Strauss—Tone-poem, Don Juan. Op. 20.
Tschaikowsky—Symphony No. 6, B minor. Op. 74.
1. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
2. Allegro con grazia.
3. Allegro molto vivace.
4. Finale. Adagio lamentoso.

S. H. J. S.

At the Academy of Music, April 27, Virginia Harned in "The Great Question".

This play, founded on Tolstoi's novel, "Anna Karenina", is another proof in favor of the theory that a great novel cannot be successfully dramatized. "The Great Question" is a melodrama, and from this melodrama to the psychological interest of the character development in the novel is a far cry. Few of us have any fault to find with the moral of the play, that there can be no love without the law, but Tolstoi had created a pair of eternal lovers who found fidelity, if not happiness; why, then, should the dramatist have chosen them to point such a moral?

The acting was excellent, a particularly good bit being the scene at the race course, which was made very real to the audience. The husband was as unpleasant and the lover as villainous as we felt they would be, and the minor parts were well taken. The tragic ending must have been especially difficult to manage, the engine tooting across the stage being likely to break, for many, the intensity of the situation. But the audience was particularly quiet at this point and refrained from putting on their wraps till the curtain had fallen, from which we judge that here, as throughout the play, Miss Harned's acting was adequate.

THE RAIN AT NIGHT

Last night on the roof,
The rain
Sang a song,
A wonderful song,
With an old and a sweet refrain.
Its cadence my dreams prolong.

I thought of the forest deep
And the dark and shining pools,
Where the stars in silence sleep,
And the lonely heron rules.
I knew the bass-wood trees
Were wet with the hurrying rain.
It was pattering on their leaves,
At the edge of the meadow lane.

I thought of my mother's face,
And the dripping orchard trees,—
They watch o'er the old home place,
And creaking in the breeze,
Sing the song of her old arm chair,
That rocking to and fro
Played the sleepest lullabye air
A child may ever know.

Last night on the roof,
The rain
Sang a song,
A wonderful song,
With an old and a sweet refrain.
Its cadence my dreams prolong.

—Willard Ansley Gibson

in the Williams Literary Monthly.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

SONG OF THE WATER SPRITE

Sing ho for the spring, the merry, laughing spring !
Oh, it's then I wake the echoes, a jolly song to sing,
And the stream casteth off her cloak of silver gray
Beneath which in forgetfulness for weary weeks I lay,
And a-shouting and a-dancing in her dress of rippled green
She calls me on to follow her along the cool ravine.
I answer to the calling, for where's the living thing
That could falter at the music of the spring?

Sing ho for the willow that bends above the wave
And the tiny, rosy flowers that its gentle borders lave !
Through the greenly waving curtains that my safe retreat enfold
I see rolling meadows lengthen, clad in purple and in gold,
And the happy golden flowers nod in unison to say
"Come ye forth, oh sprite, and pluck us! 'Tis the merry month o' May!"
But I laugh and scamper onward, give my curls a backward fling
To the breezes and caressing of the spring.

Sing ho for the meadows, and the distant rolling hill !
Shall I clamber to its summit to a silver dripping rill,
Or shall I hide among the willows while the sheep approach the brink
And their shepherdess with rosy lips stoops down to kiss and drink?
When she dances back before her flocks with shining, wind-tossed hair
I steal forth and am off again, for the river calls me,—where?
I know not, but I follow, for there's not a living thing
But dances to the music of the spring.

ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY '05.

During one of my flying visits home, mother was seized with one of her periodical desires to infuse into me her love for frequent overhaulings of the lares and penates of the long ago. Generally I hold
My Memory-Book out stoutly against all arguments, but after an especially pathetic appeal to look over my "trash" up attic that had been collecting since my hoyden days, I relented, toiled up the steep stairs, and stumbled along from one attic to another, trying to accustom my feet and eyes to the gray, cobwebby light. It was stifling up there, and

I didn't feel a bit happier when I struck my head against the sloping walls in a vain attempt to stand up straight after a fruitless search under the eaves for my box of "trash". But I was going to see the thing out to the end, and so I tugged hard at a box labelled "Laundry Soap," feeling pretty sure that it was to some such place that my treasures had come.

After brushing off a few dead spiders and hornets, I yanked off the cover. There were the things just as I had left them, years ago, and, strictly between the spiders and me, it *was* a hopeless mess. First, I saw a small, brass collar tied with a red ribbon, which recalled memories a bit too poignant still for me to care to think of long. For hadn't it belonged to the little Mexican dog which (I started to write *who*, but my good Puritan bringing up makes me say *which* instead) had a great part in all the joys and sorrows of my impetuous early days? So I put the collar aside and peered into the box again. A doll's leg in a black silk stocking lay across a paper book much the worse for wear. Why had I preserved that remnant of some fair ruler of the doll's house, I queried, smiling at the rafters. But I placed it tenderly next to the collar, and took up the book, wondering what tale it had to tell.

It was simply a blank book (the covers were gone, of course). Thumb marks decorated the little page, which bore the all-sufficing words: "My Memory Book." No name below. Evidently I decided that if it should come into the hands of others, they would know whose it was. It is all a part and parcel of the size of a child's world, which is bounded by the four walls of its small self.

That famous old memory book! How proud I was of it once upon a time. It belonged to summers long since, when my grown-up friends were making beautiful ones, and putting into them crumpled rose leaves and faded violets, under which they wrote: "From—dash—." And so it was only natural that I should want one, too, as I followed in blind admiration the doings of a very fascinating young lady cousin. But the family had scoffed at my demand for a book, thinking that it was the whim of a day, and that I would forget about it after an hour or two out of doors. Yet "not to disappoint the child entirely," they gave me this little paper covered blank-book.

Thus was I launched on my sentimental career, and I set to work to find something to put into it. And in this was I so very different from a great many older people, who, instead of waiting for things to occur naturally, rush into all sorts of adventures in order to have something to show afterward?

While I philosophized thus I turned to the first page, and laughed aloud. This was the first bit of sentiment! Carefully pasted on the top of the sheet was a piece of a gaily-colored Scotch gingham. Beneath it were the words: "Piece of the cloth of the dress I tore on my walk to Sachem's Head with May, Grace, Charlie, and Charlie's father." The key-note was struck. I remember now that I had picked a flower to bring home, but I had lost it, and the thing that had stood out most plainly in my mind anyway was the fact that a barbed wire fence and my new gown had come into disagreeably close quarters. Poor child! You couldn't have picked out a thing more truly characteristic, which could tell its story so honestly and well. On the same page was the paper covering of a tintype, but—and this, too, was typical—

the picture was lost. But I knew what the tintype was like, well enough. My chum and I had borrowed two babies and had had our pictures taken with them. That really balances the lack of sentiment as displayed in the lonely leg of the doll.

As I turned the pages over, each filled with valueless but invaluable fragments, stuck on with mucilage, which had here and there oozed out at the corners, and stuck the leaves together, I came across a piece of candy-box lace bearing the cabalistic inscription: "My birthday. Stomach-ache, 2.30 A. M." Oh, that was a gala day with a painful ending. It was my first box of candy, and I had eaten it as though it had been bread and milk. The rest of the inscription speaks for itself, and of the long night watches in which I could not sleep. I had one less lesson to learn later on.

One page bulged out so that I could not guess what was the matter until I saw a small bottle tightly corked, containing a yellow liquid and marked, "The last snow, April 10, 18—." Why it had not evaporated or spilled out is a mystery. Possibly it was because I had faith that it would not.

The memory book only lasted into the next summer; some other notion had evidently turned my interest in another direction. But it was curious to see how I had progressed from the first days of stolid truth-telling, so evidenced by the piece of cloth. One of the last things was a crumpled yellow rose-leaf, properly designated as "From—dash." Was I not proud of that entry when I used to turn the pages over casually for my little visitors? But—must I confess to an unsympathetic world the secret—it was picked in my own garden by the maker of the book! And yet it satisfied my demands, though not my conscience, which was a troublesome and unruly member in those days. I believe I told mother it was just a joke, and passed it hurriedly by, when she was looking at the book. I wondered at the time why she looked so queerly at my elder sister, and why I was taken to the circus, and allowed to climb all the trees I wanted in that long delicious summer!—

"Helen! Helen!" called my mother from the foot of the stairs. "Come dearie. It's dinner-time." I started up in confusion. I had been leaning both elbows on the laundry soap box and looking straight through the rafters into that summer of long ago.

"Poor mother, what will she think of me?" I wondered, as I hurried down the stairs.

"Are you nearly done, Helen?" asked mother, when I had seated myself at the table after a vigorous washing of my dusty hands and face.

"Almost," I answered, absent mindedly.

JOSEPHINE SANDERSON '04.

The district school! What is it, some may ask. Is it the little white or red brick gabled building we sometimes see in the country? Yes, that is its outer dress; but within, it is the little world of the

The District School children, who have come eagerly from the hills beyond to see what this much of the outside world has to offer them. Their teacher is often the only person whom they know intimately who has reached the goal of their ambition, namely, the passing of high school examinations; and if she has been to college, the gods must have

smiled on her more than on most mortals. She has visited distant cities, and perhaps knows children in those city schools. These experiences are so usual to us that we do not realize how extraordinary and even marvellous they seem to the child who has not had our opportunities.

Several times I have been asked why I am glad to teach in a little district school in the country, after having been to college. "Why don't you teach in the city or go into Settlement Work?" they suggest. "Because," as the children would say, "I don't want to;" but I believe I have a reason back of it, too. I believe that the teacher of a district school, if she wishes, may have more influence for good over more children in her school than she could have in any city school. She alone may be an incentive to the children to work for an education; for, in most cases, their parents are persons who have had only a common school education, and what is good enough for them is good enough for their children, they say. The teacher may give the children an insight into their own ability, which they universally deny; a vision of the greatness of the world, and, above all, inspiration for adventure and discovery in unknown regions. "I can't do it! I can't do it!" is their daily cry. A child's ancestors and their position in the world surely have a bearing on his ambition and capabilities. I know one child, who has never seen more than a hundred people altogether, in her life; who has never been to any entertainment, except the Christmas festival held at the church; who has never seen an organ grinder and his monkey; who does not know what a circus is; and who has never had a hat with flowers on it! Yet she is a real live descendent of Priscilla Alden. [An actual fact.] And many another boy and girl like her, who, however, must live without the boast of a famous ancestor, whose grandparents lived and died unknown to the world.

As to Settlement work, here is the best raw material fit for use! Some of the children are as poor as any I ever saw in a city, destitute of good clothing, and above all, destitute of ideas; whereas, city children have plentiful material for ideas and much more plentiful use of books. City children have good up-to-date text-books, given to them for free use, and almost always they have free access to reference books, "because their parents pay taxes;" but their country cousins, whose parents pay taxes too, have not these advantages. They must buy their books if they are to have new ones, and since their parents begrudge this expense, they often must ransack the store-room for their grandfather's speller, and his other "guides to knowledge". Then you can imagine the teacher's joy with seven little pupils in one grade, all having different spellers or text-books!

Indeed we do meet with many hindrances and obstacles to any apparent success, but we have amusing situations to offset them, and we might as well laugh over both. We have innocent and unsophisticated children, unused to all forms of conventionality, who without any warning, observe and speak of our peculiarities before the whole school. For instance, if our coiffure does not exactly suit them, they "do wish we would fix it another way," which way would often be enough to scare a cow; plain waists go unnoticed, but a tucked waist calls forth loud praise and admiration. We have the typical trustee, in whose eyes no doubt we appear as educated freaks, and they are rarely ready for reform or invention, but think, like Eben Holden, that if the

Lord had intended men to skate, "He'd a born 'em with skates on 'em." We have our school commissioner and the state department, before whom we stand dumb and trembling, not because of the severity of their injunctions, but because of our stupidity. Sometimes it is flattering to know how much is expected of us. We are supposed to be prodigies in knowledge and experience; to be well qualified to instruct all eight grades in all subjects except physics and astronomy; to be a "jack of all trades" and an expert in each; to have great intuition as to what is expected of the children in their examinations; "To touch lightly," for instance, "on this place or that in geography," as one teacher said, "and not to be surprised when the children are asked what the inhabitants of that town do nights and holidays."

Perhaps now you do not want to teach in a district school, and I do not wish to persuade you. I am not canvassing nor is this an "English C" paper; but if you want "to uplift mankind," to be "of use in the world," and "to give of what has been given you," you will find work in such a school as truly worth while as work in any Settlement district.

MARGARET DICKSON BRIDGES '06.

"Just what does a travelling secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association do?" This question has been so often asked me in the last few years that I am glad to have an

The Work of a Travelling Secretary opportunity to answer it through the columns of the MONTHLY, though I am not sure but it would be easier to say just what a secretary does *not* do.

A state secretary has the supervision of Association work in her territory; in New England and New York and the states in which the work is more fully developed, the work is specialized so that one secretary supervises the city work and another the student work, with special workers who develop educational classes and religious work in cities, and carry association methods and privileges into the factories and department stores. But in the more newly organized Middle West, one secretary usually looks after all the work—both city and student—and in a great state like Texas, the lone secretary feels like a very small needle in a very big haystack. One must travel from Texarkana to El Paso to realize the size of the haystack.

The work of the Young Women's Christian Association in colleges and universities does not differ much from the work of our own S. C. A. C. W. at Smith. It aims to win the girls to a Christian life, to train them in Christian service, and to raise the standard of the Christian life of the school. And one must travel among these schools—normal schools, academies, universities, private schools and medical schools—to realize what a tremendous need there is for just this sort of work, and how eager the girls are for suggestions and help. Perhaps they have started the Association themselves, because they heard that one in some other school was "doing such good work." Then the secretary comes to the school, meets the cabinet and all the committees and helps them plan for their work, has usually opportunity to meet the girls of the school socially, and perhaps has several public meetings, all with the one object of helping the girls accomplish the real aim of the Association.

Then the secretary must speak at chapel—how well we secretaries remember our first experiences along that line! There is always the spice of uncertainty as to how we shall be introduced—whether as “the secretary of the Girls’ Y. M. C. A.” or as the “W. C. T. U. secretary.” or by our real title. And our work and our attributes are as vague as our titles in the minds of some girls, as evinced by the girl who asked me in all seriousness, “Do you still enjoy games?” She undoubtedly had the same idea as the girl who confessed to me that when she heard that the state secretary was coming to visit the school, she expected to see a gray-haired woman with spectacles and a pen over her ear.

When it comes to city work, there are also committees to meet, Bible classes to help organize, lunch-rooms and boarding-houses to start and equip, and the factory work. It is an experience to a girl of Eastern college training to go into a factory for a noon-meeting, and talk with these girls who have perhaps worked for years, twelve hours a day. I shall not soon forget a visit to a cotton mill in Dallas where I spoke at a noon meeting, telling the women and girls about Association work and the Association clubs in factories. I have never had more eager listeners, and their courtesy was unequalled in coming and thanking me for speaking to them. And one woman, unkempt and ragged, addicted obviously to the tobacco habit, came and told me with pride of the Mothers’ Club to which she belonged. One’s heart aches with longing to do something for these people. If one could have a dozen selves to work with or a hundred hours in the day, there would still be too much to be done.

I found early in my Association work that a Smith girl needs many adjustments of ideas and ideals before she can fit herself to the work in schools differing so greatly in type and characteristics from Smith. I also soon learned that in many ways Texas is a law unto herself. The state is not wholly Southern nor wholly Western, nor has Texas ever forgotten that she was once a republic. The influence of that fact is still felt in the general atmosphere of the Texas life, student as well as otherwise.

The Association work is not missionary work—the secretary is merely the salaried executive officer of the state committee, and carries out their plans for the work. It is often, as in Texas, pioneer work, offering opportunity to put into practice every bit of one’s ingenuity, originality, patience and endurance, but we feel that we get as much as we give, and the comment of a society woman upon the secretaries’ conference meeting in New York in December was, “What a happy-faced lot of people!”

Association work has grown and developed so widely and rapidly that I have given but a suggestion of it. The field is so great and so varied that no talent is wasted here, and I covet for many of our college-trained girls the joy of such service and the broadening and deepening of the life that must come through the constant working with and for young women. It is more than a philanthropic work, it is distinctively a Christian work, and even by virtue of meeting the needs of others, one gains her own spiritual strength, and finds the most real happiness in such an investment of her life.

ALICE L. BATCHELDER '01.

The quarter-centennial meeting of the Association will be held at Boston next fall. The opening session will be on the evening of Tuesday, November 5, and the meetings will continue

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae through four days, closing with the luncheon given to the visiting members on Saturday, November 9.

In addition to the regular sessions, opportunities will be offered to visit the colleges and universities in the vicinity of Boston, and addresses from speakers of national prominence will be arranged for the special sessions.

This association unites the alumnae of twenty-four different colleges. Smith now has more alumnae than any other woman's college, and Smith alumnae should be present in great numbers at this meeting. A detailed program will be sent each member of the association in the fall. Alumnae desiring to join the association can do so on application to the secretary-treasurer.

MRS. ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE,
Williamstown, Mass.

All contributions for the Business Manager should be addressed to Harriet T. Carswell, Box 763, Northampton.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the Registrar's office. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'00.	Helen A. Ward,	May	1
'05.	Eleanor H. Adler,	"	2-6
'05.	Ingovar Gay,	"	3
'06.	Alice L. Hildebrand,	"	3
'83.	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke,	"	3-4
'99.	Marian Drury,	"	4-7
'03.	Alice Grosvenor Fessenden,	"	9-13
'06.	Lucy H. Melcher,	"	10-13
'05.	Katherine Forest,	"	11
'79.	Kate Morris Cone,	"	16
'06.	Elsie Herndon Kearns,	"	16
'93.	Irma Genette Port Cheney,	"	16-18
'05.	Helen Clarissa Gross,	"	18-21
'00.	Elizabeth F. Whitney,	"	24
'05.	Mabel Chick,	"	24-28
'03.	Virginia Bartle,	1906-1907	
'03.	Margaret McCutchen,	May 29-June 5	

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Florence Dixon, Dickinson House.

'96. The marriage is announced of Josephine Perry of Worcester, Mass., to Dr. Elias Hull Porter, army surgeon stationed at Fort Clark, Texas.

- '99. Edith Burrage is now librarian of the department of bacteriology and pathology at the Harvard Medical School. From August, 1905, to September, 1906, she was in Wellesley, reorganizing the public library. She then spent six months in the Clark University Library at Worcester, doing some special cataloguing of theses.
- Winifred Carpenter is completing her second year of teaching in the Penn Charter School, Philadelphia. Her home address is now 21 Fairview Avenue, Waterbury, Connecticut.
- Miriam Coe is spending the spring and early summer in Constantinople, and expects to remain in Europe until fall.
- Ethel Darling has been doing private nursing in New York during the the past two years.
- Virginia Frame is spending the summer in Europe with her mother. She has been in New York for two years, writing dramatic articles and reviews, mainly for the "Theatre".
- Ethel Gilman has gone abroad for the summer.
- Elizabeth Goodwin is teaching Latin in the High School at Danbury, Connecticut.
- Elizabeth Hall returned in April from a cruise to the West Indies, Venezuela and Panama.
- Bertha Hastings is teaching Latin and acting as preceptress of the girls' dormitory at Piedmont College, Demorest, Georgia. She has been there about two years and a half.
- Alice Lyman has announced her engagement to Mr. Nathaniel L. Goodrich of Albany.
- Susy Moulton is in Europe, and will not return before October.
- Edith Rand was chairman of the general committee in charge of the production of "Hamlet" in New York this spring.
- Marion Richards sailed for Naples April 10, and expects to spend several months abroad.
- Ruth Strickland is spending the summer in Europe.
- Mrs. Holland Thompson (Isobel Aitkin) expects to spend the summer traveling in Europe with her husband.
- Frances Wheeler is still teaching in the Moses Brown School at Providence. She spent last summer in Great Britain and Ireland, with Gertrude Roberts, 1901.
- ex-'99. Edith Cairns was married, June 8, at her home in Plainfield, New Jersey, to Mr. Lucius Irving Wightman.
- '02. Annie Ameila Cass was married to Mr. Harvey Sherman Crouse at Vienna, Austria, on April 27. After a trip through Italy her address will be 547 Park Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.
- '04. Ruby E. Hendrick announces her engagement to Warren T. Newcomb of Dorchester, Massachusetts.
- '05. Mary S. Scheither announces her engagement to Roy Edgar Remington of Rochester, New York.

BIRTHS

- ex-97. Mrs. Edward D. Carleton (Eliza Levensaler), a daughter, Sarah Henrietta, born April 28.
- '99. Mrs. Ernest S. Barkwill (Charlotte Dering), a son, Charles Dering, born August 9.
Mrs. Guy Erastus Beardsley (Jane Hills), a son, Guy Erastus, Jr., born October 12.
Mrs. Samuel Karl Johns (Margaret Barkwill), a son, Samuel Charles, born April 20, 1906.
- '01. Mrs. Edwin Morgan Sherman (Helen Harsha), a daughter, Barbara, born April 24, 1907.
- '04. Mrs. Raymond Mazeine (Maude H. Brown), a son, Graham Brown Mazeine, born May 8, at New Britain, Connecticut.

ABOUT COLLEGE

AN EXPLANATION

There was trouble in the Castle of the Seasons Four one day,
For they saw the God of Spring was tearing mad.
"What's this news from Old Northampton? From Smith College,
Well of all things, this one really is too bad!

"For my pretty apple orchard,
My dainty apple orchard,
My tiny apple orchard that blossoms in the spring,
They are cutting down, forsooth,
For a library in truth,
Why, I never, never really heard of such an awful thing!"

Oh, the God of Spring was furious,
The other Seasons curious,
Stood watching him, and saying, "Well, now, what can ye
For the Trustees of Smith College
Think a library's for knowledge,
And a little apple orchard teaches nothing, it is true."

But his answer was a bomb.
"What about the Junior Prom?"
For they all amazed and gasping, silent were before that tid
For there'd be no place for men
Or the girls to walk with them ...

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL"

The March wind swept the meadows brown,
Bitter and keen, it blew.
Before old winter's ugly frown
The timid spring withdrew.

In vain we listened after dark
For spring's first whispering.
In vain we listened for a lark,
There were no larks to sing.

And yet a month we waited.
The fields were dull and sere.
We sighed. We said, "'Tis April!
Why doesn't spring appear?"

One day the sun came sneaking out.
We gasped, we faltered, "What!"
"'Tis here," a brooklet giggled.
It snowed. We said, "'Tis not."

'Twas that way all through April,
The same scene every day!
But still no birds, no flowers, no leaves!
It is the first of May.

And still the air is chill and keen,
And still the skies are gray.
Still hides the sullen, sulky sun,
Nor sings a bird his lay.

"Where is the spring? Where is the spring?"
We chant this mournful tune,
Then chide our doubting spirit with,
"Cheer up! There's hope from June."

HELEN MAHLON SPEAR '09.

Spring term is the time of all the year to which we most look forward. In the gloomy season of midyears, when snow and slush and low spirits have forced us into sagging skirts and unbecoming raincoats, we are prone to meditate hopefully on the days to come, when, clad in white gowns and canvas shoes, we shall wander carefree over the campus. Now at last that happy season has arrived. The college paths are clean and we no longer have need of the humble but useful golosh; the days are warm and pleasant, so that we can think calmly on the raincoat now lying unregarded in the

closet or stranded in the Lost-and-Found department; and in fact all nature seems doing her best to make it easy for us to look well-dressed.

Viewing the campus on a sunny morning with the eyes of an unsophisticated stranger, we must admit that the white linen dresses are picturesque, but we cannot exclaim with the serene pleasure of the unsophisticated stranger: "How simple and inexpensive!" The same sight which argues for the pristine simplicity of our tastes on his side, tells a far different story to us—a story full of pathetic incidents and harrowing details, in fact a story with a problem. And the problem—ah, has not each one of us solved it in her own way or else given up in despair—that ever present question, "How to dress in white and still attend classes with decent regularity?" Yes, white does suggest everything clean and innocent, but like many other apparently clean and innocent things, it has its dark side. Who has not waked of a morning haunted by the thought: "I have one white skirt and two white waists here; I have another skirt at the laundress's which will not be done until two days after I have finished wearing the one which is now clean—how bridge over the time between?"

There are two solutions of the matter. Either wear a heavy skirt or go to bed. Now the first, although practicable, is disagreeable. It is not pleasant on a blistering hot day to appear in substantial blue serge; in the first place it is uncomfortably warm, and, in the second, it shocks our feeling of the eternal fitness of things. We have been educated to believe that in spring term everyone wears white piqué, and it is a trial, no less fiery than a hair shirt, to appear in anything else; if on the contrary, it had been impressed upon us that blue serge were the proper thing, we should feel equally crushed if it fell to our lot to wear white piqué. The second way out of the difficulty has its alluring side. To the overworked girl or the foolish virgin with twenty hours of "English 18" hanging over her head, the thought of a day peacefully spent in bed is like a spring in the desert—but there is one drawback. The faculty take such a different view. Imagine, after a two days' absence, saying to an instructor: "I had no clean collars to wear and I went to bed." In our wildest moments we cannot conjure up such a scene. To him, or her, as the case may be, the excuse would seem too trivial to be uttered, and yet to us, how real! Could they but see our hurried trips down Washer-woman's Lane, the canvas shoes set to dry in the window, and the white stockings, surreptitiously washed in the bath tub, hanging on the radiator, they would realize how vital the matter is. Perhaps then they might appreciate the rows of spotlessly gowned students and be a trifle more lenient toward absences.

To dilate on what we might term one of the burning questions of the day, and then offer no key to its solution, is a fault of which this writer would not be guilty, for there is a remedy and a fairly simple one which, if once accepted, would solve the difficulty. We refer to a system of laundress's excuses. We have excuses from doctors, from dentists, from oculists, and why not from laundresses? Let the faculty pick out a number of reliable ones and furnish them with printed blanks, ready to fill out in some such way as this: "All Miss Brown's white clothes are in the wash. Kindly excuse her from Monday's recitations. Signed." How simple and how effec-

tive! No more worried girls, no more dark and ugly dresses disfiguring the class room—instead everything white and æsthetic. May this plea, wrung from the soul of one who has suffered much, hasten the day of laundresses' excuses!

MARION CODDING CARR '07.

"FUSSING"

I used to know Lucinda
 When I was at Lasalle,
 And Jane's and Margie's uncle
 Is father's greatest pal.
 But just because they're seniors
 And in the public eye
 Whenever I go near them
 Some one is sure to cry :
 "Oh, she's fussing, fussing, fussing—"
 And they go on and discuss
 How it's ruining the college
 Just the way those freshmen fuss.

To Rubber Row I took Jane—
 She asked to sit up there—
 But everyone gazed at us
 With a suggestive air.
 Marge asked me down to Boyden's
 (They might have seen her pay),
 But they looked at my class-pin,
 And smiled as if to say :
 "Oh, she's fussing, fussing, fussing,—"
 And they went on to discuss
 How it's ruining the college
 Just the way those freshmen fuss.

I'm getting awfully tired
 Of all this silly fume,
 I never go out calling,
 But just stay in my room.
 The seniors are down on me,
 But I can't go explain
 For fear I'd be pursued by
 That terrible refrain :
 "Oh, she's fussing, fussing, fussing,—"
 And they'd go on to discuss
 How it's ruining the college
 Just the way those freshmen fuss.

EDITH L. JARVIS '09.

IN ENGLISH THIRTEEN

The first time I was in thirteen
 I felt so very shy
 I didn't dare to say a word
 (I often wonder why);
 But some seemed perfectly at home,
 And I began to hunt
 To find out who those wonders were
 A-sitting 'way up front.

Sometimes the teacher'd read a thing,
 And slam it through and through;
 And then they'd nod and smile as if
 To say, "We think so too."
 And when I asked, "Who *are* those girls?"
 My neighbor gave a grunt
 And said, "Why! *They're* the *Editors*
 A-sitting 'way up front."

They always seemed so very wise;
 And I felt, oh, so small
 When sometimes jokes they'd laugh at
 I couldn't see at all.
 But there they were so grand, I thought
 'Twould be a glorious stunt
 To be a MONTHLY editor,
 A-sitting 'way up front.

But now that I have older grown
 And see what work it takes
 To get just one department in—
 What worries, what headaches—
 I think of all the college woes
 Of which they bear the brunt—
 Those careworn MONTHLY editors,
 A-sitting 'way up front.

ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM '09.

"My dear, you are so cynical."

Jane smiled. It was not the first time that she had been called cynical. She understood now exactly what it meant. The first time it The Cynic had caused her a moment's uneasiness, and she had thought with a pang, "Am I really bitter about everything? Do I really seem so absolutely unjoyful?" but when she finally understood that the real connotation of the word was an inability to join in the fervid bursts of enthusiasm indulged in by the other freshmen, she no longer minded. She admitted to herself that she was "cynical," and cynical enough not to care.

This time she said to herself, "The little sillies!" and then aloud, "My dear, dear children, idolize her if you must, but I assure you that Grace Carter is human like the rest of us. She plays basket-ball, to be sure! She plays very well, but that is not an attribute of the gods. She talks well, she sings sweetly, and as for her smile, yes, it is very attractive. But look at me. I, too, play basket-ball. My voice is charming, and as for my smile—" Jane beamed upon her two companions, who did not, however, seem lost in rapturous contemplation.

"Oh, you will not take me seriously," Jane continued. "Yes, I realize my short-comings. I am not a Junior. But that is a defect that time will remedy. It is inevitable. And yet your attitude toward me is strangely different from the one that you adopt toward almost every indifferent-looking Junior who chances to smile upon you."

"Oh, you don't understand," sighed the youngest freshman. "Grace Carter is so different from us, somehow. Everyone is crazy about her, and you know it."

"Indeed I do," Jane replied. "I'm crazy about her myself, but I'm not so awed. You and Mabel come home after basket-ball. You beam mysteriously. Why? No need to ask! Grace has asked you to go to chapel with her, or Miss Carter has asked you to come to see her. 'I scarcely dare go,' you say. 'Do you suppose that she really wants me to come?' Oh, children, listen. She does want you to come. She is very anxious to have you come. To sit opposite you or Mabel with your evident admiration starting forth from every feature of your face is like hearing one long succession of soul-satisfying T. L.'s, and—Grace Carter likes it. Why, think of it, she was once a freshman herself."

A horrified expression on the faces of her two hearers showed an intense longing to contradict, but when the undeniable truth of this last statement had forced itself upon them, Jane continued:

"Yes, she was a freshman, and what is more, she probably indulged in every freshman fancy. She, too, no doubt, burned offerings at the shrine of some semi-intelligent junior. You know that picture on her desk. Not a very marvelous looking girl, is it? Well, Grace thought so, however, even as you now deceive yourself into believing—"

But here Jane was interrupted. "You are so cynical," her companions sighed.

MIRIAM A. MYERS '08.

On Saturday, April 27, M. Bargy of Columbia University gave a lecture on "The Separation of Church and State in France." In spite of the difficulty of the subject and of a foreign tongue, M. Bargy

Lecture by M. Bargy succeeded in putting the matter so simply and clearly before us that we spent a most interesting and profitable hour.

In order to recognize the conflict between the Church and the State, we must recognize that since the Middle Ages both institutions have developed along opposite lines, the government becoming steadily more democratic, the church growing more monarchical. In the Middle Ages the clergy was a separate body, owning great lands and electing its own dignitaries; forming

in fact a democracy side by side with a government that was monarchical. This situation was precarious and, to settle it, François I entered into a compact with the Pope whereby the Pope had the disposition of church benefices when they were vacant, and the king had the right to nominate the church dignitaries. As a result of this compact the church was monarchical up to the time of the Revolution.

Now the Revolution, in establishing political democracy, sought to establish a religious democracy as well; a kind of Catholic congregationalism in which bishops should be elected by universal suffrage the same as civil officers. But as this meant establishing a Protestant church the Pope refused to accept it. He was upheld by Louis XVI, who preferred to turn traitor to his country rather than sanction the reform.

At the end of the eighteenth century there were in France two churches, the one orthodox, the other—with bishops elected by the people—seeking to attach itself to Rome, although the Pope anathemized it. This situation did not suit Bonaparte's imperial views. He preferred to lord it over church as well as the state, so he entered into a second compact with the Pope, whereby he was to appoint the bishops and the Pope to confirm his appointments, on condition that the Pope should force all the bishops of both churches in France to resign from office. The Pope consented because Rome was surrounded by Napoleon's armies; also because this dismissal invested him with a power greater than he had ever exercised over the bishops. The Papal power had again been strengthened by a ruler of France. But the imperial power was not to last, and with new political revolutions in 1830 came new religious revolutions. Lamennais failed in his attempt to effect a reconciliation between church and state. The breach they made broadened when in 1852 the church supported the usurpation of Napoleon II, also by the popular fear that the monastic orders, ever increasing in power and in numbers, might be exerting their power to reestablish a political monarchy as they were striving for a religious monarchy.

The actual law of separation between church and state came as a result of an act of the Pope protesting against the visit paid to the king of Italy by the president of France. Two articles of the law deserve mention. The one withdrew the salaries of the priests, amounting to 50,000,000 francs, but it is generally ignored that at the same time the government suppressed 50,000,000 francs of taxes, thus returning that money to the people to be disposed of for church salaries if they pleased. Another article tried to solve the difficulty of disposing of the churches in the small towns. The government wanted to relinquish them to the citizens, but as each village has but one historic church, dear to all inhabitants, the question of its possession was a weighty one. An attempt to solve it by establishing associations failed because of the difficulty of constituting such associations to the satisfaction of both church and state.

The present situation is a compromise, a semi-separation between church and state. The churches of each village are owned and cared for by the state. The clergy receive no subsidy, but they are welcome to celebrate mass each day in the churches, and they do so, being for the time the guests of the state. The question arises, how long can such a state of affairs exist?

On the evening of May 8 the Chicago, Southern and Newton Clubs gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Library Fund. Selections from Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" were rendered by Ole Bang, with the Lecture by Ole Bang incidental music composed by Greig.

This was one of Mr. Bang's first readings in America. The interest lay largely in hearing an interpretation of Ibsen by one of his own countrymen. The audience chiefly enjoyed his introductory remarks. He said that whoever finds in Ibsen that fatal pessimism which admits no bright ray to pierce the all-surrounding darkness, has hopelessly misread his work. "The Shakespeare of Norway" has for humanity a message of faith—"the faith that looks through death." And he who would understand must be willing to admit that a man who is up to his knees in mire may frankly say, "How thick and black is this mud!" and still keep the name of "optimist."

The effect of the recitations was greatly heightened by the skillfully supplied musical background. Miss Perry and Miss Park struck the keynote for the wedding and mountain scenes with their duets, "Morning," and "In the Hall of the Mountain King." Miss Gruber's voice was admirably suited to do justice to the two songs of "Solveig." For the organ accompaniment to "Aase's Death" Miss Prince deserves great praise. The undercurrent of subdued deep music-tones gave the scene a fitting majesty. The program was as follows:

Introductory words.

"Morning,"	Miss Perry and Miss Park
Recitation,	Ole Bang
"Solveig's Song,"	Miss Agatha Gruber
"Aase's Death," for organ,	Miss Florence Prince
"In the Hall of the Mountain King," ..	Miss Perry and Miss Park
Recitation,	Ole Bang
"Solveig's Cradle Song,"	Miss Gruber

On May 15 the Junior Promenade was held as usual. There was the same nervous expectation, the same anxiety over "Prom men" and "Prom dresses" (which alike could be borrowed for the occasion if other

The Junior Prom means failed), and the same comments upon the tardiness of the apple blossoms and their evident unwillingness to add to the occasion. As usual, too, the Prom was a wonderful success, and everyone had "the time of her life," which is what Proms are for. Several changes were made in the arrangements this year, including a request for the absence of kodaks from the scene of action, but evidently the Juniors entertained kodaks unaware, for the season's crop of snap-shots is as promising as ever. The apple-blossoms were not the only feature of the Prom that was later than usual. The reception in the evening began at half-past seven and the dancing at eight, so that the sun had quite set before the processions toward the Students' Building were well under way. The new entrance to the main hall saved crowding and delay in forming the line to meet the reception committee. The decorations were very effective, the music was good, and the arrangements in every way satisfactory. The "day after the Prom"

dawned dark and gloomy, but as the rain could dampen only the dresses and not the spirits of the Juniors, the long-planned outings were enjoyed to the full.

On the evening of May 22 Professor Newlin of Amherst College spoke at an open meeting of the Mathematical Club, on the subject of "Mathematics and Metaphysics," prefacing his remarks

Lecture by Professor Newlin with the statement that this subject would cover "everything that anybody could say about anything." He traced the union of the interests of mathematics and philosophy from the early Greek philosophers down to modern times, from Thales to Professor Royce. He showed the dependence of philosophy upon a solid mathematical basis of logic and the dependence of practical mathematics upon metaphysics, "the science of being;" metaphysics studies what things are, mathematics how they work. Professor Newlin made his lecture especially interesting by practical illustrations. He used a fourth dimensional model and showed how mathematics has worked out the process of arriving at the fourth dimension, while metaphysics has not explained what the fourth dimension is. He pointed out, also, how by a process of "one to one correspondence" and recurrent additions, mathematics has arrived at the conception of infinity. He said, in closing, that while metaphysics makes mathematics practical, mathematics is necessary to give process and value to metaphysics. They are the obverse and the reverse of the same thing, the conception of space.

On May 22 the Biological Society held an open meeting at 8 P. M. in Chemistry Hall, at which Professor Gorham of Brown University spoke on the subject of "Sea Farming." The lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, dealt with the recent experiments at Brown in clam and lobster raising, and proved both interesting and instructive. After the lecture there was a reception in Lilly Hall, where the society and its friends were given an opportunity to meet the speaker.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE

President—Florence Dixon 1908
 Vice-President—Mary Dow 1908
 Secretary—Elizabeth Tyler 1909
 Treasurer—Ruth Baldwin 1910

DEUTSCHER VEREIN

President—Clara Meier 1908
 Vice-President—Agnes Clancy 1908
 Secretary—Hannah Sessions 1909
 Treasurer—Helen L. Dunbar 1909

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

President—Agnes Clancy 1908
Vice-President—Harriet Carswell 1908
Secretary—Hilda Mansfield 1908
Treasurer—Mary Parsons 1908

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President—Ruth Vaughan 1908
Vice-President—Margaret Edwards 1908
Secretary—Clara Hepburn 1909
Treasurer—Josephine Whitney 1909

CURRENT EVENTS

President—Orlena Zabriskie 1908
Secretary—Mildred Lane 1909
Treasurer—Ethel McCluny 1908

STUDIO CLUB

Senior Executive—Amy Gallagher 1908
Secretary and Treasurer—Hazel Payne 1909

ITALIAN CLUB

Senior Executive—Margaret Sayward 1908
Secretary—Ruth Herrick 1909
Treasurer—Eleanor Riker 1908

ORIENTAL SOCIETY

First Executive—Mabel Rae
Second Executive—May R. Davidson
Secretary—Alice Merriam

The
Smith College
Monthly

December - 1906.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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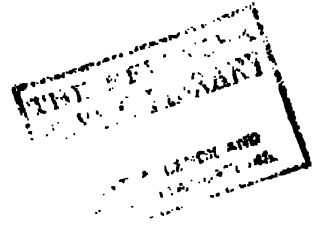
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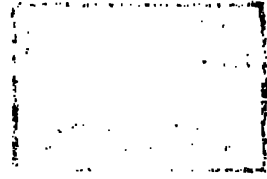
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